DJARUM
. . . Sweetly Satisfying

DJARUM BLACK
20 CLOVE CIGARETTES

DJARUM SPECIAL
20 KRETEK Clove Cigarettes

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces
Serious Risks to Your Health.

NAKED! WOMEN!! WRESTLING!!! (DOES IT GET ANY BETTER?)

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

AUGUST 2006

10 Hottest
Erotic FANTASIES: NAUGHTY Moves Nice GIRLS Crave

BABEWATCH!
Ranking Sports' Sexiest Sirens

TOOL'S DARK DAYS
They're Back and They're Mad

Strippers' SEX TIPS!
Get More Bang for Your Buck

Mancow Mania
Can He Really Take On Howard Stern?

+
Paul Giamatti
Lisa Loeb
The Daily Show's Demetri Martin
Busta Rhymes
Penthouse Pets Play the Ponies!

WARNING: NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE

$7.99

08>

90

02242

0 778848 2

Penthouse.com

CASWELL-MASSEY
Distinctive Products for Men Since 1752

THE GREENBRIAR COLLECTION

GROOMING ESSENTIALS TO A TEE

1-800-326-0500 www.caswellmassey.com

Contents

Aug.06

84

48

40

ON THE COVER

Francesca Ricci
Check out Francesca's pictorial, "Roman Candle," then see more at Penthouse.com/francesca.

PICTORIALS

40 ROMAN CANDLE

84 DAREDEVIL
Pet of the Month Olivia Kent

106 SOLID GOLD

134 BEDROOM BLISS

FULL FRONTAL

12 SUNSHINE AT SUNDANCE

14 FLICKS

16 DVDS

18 SOUNDS
Busta Rhymes, T.I., and more.

24 JOYSTICK

26 BROADWAY

28 READS

FEATURES

34 LOCKER ROOM
Dmitri Young. Interview by Dave Hollander

36 GAMETIME
Sports' sexiest sirens and more.

48 SLAMMIN' BODIES
The Naked Women's Wrestling League. By Chauncé Hayden

56 BUILDING CHARACTER
Paul Giamatti. Interview by Harry Knowles

68 DARKER DAYS
Tool has returned, "pissed off and lashing out." By Jason Buhrmester

72 GRAB YOUR ROD!
Service by Linda Giustino

76 ADVISE & DISSENT
Interview by Peter Laufer

78 MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK
Sex tips from working girls. By Jennifer Matlack

OSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLIC

CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL A PERFECT ETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CO

E CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAXIM 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE ULTIMATE V ODKA MARTINI. - ROBB REPOR

LAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT® ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

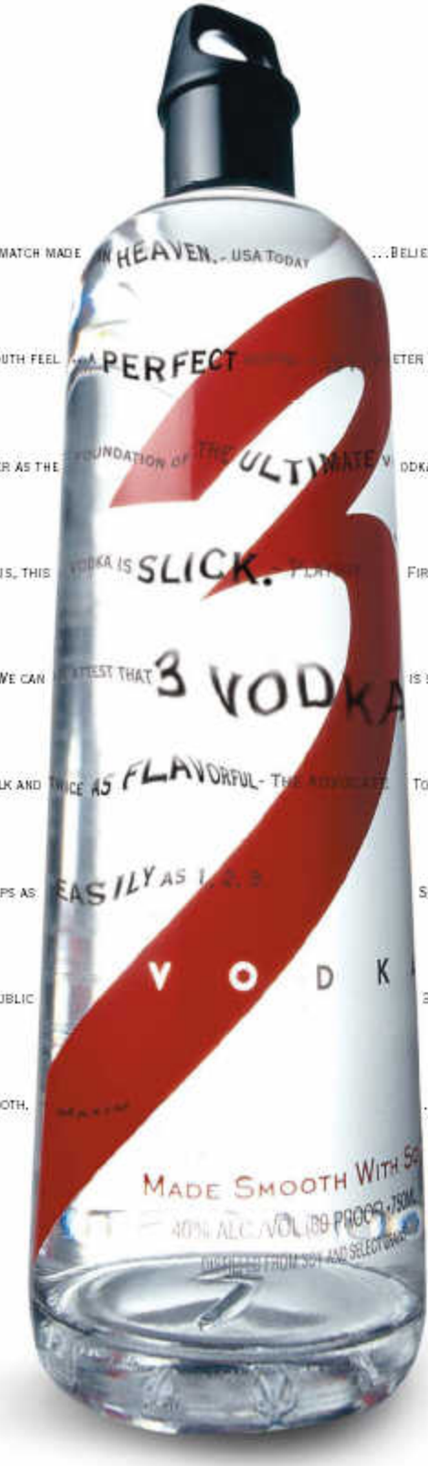
OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAX

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL - THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

A POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS SOY VODKA SIPS AS EASILY AS 1, 2, 3 SOY IS VERY COMPLEX...HA

- THE ADVOCATE THE SMOOTHEST VODKA I HAVE EVER TASTED. - ARIZONA REPUBLIC 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE

ESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA.
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

3VODKA.COM © 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g). Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g NO CARBS

CONTENTS

AUGUST 2006

102 THE RUNNING OF THE RED BULLS
By John Bolster

114 MAD COW
Chicago deejay Erich "Mancow" Muller. Interview by Chauncé Hayden

119 VICES & VANITIES
Girls' top 10 sex fantasies and more. By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

130 A DAY AT THE RACES
Penthouse Pets play the ponies. By John Bolster

144 STAND-UP GUYS
Demetri Martin. Interview by Ed Condran

146 BREATHLESS
Free diver Tanya Streeter. By Kristen Ulmer

160 SIRENS
Lisa Loeb. By Rachel Kramer Bussel

DEPARTMENTS

8 FORUM
30 DRINKSMANSHIP
32 TOTAL TRAVEL
61 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
64 GROOM AT THE TOP
66 CELEBRITY NUDES
97 RECOVERING FRAT BOY
98 FREEWHEELERS
100 DRIVING FORCE
122 TECHNOMANIA
127 MEN'S HEALTH & FITNESS
142 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD
154 MILITARY AFFAIRS
155 X-RATED VIDEO

signaled, and got off at the next exit. I followed him onto the service road. When he parked, I pulled up behind him and got out of my car. I approached the passenger side of the truck. He opened the door and I got my first good look at him. He was hotéHe motioned to the back of the truck, where there was a small air mattress with a blanket. I sat down and he unzipped my jacket the rest of the way. He rubbed his face over my chest, his stubble grazing my nipples, causing them to peak even more. "Nice," he said, before sucking one into his mouth.

I slid my hands up under his shirt, spreading my fingers across his broad chest. He stopped sucking my tits long enough to strip off his clothes. He pushed my pants down to my ankles and I kicked them off. Then his fingers were inside me, making me lose control.

He pushed them deeper, and my wet, wanton pussy clamped around them while my hips rose and fell to meet his hard thrusts.

My right hand was on my nipple, and my left stroked tweaking my right nipple.

I'd started playing with both nipples when I realized a truck in the next lane had been keeping pace with my car for some time. With one hand on the wheel and my eyes on the road, I pulled out my left boob. I ignored the trucker as I fondled my breast. When I finally spared him a look, he was pointing to the side of the road.

He drove ahead of me, to turn over. I did, and felt his tongue glide over my butt. Then he slammed his cock into my pussy and began the kind of hard stroking that always turns me inside out.

I'm the kind of woman who always has at least two or three orgasms in rapid succession, so his pumping was already driving me to another climax. When he grabbed my hips and gave one final, deep thrust, I went over the edge again.

I was still trembling when he moved around to kneel in front of me. I began licking him until he started to get hard again—I wanted to get fucked again.

Then he pulled back and had me straddle his hips. Poised just above his cock, I reached down and guided myself onto him, inch by inch. He closed his eyes and I rose up until he was just inside my pussy. When he opened his eyes to look at me, I lowered myself completely, sliding my legs forward as I impaled myself on his cock.

I thought he was as deep inside me as he could go until he sat up, wrapped his arms around my body, and pushed up as I was grinding downward. His fingers caressed my hair. "Come with me," he whispered. I started to spasm again just as he came, and we rocked each other into mindless oblivion.

Later, he handed me my pants and jacket. "Not bad for a stranger," he said. "Not bad at all." I couldn't have agreed more.—*Name and address withheld*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

> "He **rubbed** his face over my chest, his stubble grazing my nipples, causing them to **peak** even more. 'Nice,' he said, before **sucking** one into his mouth."

Roadside Service

I'd been driving for three hours, had another three to go, and I was fading fast. Desperate to stay alert, I pulled into the next rest area and climbed out of the car. I entered the restroom, took off my bra, and splashed cold water on my face before heading back to the car.

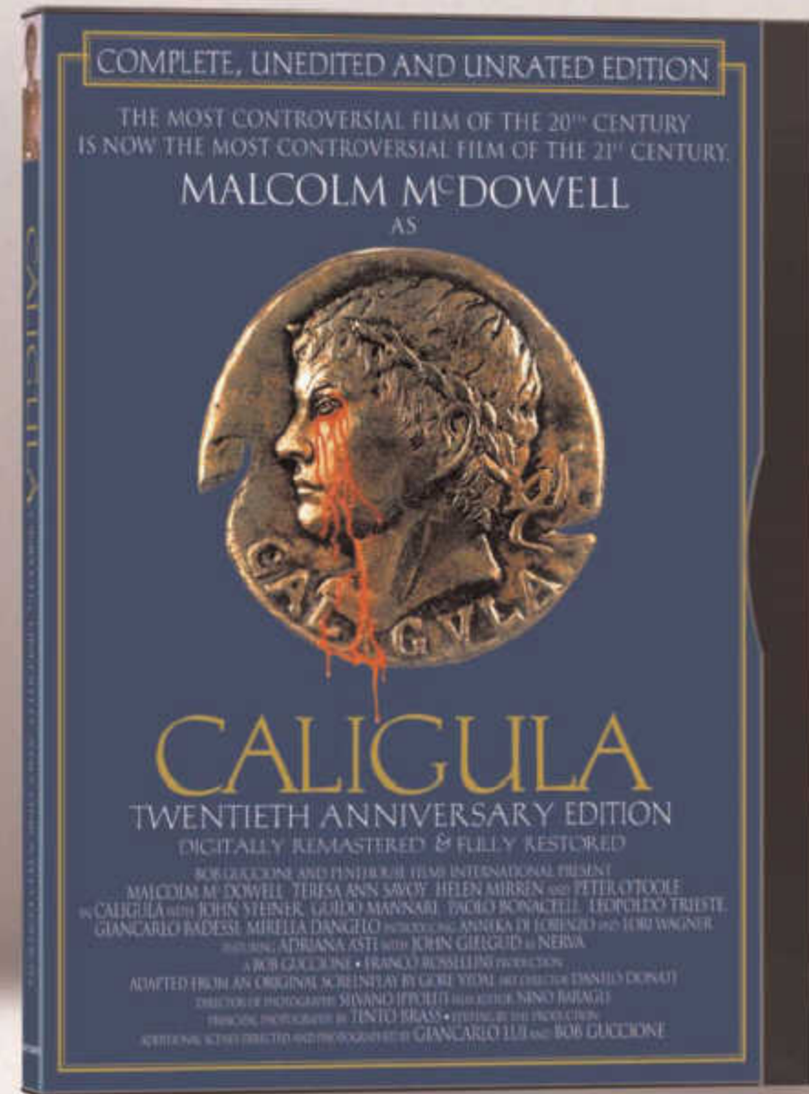
I got on the highway again, took my left hand off the steering wheel, and began

his rigid cock. I wanted to taste him, but I lost control when his thumb pressed against my engorged clit. I gasped as I came on his hand, my fingers still jerking his cock. When I finally stopped shaking, he told me

Have you seen the new Penthouse.com? Our new site has more than 30 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, all the *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and a vast archive of sexy letters written by our readers. Go to Penthouse.com today for a free preview.

DVD

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION



$29.99

Complete 156-Minute Version!

Digitally Remastered and Restored Video!

Soundtrack Remastered to Dolby Digital 5.1 Sound!

Contains Making-of Featurette, "CALIGULA"

First Widescreen Home Video Release!

Contains Talent Filmographies!

Starring

MALCOLM McDOWELL
(*A Clockwork Orange, O Lucky Man!*)

PETER O'TOOLE
(*Lawrence of Arabia, My Favorite Year*)

Academy Award-Winner
SIR JOHN GIELGUD
(*Arthur, Chariots of Fire*)

HELEN MIRREN
(*Excalibur, Teaching Mrs. Tingle*)

CALIGULA MAY VERY WELL BE THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN HISTORY. ONLY ONE MOVIE DARES TO SHOW THE PERVERSION BEHIND IMPERIAL ROME, AND THAT MOVIE IS CALIGULA, THE EPIC STORY OF ROME'S MAD EMPEROR. ALL THE DETAILS OF HIS CRUEL, BIZARRE REIGN ARE REVEALED RIGHT HERE: HIS UNHOLY SEXUAL PASSION FOR HIS SISTER, HIS MARRIAGE TO ROME'S MOST INFAMOUS PROSTITUTE, HIS FIENDISHLY INVENTIVE MEANS OF DISPOSING OF THOSE WHO WOULD OPPOSE HIM, AND MORE.

THE COMBINED TALENTS OF CINEMATIC GIANTS MALCOLM MCDOWELL, PETER O'TOOLE, JOHN GIELGUD AND SHAKESPEAREAN ACTRESS HELEN MIRREN, ALONG WITH AN ACCLAIMED INTERNATIONAL CAST AND A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL PENTHOUSE PETS, MAKE THIS UNIQUE HISTORICAL DRAMA A MASTERWORK OF THE SCREEN.

NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH, NOT FOR THE PRUDISH, CALIGULA WILL SHOCK AND AROUSE YOU AS IT REVEALS THE DEVIANCE AND DECADENCE BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE GRANDEUR THAT ONCE WAS ROME.

Available at These Fine Video Retailers

Virgin MEGASTORE
VIRGINMEGA.COM

Available online at
http://store.penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
U.S. EDITION

DIANE M. SILBERSTEIN
President and Publisher, Magazine Group

EDITORIAL

Vice President, Editorial: Peter Bloch
Managing Editor: Barbara Rice Thompson
Deputy Managing Editor: Lori Applebaum
Music/Video-Game Editor: Rebecca Swarmer
Sports Editor: John Bolster
Senior Editors: Deirdre M. Goldbeck, Elise Nerseian, Jonathan Stern
Copy Editors: Jonathan Ages, Abigail Aronofsky
Assistant Editor: Heather Franks
Contributing Editors: Rachel Kramer Bussel, Eric Danville, Bobbi Dempsey, Linda Giustino, Bill Heald (motorcycles), Dave Hollander, Jim McCraw (autos), Ken Sander, Ernest Volkman, Alyson S. Zarnkoff, Dr. Victoria Zdrok

ART

Vice President, Art/Graphics Director: Frank De Vino
Senior Art Director: Michael F. Di Iola
Associate Art Director: John Faraci
Assistant Art Director: Courtney Elbringham
Designer: Anthony R. Sceeri
Associate Photo Editor: Toby Kaufmann
Art Rights Manager: Maria Rothenberg
Photo Librarian: Evelyn Butler
Assistant Photo Librarian: Norma Delgado

CIRCULATION

Vice President, Director of Circulation: Joe M. Gallo
Director, Newsstand Sales: Paul G. Pearson
Traffic Director: Bill Harbutt
Director, Subscriptions: Lori Ramos
Director, Subscription Marketing: Vincent Derna
Customer Service Manager/Analyst: Morgan Everett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Vice President, Marketing: Tricia Austin
Senior Advertising Director: Rich McEntee
Business Development Director: Andrew Leighton
Promotions Manager: Lainie Speiser
Public Relations Manager: Kathleen Berzon
Advertising Production Manager: Vanessa Johnson

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING

President, Entertainment: James L. English
President, Licensing: Mark L. Rudolph
Director of Licensing: Rick Holtman
Director, Model Recruitment: Stacy Valentine

INTERNET

Director of Internet Operations: Michael McNicholas

PRODUCTION

Vice President, Manufacturing & Production: Michael Tang
Production Manager: Maria Kelleher
Associate Production Manager: Gil Velez
Senior Photo Retoucher: Jeremy Newman
Editorial Scanning Supervisor: Jeff Anderson
Type Systems Supervisor: Mario Iannotta
Type Systems Associate: Pattie Kleinke

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

For information, please visit www.pmgi.com/publishing

PENTHOUSE MEDIA GROUP INC.

Chief Executive Officer: Marc H. Bell
Chief Operating Officer: James Sullivan
Vice President, General Counsel: Joshua R. Bressler
Controller: Frank Matasavage
Accounting Manager: Anthony Maniscalco

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125
New York, N.Y. 10121
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262
Advertising inquiries: AdSales@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE
Los Angeles, Calif.
323-441-7500

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For one year (12 issues), please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $32 ($56 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You may also e-mail us at Penthouse.com by clicking on the customer-service link. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

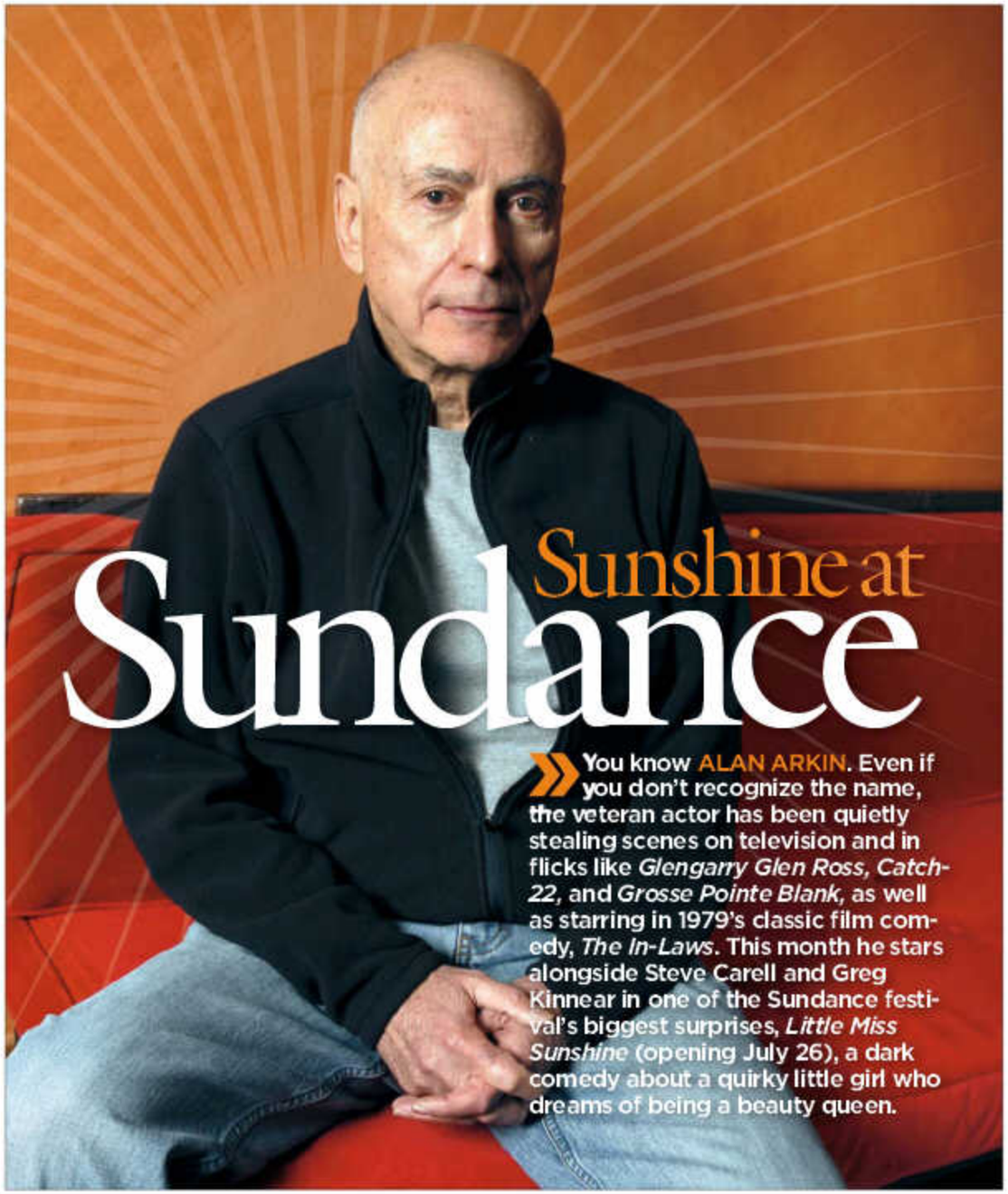
BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, see our Website, or call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., Feb. 1996); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000, extension 6505. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To e-mail *Penthouse* editors:
penthouse.editors@penthouse.com

Penthouse, Penthouse Pet, The One Key Logo, and The Three Key Logo are exclusive trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission.
Photo Copyright ©2006 by General Media Communications, Inc. All rights reserved.

By Jonathan Stern



Sunshine at Sundance

You know ALAN ARKIN. Even if you don't recognize the name, the veteran actor has been quietly stealing scenes on television and in flicks like *Glengarry Glen Ross, Catch-22,* and *Grosse Pointe Blank,* as well as starring in 1979's classic film comedy, *The In-Laws*. This month he stars alongside Steve Carell and Greg Kinnear in one of the Sundance festival's biggest surprises, *Little Miss Sunshine* (opening July 26), a dark comedy about a quirky little girl who dreams of being a beauty queen.

Photograph by Henry Leutwyler/Fotos Ltd

People may not know it, but you were a founding member of the improv theater Second City in Chicago. Do you still feel a connection to that town?
Very much so. I go back to Chicago and everybody thinks I'm a native. I was only there for a year about 40 years ago, but it was an enormously potent and exciting time.

W. C. Fields said to never work with kids or dogs. How was it to work with the former in *Little Miss Sunshine*?
Well, there were no dogs, but Abigail [Breslin] was a consummate pro. She's a little adult. We'd be stuck in that van for hours and hours every day. Her mother was the opposite of a stage mom. She couldn't care less whether or not her kids are in the movie business.

You play her coke-snorting, foul-mouthed grandfather. She must have picked up some choice words.
[*Laughs*] We were very careful with [Abigail]. We made sure that her earphones were on when I was doing my stuff with Steve Carell and Paul [Dano]. But she heard it all when the movie came out anyway, so it didn't make much difference.

"People were screaming and yelling and wanting to get up onstage. I'd never been to Sundance before, so I didn't know if that was the kind of reception movies got."

***Little Miss Sunshine* got a standing ovation at Sundance. Tell me your account of the audience's reaction.**
Oh my God, I never experienced anything like it. I'd never been to Sundance before, so I didn't know if that was the kind of reception movies got there, or what. I asked, "Is this what happens? Screaming and yelling and people wanting to get up onstage and hug everybody?" And they said, "No. If they don't like it they walk out." I was in the limo with one of the producers after the first screening and calls just kept coming in, and coming in, and coming in. You just don't see things like that.

Did you go to Sundance to scope out people you might want to work with in the future?
I ran into Nick Nolte, whom I worked with about ten years ago. It was nice to see him again. He's turned into a nineteenth-century English gentleman. He goes around in a cape and a black fedora ... after ten years of going around in hospital scrubs.

How was it working on *Little Miss Sunshine* with Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris, who had mostly made music videos before this?
A lot of red flags go up. Husband-and-wife team—there's a red flag right there. They've never [directed] a feature—there's another red flag. But we all loved the script and felt like we had to do it. It turned out they were kind of a dream. They functioned continuously as one voice and saw eye to eye on everything. It was wonderful.

Do you think the grandfather in *Sunshine* has a hedonistic view of life because he's nearing the end?
My sense of this character is that he's been like that through most of his life. I think he was a reprobate when he was a young man. I had a picture of him as being a second-rate jazz musician for a while—playing drums or saxophone at a strip joint. I don't think this kind of life is that unfamiliar to him. My suspicion is that he's been an embarrassment to Greg Kinnear's character for a long time.

Yet being a grandfather agrees with him more than being a father.
Well, he's like a big kid. I think his granddaughter is a lot older than he is.

By Harry Knowles

HEAD GEEK

Dynamic Duos and Third Wheels

Hey, folks. Harry here. This time out I've got some big studio flicks to point you toward, as well as a damn fine indie to wrap your noodle around. We have freaks who rock, guests who overstay their welcome, and a reinvention of the eighties TV show that launched the career of one of today's most important directors, Michael Mann. But right now, a story about a band that can't split up.

Brothers of the Head

(July 28) **Luke and Harry Treadaway, Ken Russell**
Directors: **Keith Fulton and Louis Pepe**
Cool Rating: **8.1**

Not since *Chained for Life*—featuring real-life performing Siamese twins Violet and Daisy Hilton—has a film about conjoined siblings been so luridly strange. This twin flick is a rock 'n' roll mockumentary about a promoter who finds the Howe twins and promotes them as the most bizarre rock act ever.

Director Ken Russell chimes in as himself, with a twisted point of view. And then there's the sex: Can you imagine having to watch your brother score at point-blank range? Well, no need to imagine, because this movie serves up that scenario for you. We saw something similar in the terrible Farrelly brothers comedy *Stuck on You*, but this film handles the material with deadly seriousness as it delves into the realm of exploitation, excess, and the twisted side of the fence.

Opposite page, from top: Frank Connor/Universal Pictures; Melissa Moseley/Universal Pictures; Philip Gostick/Focus Ltd.

Miami Vice

(July 28) **Jamie Foxx, Colin Farrell**
Director: **Michael Mann**
Cool Rating: **6.0**

It's no *C.S.I.*, but *Miami Vice* was nihilistic and gritty for television in the eighties. Series creator and director Michael Mann (*The Last of the Mohicans, Heat, Collateral*) didn't cast Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas again—this time Sonny and Tubbs are played by Farrell and Foxx, both of whom need a strong flick right now. Farrell recently starred in the misunderstood Oliver Stone bomb, *Alexander*. Foxx had his post-Oscar thud, *Stealth*. The buzz on *Vice* has been as low-key as it comes—and the trailers have been eliciting giggles—but Mann has crafted an incredibly gritty, brutal, and sexy R-rated cop drama.

You, Me and Dupree

(July 14) **Matt Dillon, Kate Hudson, Owen Wilson**
Director: **Mike LeSieur**
Cool Rating: **4.8**

This could be called *The Newlywed Crasher*. In this one, Wilson works without a net (aka Vince Vaughn) as the best man who decides to stay long after the wedding is over. When the groom (Dillon) learns that his friend Dupree lost his job, apartment, and company car by going to the wedding, the newlywed invites him to stay in their house until he gets back on his feet.

The success of this flick hinges on Wilson, because everybody else in the cast (including Michael Douglas as Kate's father) plays the straight man to his vaguely psychotic personality quirks. I don't want to ruin it for you, but one scene involves a Mormon librarian, body butter, and candles.

Those better be laughs that OWEN WILSON is serving up.

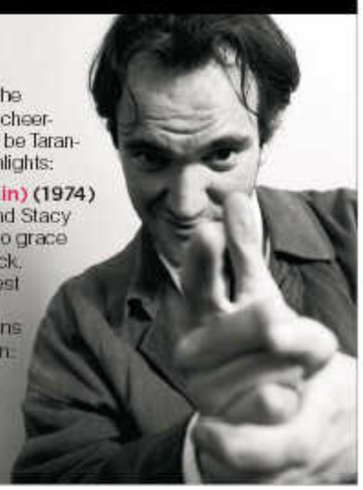
QT FEST

Austin celebrates its ninth year of hosting director QUENTIN TARANTINO's passion for exploitation flicks.

For the past nine years, Quentin Tarantino has come to Austin semi-annually to screen the greatest hidden gems from esoteric genres like blaxploitation, Italian crime, horror, spy, cheerleader, sexploitation, and spaghetti westerns. But the real treats aren't the flicks. That would be Tarantino's introductions, with their gushing adoration for these films. Here are the festival highlights:

Pretty Maids All in a Row (1971)
"This has one of the sexiest performances of a female *ever*," says Tarantino, "and that woman is Angie Dickinson. Before they came up with the term *MILF*, she was *the* MILF. It isn't often that a seduction scene rings my bell and boils my oil, but I tell you, this one rings my bell and boils my oil. I don't usually like the teenage virgin character, but in this film you want him to just fuck her ... *fuck her!* Man, does she look hot in a miniskirt!"

The Dion Brothers (aka The Gravy Train) (1974)
Jack Starrett's film stars Frederic Forrest and Stacy Keach as a pair of the worst robbers ever to grace a screen, written by (no shit) Terrence Malick. This is a brilliant lost comedy about two West Virginia good ol' boys who want to strike it rich and open a seafood restaurant. It begins with the greatest quitting speech ever given: "I quit. I'm bored. Everywhere I look, it's busy, busy, busy. I didn't stick out that last year of high school for this shit. I should be in California. I could be Kirk Douglas, man. I could be Kirk-fucking-Douglas."



By Barbara Rice Thompson

COMMENTARY TRACK

James Wong

Killing off young, attractive actors one by one is all in a day's work for James Wong, director of FINAL DESTINATION 3, but what he really wants is for you to experience it in 3-D.

How did you do the "Choose Their Fate" extras?
Final Destination 3 had five or six set pieces where people die, and with the exception of a couple of lines, you could continue on with the movie even if something happened differently. So during the preproduction process, we wrote different scenarios, including one where the movie ends in 20 minutes [*laughs*]. Because we thought it would be great if she never goes on the [roller coaster] and the movie ends.

So the additional footage was shot just for the DVD?
Exactly. Well, [except] the death for Lewis, the jock in the gym. The scene that's in the movie was in the original script, and New Line [Cinema] wanted a faster death there. But I really felt the original was a better death. So I got to shoot my version, show it to the audience in the previews, and ultimately the [short] version is the bonus on the DVD.

Why did you come back for *Final Destination 3*?
Richard Brenner, one of the executives at New Line, said, "You know what the third one should be? A roller coaster." That was really exciting to me, because the inciting incident really was the hardest. We've done an airplane, and you go, "What are we going to do now? A cruise ship?"

Whatever starts it has to be spectacular, but it has to follow the rules we set up. So the roller coaster, to me, worked really well because it locked you in. Once you're on the ride, you can't get off. And they were in a certain position, so you can have some order as to who would die. It seemed to fit perfectly. We hadn't seen a great roller-coaster crash, so I thought that was a good start.

What else is coming up for you?
I'm finishing a movie called *Black Christmas*, out in December. They want to do *Final Destination 4* in 3-D, which I'm interested in. I love the idea of trying new technology. They expect at least 500 screens with digital projection coming in the next two years. I think 3-D could be pretty spectacular with a digital projection, so we're hoping to catch the next wave.

ROLLER COASTER OF DEATH

Final Destination 3 sticks to the formula of Death stalking Abercrombie & Fitch models, but ups the humor. The Thrill Ride Edition ($30) has a doc, a "Dead Teenager Movie" featurette, an original animated short, and interactive menus that allow you to decide the fate of characters.
Bonus points: ●●●●●

REVIEWS

QUICK PICKS

Awesome; I Fuckin' Shot That! ($30), the Beastie Boys documentary, is a new kind of concert film. Shot by 50 audience members, it captures the energy and fun of the B-Boy experience from a fan's point of view.

In Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story ($28), Michael Winterbottom and Steve Coogan get around the unfilmability of Laurence Sterne's eighteenth-century comic novel with a film-within-a-film approach.

Morgan Spurlock follows up *Super Size Me* with the series 30 Days ($27), which features people walking in someone else's shoes for a month.

Summer Camp

We love to watch movie stars trash their own careers with "so bad it's funny" flicks. The new Deluxe Edition of **Road House** ($20) even has a "What Would Dalton Do?" doc.... Bruce Willis isn't distancing himself from **Hudson Hawk** ($20). He discusses the "misunderstood" cult classic in a new featurette. Bruce, this is why we still love you.
Bonus points (both): ●●●

Paint It Black

The mockumentary **Blackballed: The Bobby Dukes Story** ($20) stars Rob Corddry (*The Daily Show*) as the first paintball superstar. After a ten-year ban for "wiping," Dukes tries to restore his rep. There are two commentaries, a doc, deleted scenes, and outtakes.
Bonus points: ●●●●

TV-D

In the Showtime series **Weeds**, a dark comedy about suburban potheads and their widowed-mom dealer, Mary-Louise Parker demonstrates how desperate a housewife can get. The season-one set ($40) includes a mockumentary, "herbal" recipes, a featurette, and commentary tracks.
Bonus points: ●●●●

The Adventures of Brisco County Jr. will make you think the writers of this western/sci-fi hybrid were the ones sparking up. The eight-disc set ($100) boasts a doc, a roundtable discussion with the writers and producers, and new featurettes narrated by Mr. County Jr. himself: B-movie king Bruce Campbell.
Bonus points: ●●●●

By Rebecca Swanner

Q&A

Busta Rhymes

After three years, Busta Rhymes is returning to the forefront of hip-hop with a fresh look and sound for his album *The Big Bang*. With producers Dr. Dre and Swizz Beats onboard and cameos from Missy Elliot, will.i.am, and Nas, we expect Busta's latest to be an astronomical event.

You spent a lot of time in the studio post-recording. Why?
To make sure that before I let this new baby of mine hit the world, it's the most powerful and dominating effort I could put forth. Right before the project comes [out], I know I'm out of time to fix things and I start to scrutinize everything. I think it's me just being nervous.

Are you still nervous?
I know I ain't got shit to be insecure about in terms of what I've done, because I got a chance to do it in a masterful way. I took my time and spent three years on this project. To put so much time into making a new sound [and] my new look, with the cutting of the hair …

Why is it important to change up your style?
Reinvention is always a great thing because you're showing people you're embracing change gracefully. It was time to let go of a lot of shit. I let go of the record label I was with, then I let go of a couple members of Flipmode [Squad] and got some new members. The reinvention is necessary—especially [because] people haven't seen me for three years. I want people to see the growth, the newness, the freshness, and be a part of it.

Could this album be your greatest?
I possess an album that has things that no other album in existence has: a Rick James cameo, a Stevie Wonder cameo, and a Dr. Dre cameo—'cause Dre don't rhyme on nobody's shité

What was it like being in the studio with Dre?
Working with Dre is a little more difficult than working with anybody else. He doesn't do this because he has to—he does it because he wants to. We'll sometimes spend two, three days on a song … and the song still ain't done. Two or three days is just to get a song done to a level of listening [so you can] ride around with it for a week and not be hasty about changes that can make [it] better.

Why is Eminem no longer on your record?
When I do records with certain people who I really respect and who I'm a fan of, I want to treat it like an event. I felt me and Em coming together [on "I'll Hurt You"] got somewhat fucked up when it got leaked. The streets got ahold of it, and it was all over the place before we could make an event out of it.

"Legends of the Fall Off" sounds like something is being buried. What is going on there?
The song was based on a chain of events that happened one day, when signs of bad karma were coming. I crossed the path of someone I shouldn't have, and was going to be buried alive as a result. The song's concept has changed now.

Why?
We had difficulty clearing the chorus, which was from *Barney & Friends*. Now the song is about where artists go when their careers die, especially the ones in denial that their shit is over [*laughs*].

Dre performed on a song called "Imagine." What is that song based on?
If hip-hop never existed, what would I be doing? What would Dre be doing? Would Russell Simmons be a newspaper salesman? Would L. A. Reid or Lyor Cohen be selling tube socks in the subway? A lot of us would be in fucked-up positions.

But hip-hop is still dangerous. D12 rapper Proof died from gunshot wounds in April. Were you two close?
I had a great, respectable relationship with Proof. He was one of the most uplifting spirits in this hip-hop shit. It's a tremendous misfortune to lose someone like him because he was so important to a lot of us. Without Proof, Eminem wouldn't be as inspired to do what he did. It's such a fucked-up situation to know that at such a young age, with so much growth left as a man, as an artist, and as a businessman, that this is how it had to come to an end.

> "It's a tremendous misfortune to lose someone like [Proof] because he was so important to a lot of us. Without Proof, Eminem wouldn't have been as inspired to do what he did."

Left: Jim Rosati; Right: PR; Brown; Muse: Rob Pardo

REVIEWS

Eighteen Visions

Eighteen Visions (Epic) ★★★★★
Since their debut in 2000, these Orange County metalheads have continued to improve their dynamic style. By mixing the glam-rock groove of Marilyn Manson with anthemic choruses, chugging energy, and flashy solos, their records bite hard and hang on tight. On *Eighteen Visions*, they flaunt their range with songs like "Buried Us Alive," where boy-band choruses are bookended by unrelenting guitar solos and seedy lyrics that would make Axl Rose proud. By accenting melodies with brutal hardcore, Eighteen Visions creates a brilliant, diverse sound.

Penthouse Pick: "Victim"

NOTABLE MENTIONS

AFI
December Underground (Interscope)

Sissy
All Under (Global Underground)

Greg Graffin
Cold As the Clay (Anti-/Epitaph)

Your girlfriend might like:
PJ Harvey
PJ Harvey on Tour: Please Leave Quietly (DVD, Island)

★★★

Soul Asylum
The Silver Lining (Legacy)
On their first studio record in eight years, these former grunge rockers continue to write Top 40 rock, but this time they've added a tinge of country to the mix, which includes the last bass notes from the late Karl Mueller.

★★★

The Bronx
The Bronx (Island)
These musicians, who just jumped to a major label after earning indie cred, not only know how to write fun albums with a metal edge (their latest is heavily influenced by the Foo Fighters), but they're also experts at having fun while doing it.

★★★★

Golden Smog
Another Fine Day (Lost Highway)
This alt-country supergroup is culled from Wilco, the Jayhawks, Soul Asylum, and Big Star. It's an eclectic collection of airy pop songs and space-rock tunes that don't form a cohesive album but still make for fun listening.

★★★★

Muse
Black Holes and Revelations (Warner Bros.)
One minute this notable British band is lilting and romantic, like old-school INXS, and the next they're spastic like System of a Down. Either way, their passionate, lusty music is making a splash on this side of the pond.

★★★★★

Peaches
Impeach My Bush (XL)
Peaches has had us rocking since we heard "Fuck the Pain Away" in 2000. She doesn't wimp out on her newest. If you crave infectious songs about fucking, threesomes, and the shocker, they're here.

★★★

Lola Ray
Liars (Benevolent/226)
Though this sophomore record is significantly less rockin' than their punkish debut, it shows off their maturity and growth as a band. Plus, the inclusion of horns and dark, poetic vocals give the album a haunting edge.

★★★★★

New York Dolls
One Day It Will Please Us To Remember Even This (Roadrunner)
Everything works on the first studio record since 1974 from these New York legends. The music has an enjoyable honesty that is fueled by a combination of blues and retro sounds from rock's heyday.

COVER-UP

Rock 'n' roll may be the devil's music, but sometimes it was the cover that had critics buzzing and conservatives fuming. But despite the hullabaloo, they still found their way to record stores. Well, except for these two.

BON JOVI
Slippery When Wet
The original cover for this landmark album featured a woman posing in a ripped wet T-shirt, but the band hated the pink border. Because of time constraints, it went into production in Japan, but for the U.S. cover, Jon Bon Jovi sprayed a Hefty bag with water and wrote "Slippery When Wet" on it with his finger.

GUNS N' ROSES
Appetite for Destruction
Now 15-times platinum, MTV and radio barely noticed when *Appetite* was first released. In an effort to appeal to stores (and possibly generate buzz), Geffen Records printed only 65,000 of the original, then made 130,000 copies with the less controversial artwork, leaving Robert Williams's cover a rarity.

"The theme of the image is the media's rape of the public. The monster coming over the fence is the media, and the woman slumped against the wall represents the public." —**BRYN BRIDENTHAL, president of Bridenthal & Associates and former publicist for Guns N' Roses**

POP UP

Comic-book artist, toy manufacturer, and *Spawn* creator TODD MCFARLANE is ready to rock with his new line of three-dimensional record covers.

In the past, your company has made action figures of rock stars like KISS. Why have you expanded to design record covers?
Not everyone is keen on the idea of being put in plastic. We knew there were going to be some acts that we would never be able to touch. [So] how do we *get* a band without actually *doing* the band? Well, their albums don't include photographs of themselves, so you [think of] which ones make sense visually, and who we can get.

Why are we fascinated by album art?
If you go back [to the seventies], music was more simplistic in terms of getting it in front of fans. There weren't nearly the number of acts, or the number of opportunities for bands to get on the airwaves. When the big boys came out with an album, you knew they wouldn't come out with another one for a year or two, so we would listen to those for a long time before we put it away for the next one. A lot of the imagery is stuff you've seen through attrition. You might not have even been a fan of their music, but you know what that album is.

You've created covers for Korn and Disturbed. Any plans to re-create them?
It'd be cool and self-indulgent at the same time. They'd go, "ToddéThere are 10,000 album covers and you happened to pick the two you did?é" Then I'd say, with complete sincerity, "Oh, that's right, these *are* the ones I didél didn't even think about it." We might, though. As proud as I am of those covers, there's a whole history I'd like to sink my teeth into before I self-indulge.

Do you have a long-term plan for the project?
Instead of doing them as one-offs, we're trying to convince some of the record labels to give us their libraries.

Are the 3-D covers difficult to create?
Each one has its problems. The Jimi Hendrix one we're doing [*Are You Experienced?*] is difficult—the one where you've got the fish-eye look. Do we sculpt it? Do we take a photo? Do we put an actual lens across it? How do we get it to look as cool as the first time we saw it?

Do the covers appeal to the same audience as your toy lines?
As much as I'm proud of all the action figures, they might not be everybody's cup of tea. It might be easier to get somebody to bring something home that doesn't say *toy*. [The album covers are] artwork that you can have on your table or hang on your wall.

LOOK FOR THESE COVERS:

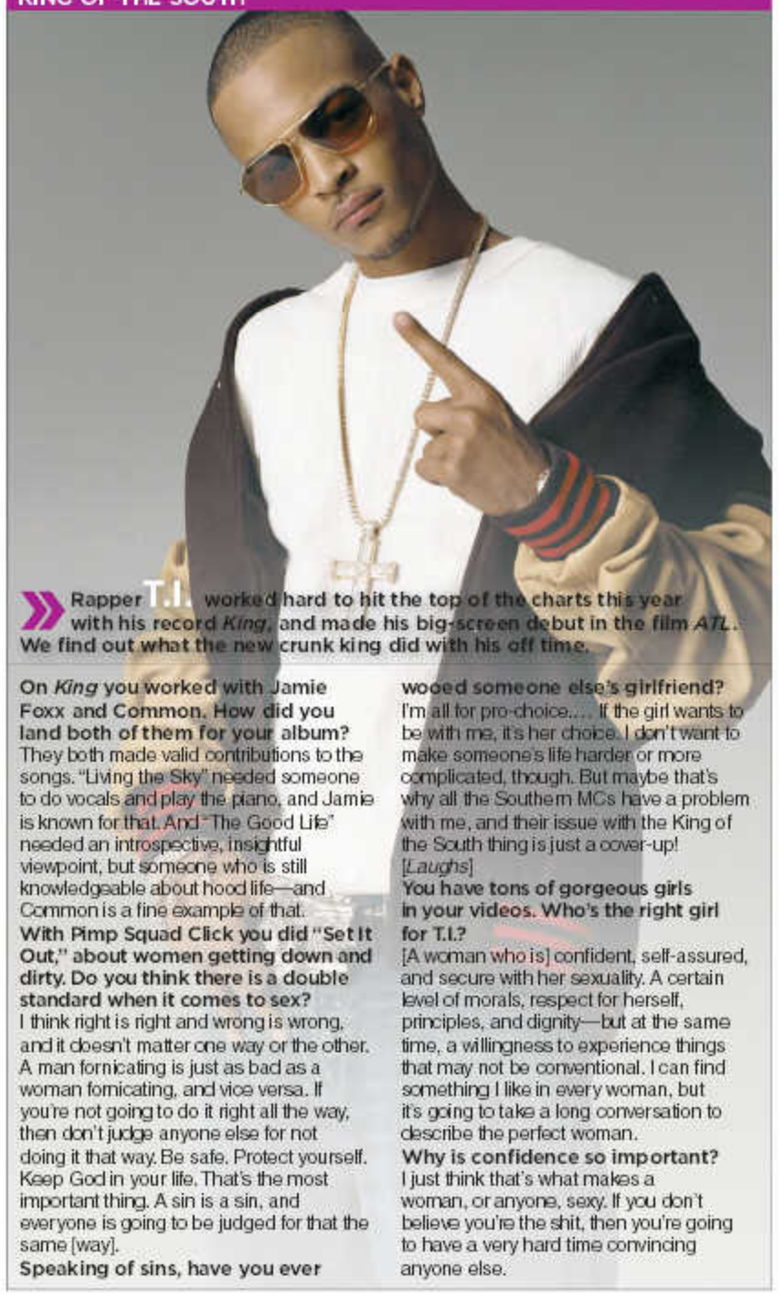
The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols*; Metallica, *Master of Puppets*; Led Zeppelin, *Led Zeppelin*

Bottom left: Vivian Burns

UNDER THE RADAR

Fronted by sexy Amie Miriello, DIRTIE BLONDE is a five-piece band that twists folk influences with their straightforward pop rock. Miriello and her best friend, guitarist Jay Dmuchowski, started the band in Manhattan before an opportunity sent the two to Los Angeles. Look for their eponymous debut album, out now.

KING OF THE SOUTH



Rapper T.I. worked hard to hit the top of the charts this year with his record *King*, and made his big-screen debut in the film *ATL*. We find out what the new crunk king did with his off time.

On *King* you worked with Jamie Foxx and Common. How did you land both of them for your album?
They both made valid contributions to the songs. "Living the Sky" needed someone to do vocals and play the piano, and Jamie is known for that. And "The Good Life" needed an introspective, insightful viewpoint, but someone who is still knowledgeable about hood life—and Common is a fine example of that.

With Pimp Squad Click you did "Set It Out," about women getting down and dirty. Do you think there is a double standard when it comes to sex?
I think right is right and wrong is wrong, and it doesn't matter one way or the other. A man fornicating is just as bad as a woman fornicating, and vice versa. If you're not going to do it right all the way, then don't judge anyone else for not doing it that way. Be safe. Protect yourself. Keep God in your life. That's the most important thing. A sin is a sin, and everyone is going to be judged for that the same [way].

Speaking of sins, have you ever wooed someone else's girlfriend?
I'm all for pro-choice.... If the girl wants to be with me, it's her choice. I don't want to make someone's life harder or more complicated, though. But maybe that's why all the Southern MCs have a problem with me, and their issue with the King of the South thing is just a cover-up! [*Laughs*]

You have tons of gorgeous girls in your videos. Who's the right girl for T.I.?
[A woman who is] confident, self-assured, and secure with her sexuality. A certain level of morals, respect for herself, principles, and dignity—but at the same time, a willingness to experience things that may not be conventional. I can find something I like in every woman, but it's going to take a long conversation to describe the perfect woman.

Why is confidence so important?
I just think that's what makes a woman, or anyone, sexy. If you don't believe you're the shit, then you're going to have a very hard time convincing anyone else.

PLAYLIST

Joan Jett

She's the godmother of rock 'n' roll, but as the reigning queen of this summer's Warped Tour, Jett proves she's ready to raise a new generation.

1. **"Ball and Chain," by Social Distortion**
For the underdog in us all.

2. **"Cretin Hop," by the Ramones**
I was lucky enough to tour with the Ramones, and it was an unbelievable experience—especially for a fan.

3. **"Rebel Girl," by Bikini Kill**
Kick-ass female energy.

4. **"Save Yourself," by the Vacancies**
Really, I like the whole album.

5. **"Bang a Gong," by T. Rex**
I learned to play guitar and scream from this one.

6. **"Rebel Rebel," by David Bowie**
Bowie taught me how to wear my individuality with pride.

7. **"Sympathy for the Devil," by the Rolling Stones**
They've been the best rock 'n' roll band in the world for decades.

8. **"Waiting Room," by Fugazi**
There's no mainstream, conventional thinking for this band and their important indie label [Dischord].

9. **"American Idiot," by Green Day**
It's great to see a rock act having big success discussing world events.

10. **"Speaking in Tongues," by Eagles of Death Metal**
This is a fun, bluesy, rockin' record.

Jett's latest, *Sinner*, is out now.

Left/right: Christian Lantry; Michael Rubenstein

By Rebecca Swanner

BEST IN SHOW

★★★★★

» Dead Rising

(Capcom) Xbox 360

Get your sledgehammer ready. In this gore-fest, you're a photojournalist fighting to survive in a world infested with hungry zombies that are faster and more frequent than those in *Resident Evil*. Factor this in when you're choosing weapons, because each has its drawbacks. The battle ax, for example, slices the undead in half but leaves you open to attack. You can rack up points by taking shocking photos, but the goal of the game is to destroy zombies, so take some time to determine which implement of death works for you—be it bowling ball, skateboard, or chain saw.

PLAY DEAD

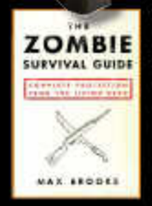
You may know enough about George A. Romero's films to write a tome on zombies, but you may have missed these tales from the crypt.

The Walking Dead (Image Comics) by Robert Kirkman

The man behind the hottest zombie comics weaves a complex story with universal appeal about humans who are struggling to live normal lives amid an undead population.

Shaun of the Dead (Rogue Pictures)

This cult British romantic zombie comedy follows Shaun as he tries to save his family and friends from the hordes of flesh-hungry zombies that have taken over his quiet London suburb.



The Zombie Survival Guide (Three Rivers Press) by Max Brooks

In case zombies are hunting you down, this humorous handbook will equip you with the knowledge you need to survive.

SEX GAME OF THE MONTH

Naughty America: The Game
(Safe Escape Studios) PC, Mac

Raunchier than *The Sims* but more animated than *Singles*, this new title is the first sex-based massive multiplayer online RPG. You're able to create and customize a character—right down to his or her body type, tattoos, and pubic hair—then jump into the action. Engage other players at home, nightclubs, casinos, or sex shops, then set up private chats with your new friends or partners. If all goes well, you might get to explore SEX MODE, where you'll get busy with (or without) your Webcam. Or you can check out the voyeur club and watch.

USE YOUR THUMBS

Miami Vice
(Vivendi Universal) PSP

Part of being a vice cop is bending the rules. While most of your job as Crockett or Tubbs is to destroy meth labs and kill criminals, you must also step up your rep by trading controlled substances with drug dealers. As an added bonus, unlock your character's classic eighties suits after you complete the game. Not only do they give you invincibility, they make you impervious to fashion criticism.

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest
(Buena Vista Games) PSP, GBA

We love gaming, but we don't want to spend the summer glued to a handheld. Fortunately, this *Pirates of the Caribbean* sequel is quick to play and heavy on action. Swashbuckle through legions of possessed pirates in search of hidden booty. Or play your friends and see who's the last pirate standing.

REVIEWS

★★

Spy Hunter: Nowhere to Run
(Midway) PS2, Xbox

The coolest thing about *Spy Hunter* was always your sweet ride, the Interceptor. This time around, agent Alex Decker has a missile-equipped sports car that transforms into a speedboat or a motorcycle—although you also can run down evil agents on foot. Though we were a bit disappointed by the game's graphics (Xbox 360, you spoil us) and weak A.I., the speedboat action was a blast.

★★★★

NFL Head Coach
(EA) Xbox 360

Don't shout enough at your TV during football games? Pick up this deep coach sim. Though there's a quick play mode, you can select career mode to get into the nitty-gritty. Prepare for the season by having weekly staff meetings, scout players, and strategize. After you create the best possible team, strap on your headset on game day and shout out plays to your team. They better listen, or they'll hear about it at halftime.

★★★★

Superman Returns: The Videogame
(EA) Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2, GC, DS, PSP

All the Man of Steel's superpowers are at your disposal. As you attempt to protect Metropolis from super-villains like Metallo and Parasite, you'll learn how to combine powers, perform amazing midair acrobatics, and explore the giant city. Just keep in mind that Superman fights for truth, justice, and the American way—try to keep the property damage to a minimum.

By Samantha Judge

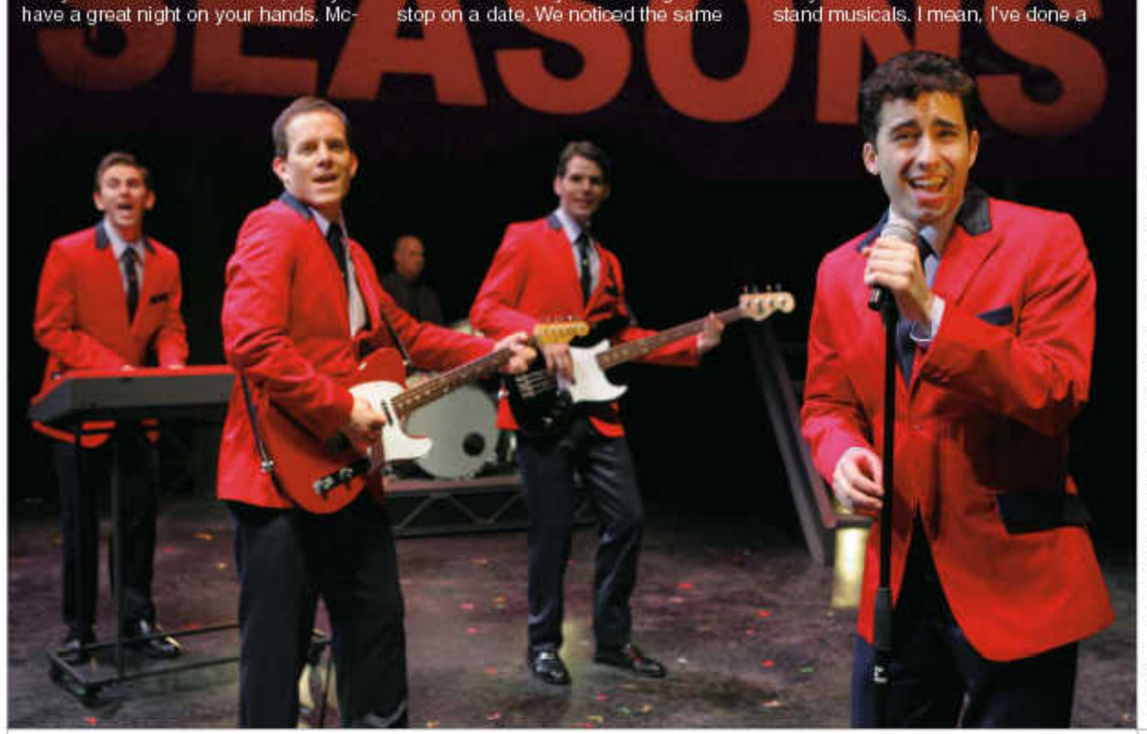
TICKET MASTER

A Man for Four Seasons

The director of *Jersey Boys*, one of Broadway's biggest hits in years, doesn't even like musicals. So why did he do one about a 50-year-old rock band from Newark?

Des McAnuff's *Jersey Boys* isn't your typical all-singing, all-dancing, all-napping jukebox musical. It's the story of the Four Seasons, the classic sixties band, and it plays out like Mötley Crüe meets *Goodfellas* (with Frankie Valli's soprano instead of Vince Neil's). Add a couple of dancing girls and songs that everyone knows the words to, and you have a great night on your hands. McAnuff talked to us about his show and why he thinks there should be "as much nudity as possible" on Broadway.

How would you sell your play to a guy who doesn't want to see a Broadway show?
It's the musical for people who hate musicals. I actually hear it's a great first stop on a date. We noticed the same guy coming back to *Jersey Boys* with different girls. When we asked him why, he said he discovered that this was a great way to score. It's definitely not the kind of show where people are sitting around a dining room table and then burst into song and start tap dancing on the furniture. This is a gritty story of a rock 'n' roll band. I can't stand musicals. I mean, I've done a number of them, but I don't consider myself an aficionado.



Jersey Boys photo by John Barrow; Des McAnuff photograph (right) by J. T. Macmillan

How did you keep *Jersey Boys* from being an annoying musical?
The real secret is that I started working with the writers before it had been written. So I was actually involved in creating the dramatic structure of the piece. I started designing the show, working with the set and costume designers, before the script was even finished. There's a lot of visual storytelling for that reason. We don't have characters just arbitrarily singing songs. We trace a band from their early club dates, when they were playing bars in Belleville, New Jersey, to when they're backup singers in the studio, to when they became a popular band playing large clubs, stadiums, and television. By the end of the show, the audience really feels like they know these four guys.

What attracted you to the story of the Four Seasons?
I love the Four Seasons, but my reason for wanting to do this had less to do with the music. It was just a remarkable story. Marshall Brickman and Rick Elice, the two writers, pitched me the story. At first I wasn't interested, but I read an interview with Frankie Valli and an interview with Bob Gaudio. The interviews weren't meant for publication; they were the foundation for what was to become a movie of the week, or some sort of feature film. I became really intrigued with the band. Then I read an unpublished autobiography of Tommy DeVito, the guitar player, which was really strong stuff. He talked about the Mafia, their relationship with the music business, and his problems and addictions. Two of these guys spent a total of 16 years in a penitentiary. As soon as I read this material I went, "This is a story that really needs to be told."

Do people assume you're gay because you direct musicals?
If it's some girl who I'm hitting on, probably not. There's an assumption that particular people do musicals, that you're supposed to be gay. And it's true, there are certainly a lot of gay people in theater—but there are a lot of straight people, too. I don't think it's even an issue. The theater has always been a haven for people who feel somewhat outside of society, whether [because of] their sexual preference, their politics, their race, or their religion. It's one of the greatest things about theater—and rock 'n' roll for that matter. Rock 'n' roll has always been on the right side of the fight. I worked with Pete Townshend on *The Who's Tommy* [for which McAnuff won a Tony]. We worked together for years, and it's one of the things we used to talk about a lot. It gives you a sort of pride. There's a real integrity to rock 'n' roll and to theater. Unfortunately, I'm the dull white guy who likes watching baseball. I'm also a big Formula One fan. So I'm pretty atypical when it comes to musical theater.

(Below) McAnuff and Assistant Director Holly-Anne Ruggiero

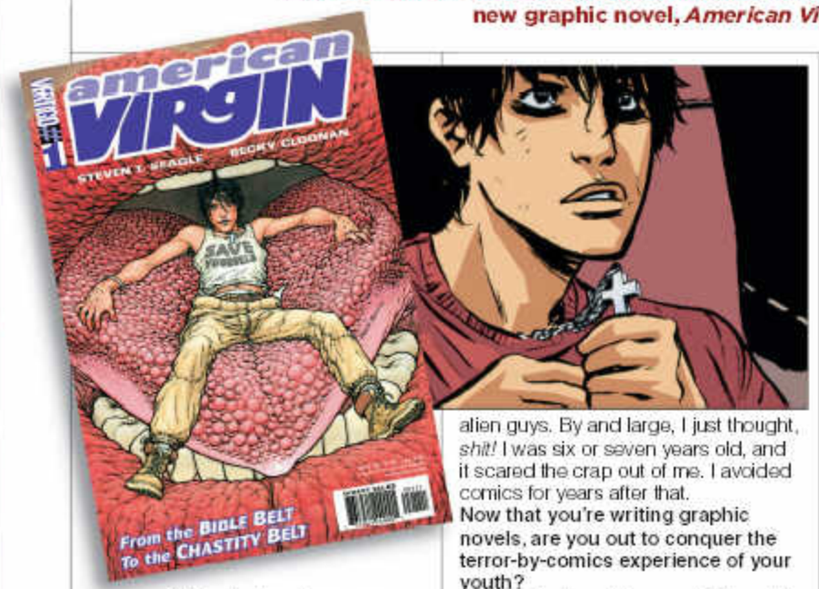
Do you think there should be more nudity on Broadway?
I always want as much nudity as possible. In *Jersey Boys*, I think there's a fair amount of nudity. The thing about it is, as much as I love the naked female body, when you're in the middle of a story, it's not like a Vegas show where you can arbitrarily rip someone's clothes off. [Nudity can] pull you out of the story and be remarkably unsexual depending on the scene itself. We have three very beautiful girls, and at one point they are all very scantily dressed, and I've never heard anybody complain about that.

Why did you do an interview with *Penthouse* instead of *Playbill*?
Are you kidding? Growing up, it was my absolute favorite magazine.

By J. Rentilly

» Sexual Healing

Steven T. Seagle (not Seagal) tests our moral tolerance with a stunning new graphic novel, *American Virgin*.



The typical contemporary comic pivots on issues of dual identity, the responsible deployment of superpowers, and a sure-handed drive to save the world. Steven T. Seagle doesn't write typical comics. No, Seagle, author of the award-winning autobiography/revisionist Superman opus, *It's a Bird* …, has fears and desires a little deeper and darker than the rest. In his new series, *American Virgin*, a young evangelical Christian's vows of chastity and nonviolence are sorely tested when his fiancée is murdered by international terrorists.

I heard the first comic book you read scared the crap out of you.
That is true. It was an *Avengers* comic and it had Captain Marvel sitting in a chair, being electrocuted by cosmic radiation, and there were these creepy alien guys. By and large, I just thought, *shit!* I was six or seven years old, and it scared the crap out of me. I avoided comics for years after that.

Now that you're writing graphic novels, are you out to conquer the terror-by-comics experience of your youth?
Apparently I'm out to repeat it [*laughs*]. Because everything I write is about sex, death, and mayhem.

Why don't you write nice little stories?
My mom is always saying, "Where do you get this stuff? You weren't raised this way." I'm like, "How do *you* know?" [*Laughs*] My childhood room is full of old stories I wrote as a kid. I have this one about a kid who was sealed in a crate, shipped to Spain, and then hunted by assassins. I wrote that when I was ten. So I don't think I've veered too far.

One thing that's so wonderful about your stories is that the heroes—even the superheroes—just barely scrape by.
I think the power fantasy in comics is that a superhero can beat any odds. I don't think that's a story. If you've got that much power and you're definitely going to make it, I'm bored. I like somebody who rises to a challenge and gets out, but only by the skin of their teeth. That's more like life. We're not gigantic champions. There's something scrappier about human beings.

***American Virgin* is definitely in that mold.**
I don't think I've ever created a character who is in a greater bind in terms of what he wants versus what he believes. By the end of the series, I think Adam Chamberlain will barely make it out with his soul intact. A lot of people thought this fundamentalist Christian character would be thrown into this world of sex and violence and immediately buckle. But he doesn't. And I think that's what's cool about him getting by; he can hold on to his core beliefs, but it's going to take every fucking cell in his body to do it. I love that kind of challenge.

You've said that *American Virgin* is about the link between sex and death; that it's a "sex and terrorism book." There's so much going on here: classical versus topical, New Testament versus Old Testament, oath versus temptation. What do these themes mean to you?
I find it funny how little things *really* change. People are saying, "Oh, things are *so* different from the way they used to be." But if you think about a magazine like *Penthouse*, for example, it's the same controversy now as when the magazine first came out—despite all of our so-called progress. It's the same with our religious conflicts or our global conflicts. These are not new things I'm coming up with. These are the same fucking conflicts we've had since day one—morality and vengeance. I love that idea of dropping somebody who thinks they have *normal* figured out into a world where *normal* is something else entirely. The hang-ups that Americans have with sexuality make that a subject I really wanted to explore, and I'm having a good time doing that.

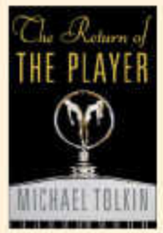
You've hinted that fetishism will play a big role in Adam's journey. What's he going to encounter in upcoming issues?
I have a storyline coming up called "Going Down" that takes place in Australia during their big gay festival. Adam is pursuing a member of this terrorist cell that beheaded his girlfriend, who, it turns out, lives a double life of his own and is a leather fetishist. To get close to this guy, Adam has to really immerse himself in this world, which is a very uncomfortable place for him to be. But what's more uncomfortable: putting on a costume and letting a man lick his ear and hit him with a whip, or not getting the person who committed the most heinous act against his personal life and happiness?

In some ways, comics are getting more respect now than ever before. In other ways, they're just fodder for movie franchises. How have comics changed over the last few years?
[*It's a Bird* … and *American Virgin*] are books that I have the luxury of doing because [DC/Vertigo] doesn't particularly care if they sell. I like to look at the industry and ask, "What's *not* being done?" And then I go there. That said, comics are a niche market. People who buy comics want superheroes. It's all superheroes, all the time. It's only like that in America. Everywhere else in the world, comics are a medium, not a genre. I like superheroes as much as the next guy, but I prefer a smorgasbord. I just don't get the total fascination with superheroes all the time.

REVIEWS

To Air Is Human: The Rise and Fall of Björn Türoque
By Björn Türoque with Dan Crane (Riverhead)
The premise: Choose your favorite guitar-heavy tune and go for broke with an intricately choreographed pantomime on your phantom ax. Yes, there is an air of surrealism to the whole affair, but the passion brought to this global competition makes it very human, too. Türoque has competed in ten air-guitar competitions around the world and was crowned champion in two of them. *To Air Is Human* is a journal-like chronicle of his air-guitar odyssey, putting readers beneath the flaming fingers of competitors' rousing renditions of "Crazy Train" and "Free Bird," but also commenting on the offbeat camaraderie and rivalries that develop in this competitive arena.

The Summer He Didn't Die
By Jim Harrison (Grove/Atlantic)
For decades, Jim Harrison has carried out an exploration of the barbed-wire interiors of characters who lead rough, obsessive, self-destructive lives. Whether he's recounting the efforts of a working-class Native American man protecting his stepchildren from his incarcerated wife; delving into the neurotic, sexually obsessed rants of three conservative women in love with one powerful man; or launching an autobiographical rant on sensuality as the key to transcendent living, it's always illuminating. This is the terrain of *The Summer He Didn't Die*, a collection of three novellas. Harrison has proved to be a writer bent on stuffing himself with all the finest pleasures, then basting himself in the drippings of his own masochism.



The Return of the Player
By Michael Tolkin (Grove/Atlantic)
"Griffin Mill was broke, he was down to his last $6 million," reads the opening paragraph. As a writer-for-hire in Tinseltown, Tolkin's marquee moment came more than a decade ago, courtesy of Robert Altman's adaptation of *The Player*, an award-winning, cold-blooded satire. It may seem easy for Tolkin, whose recent novels have not fared well commercially, to return to the torrid life of murderous producer Griffin Mill. But what a difference 15 years make in the life of a movie mogul. Mix in a deteriorating marriage, a Viagra allergy, another homicidal plot, and a bid for political power, and Tolkin has written a Hollywood novel that is hilarious and timely. *The Return* is so truthful, it smarts long after the final fade to black.

Well Versed in Thirst

Get Oriented

If you want something new, exotic, and tasty, try some of the great drinks made by one of the world's most ancient civilizations.

By Cory Jones • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

Japan's wide array of exotic spirits are world-class in their complexity and diversity, which means the West faces some serious competition. Their beers stand up to anything Belgium has to offer, and the single-malt whiskies are on par with Scotland's.

We talked to Paul Tanguay, beverage director at SushiSamba and creator of the new sake review Website OfRiceAndZen.com, to take us on a tour of Japan's finest alcohol. So take off your shoes, enter our dojo, and *kanpai!*

Asahi Super Dry beer $3/16 oz.
Tokyo's Asahi kicked off the dry beer craze in 1997 and has been popular ever since. Using a rare strain of yeast and fermenting conditions that reduce residual sugars, this crisp, clean beer has almost no aftertaste.
Tanguay says, "The Japanese normally have a light, dry beer like this with sushi. They wouldn't have sake with sushi, because you don't want to pair a rice-based beverage with a rice-based meal."

Zen green tea liqueur $29.99
This liqueur is made from green tea leaves from one of Japan's finest tea producers (Marukyu-Koyama-En) and is blended with lemongrass and other herbs to create a unique flavor.
Tanguay says, "This is a great idea, but it's one of the hardest products I've ever mixed with."

Han Asian vodka $17.99
Han takes care of the mind and body. It is a rice-infused vodka that supposedly preserves amino acids, which help metabolize alcohol faster so you're ready for battle the next day.
Tanguay says, "I'm not sure if I buy into the no-hangover story. But this is great vodka. It's clean and very smooth."

Yuki No Bosha Akita Komachi Daiginjo sake $59
The quality of sake is related to the refining of the rice. *Daiginjo*, the highest-quality sake, must have 50 to 70 percent of the rice polished. Akita Komachi Daiginjo is from Akita, the fourth-largest sake-producing region in the world. The name means "beauty of Akita," which is a tribute to the area's lovely ladies.
Tanguay says, "This sake is complex and fantastic. It's really clean and gives you a mouth-cleansing feeling from the high mineral content in the water."

Toyonaga shochu $30
Shochu, the distilled cousin of sake, is often compared to Scottish single malts because each region that produces the spirit is associated with its own unique flavor. Toyonaga, which is made with rice, has a lingering, smoky aftertaste with a hint of peat that is reminiscent of Scotland's Speyside malts.
Tanguay says, "I'm a big fan of shochu, and this is very flavorful. In the colder months, this goes great with a little warm water—which is a bit dangerous because it goes down a little too smoothly."

Suntory 18-year-old Yamazaki whisky $100
Suntory's 18-year-old Yamazaki, a double gold-medal winner at the 2005 San Francisco Spirits Competition, puts Japanese whisky on the map. Yamazaki gets its honey smoothness and spicy cherry bite from being aged in three different oak barrels: American, Japanese, and Spanish. This highly complex whisky is classy enough to make anytime Suntory time.
Tanguay says, "This is up there with Johnnie Walker, Jameson, and all the best whiskies of the world."

Lost in Translation

The next time you're barhopping in Kyoto, just spout off one of these Japanese pickup lines. They're sure to impress the geisha girls.

Waribashi wo warimashouka?
Translation: Can I split your chopsticks?

Mukashi Jackie Chan *to* Bruce Lee *no kenka wo tometa koto ga arimasu.*
Translation: I once stopped a fight between Jackie Chan and Bruce Lee by kicking both their asses at the same time.

Tom Cruise *shuen no* The Last Samurai *wa watashi no raifu ni motozuiteimasu.*
Translation: *The Last Samurai*, starring Tom Cruise, is loosely based on my life story.

Nama de tabereru nowa sushi dake dewa arimasen.
Translation: Sushi isn't the only thing I like to eat raw.

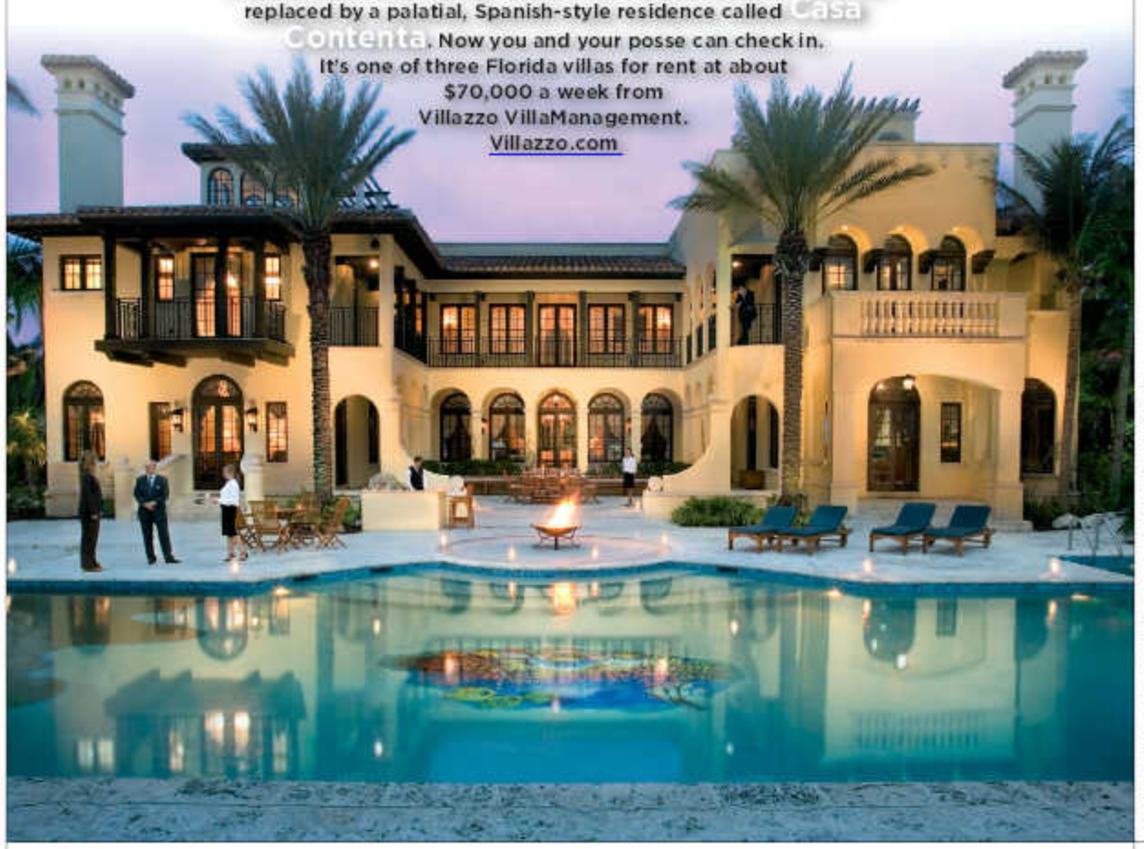
Karaoke wo utawasetainara mou 15 hai mojito ga hituyou desu.
Translation: I'm going to need 15 more mojitos if you want me to karaoke another Journey song.

Moshi dojo ni modorunara nunchuck wo oshiemasu.
Translation: If you come back to my dojo, I'll let you play with my nunchuck.

By Rudy Maxa

The Land of Capone

Before contracting syphilis and then dying of cardiac arrest in 1947, the original gangsta, Al Capone, lived in a mansion on Palm Island, Florida. That home was torn down and replaced by a palatial, Spanish-style residence called Casa Contenta. Now you and your posse can check in. It's one of three Florida villas for rent at about $70,000 a week from Villazzo VillaManagement. Villazzo.com



Opposite page clockwise from top right: AP, Jon Feingersh/Corbis, Ricardo Liberatore/Corbis

Burning Those United Miles

If you fly so frequently that the thought of a free airline ticket leaves you cold, consider trading those miles for something more interesting.

United auctions exotic adventures. Some are one-day excursions, such as NASCAR race-training courses; more elaborate vacations include a week in Tuscany with first-class airfare for two, lodging, a Vespa, and gourmet meals. (That sold for about 650,000 miles.)

Click on the MILEAGE PLUS tab at United.com. Auctions can be found at the Awards Center.

Don't Push My Buttons

Want to talk to a real person on the phone? GetHuman.com offers tricks for bypassing recordings at American companies and government offices:

- **STATE DEPARTMENT's passport office (877-487-2778): choose** ENGLISH, **1, 3**
- **U.S. AIRWAYS (800-428-4322): 4, pause, 1**
- **DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION (800-832-5660): 0, 0, 0**
- **UNITED AIRLINES (800-864-8331): after the message** LET'S GET STARTED, **say** AGENT, **then** DOMESTIC **or** INTERNATIONAL
- **ORBITZ (888-656-4546): #, #, #, #, #**
- **NORTHWEST AIRLINES (800-225-2525): 3, 1**
- **JETBLUE (800-538-2583): 0**
- **AMTRAK: call 877-444-4773 instead of the customer-service number**
- **AMERICAN AIRLINES (800-433-7300): 0, 0**
- **DELTA AIRLINES (800-221-1212): 0, 0, 0; or say** AGENT **several times**

Best Room in the House

With more travelers using the Internet to book hotel rooms, the process is becoming increasingly impersonal. If you want to avoid getting the room by the noisy elevator or ice machine, you may want to ditch your computer and try these face-to-face helpful hints.

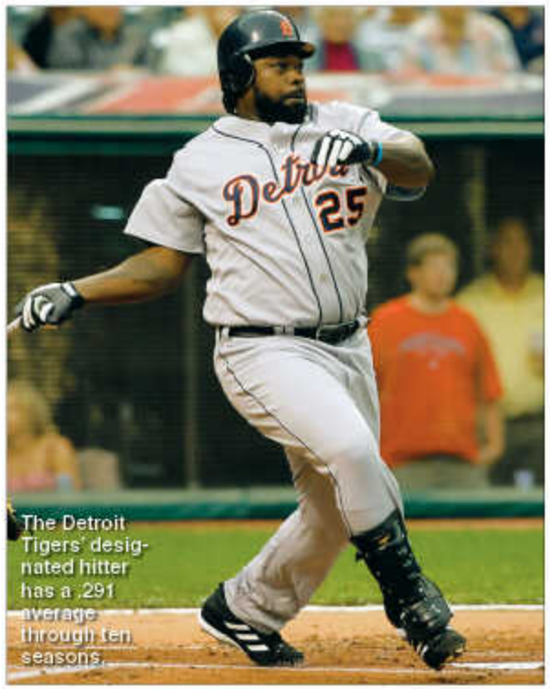
- Get to know someone. When you arrive at a hotel, ask to see a manager. If possible, view two or three different rooms before deciding on one.
- If you'll be returning regularly to the same place, tell the general manager and call his or her office in the future to make a reservation. Frequent guests get the best treatment.
- Schmooze an upgrade. Charm the front-desk clerk, who has the power with a simple click of the mouse to give you a suite or a room with a view. Mention it's your first time in the city and you're thrilled. Or it's your first out-of-town date with your new girlfriend and you want to impress her.

A Relaxing Retreat

Once upon a time, a mint on the pillow was enough to make hotel guests feel welcome. Hyatt Hotels & Resorts go the extra mile by offering a yoga instructor as well. The yoga guru trains guests with an 11-minute video about breathing and meditation.

By Dave Hollander

Dmitri Young



The Detroit Tigers' designated hitter has a .291 average through ten seasons.

You seemed to be having a good time at the *Penthouse* Super Bowl party in Detroit. How good did it get for you?
When you saw me, that was probably the peak of the night. Nothing extraordinary happened after that.

Where do you go in Detroit to get some action?
Actually, most of the time I just stay home. But if I do go out, I usually go to Blue Martini in Birmingham. It's near where I stay in Detroit, and it's a nice clientele.

You're known as "DaMeatHook." To what part of your anatomy does that refer?
That's when I go into my home-run trot. My left arm is in a hook position. Oh, yeah, [*chuckling*] there are no abnormalities down there.

I'm glad to hear it.
Me, too. I don't want *that* to be the hook!

You're a switch hitter. Do you look for the same quality in your women?
Not for a main squeeze. But, you mean as far as asses, period? Most pitchers are shaped like pears. But I wouldn't mind seeing something, well, [*pauses*] ... I can't go there. That would be sexual harassment.

You don't walk much, but you don't strike out much either. Pitchers must hate you.
Sometimes I'm pretty unpredictable when I go up to hit. I'll swing at the first pitch.

But isn't a walk as good as a hit?
Not quite. A walk means you take your base. And that's cool. It doesn't help your [batting] average and it doesn't hurt your average either. A hit guarantees to raise your average.

Who else in your family has a first name beginning with *D*?
All of us. Me, I'm 32; my sister Detra, 26; my brother, Delmon, who is 20; our baby sister, DeAnn. She's a freshman at Oregon State playing softball. She's got, like, seven home runs.

You appeared on WWE's *Survivor Series* and got into it verbally with their antihero, Edge. When will we see you in the ring?
Due to my baseball contract and circumstances like that, I will have to refrain from stepping into the square circle and thrashing Edge's ass for another three or four years.

What if we did a reality show about the Tigers trying for their first winning season in 12 years? We could call it *Dmitri Young and the Restless*.
Um ... the title doesn't stress the team enough.

Well, we know you love an audience. But has anything yet matched your curtain call last year when you became only the third player in major-league history to hit three home runs on opening day?
There's the birth of my three children. But if we're talking about professionally—nope.

> "Due to my **baseball** contract, I will have to refrain from **stepping** into the square circle and thrashing [WWE wrestler] Edge's ass for another three or four years."

Property AP

FREE DVD! WITH ORDER*
AN OFFER YOU DON'T WANT TO PASS UP
12 ISSUES FOR ONLY $15.95
At a savings of 84% off the newsstand, *Penthouse* has even more to offer. More coverage of sports, music, cars, video games, and health and fitness.
And of course, there's more of the beautiful women you expect from *Penthouse*. With a two-year subscription at $29.95 you'll save even more – $169!
Credit-card holders call toll-free:
1-800-455-2392
Visit us at
www.penthouse.com
PENTHOUSE
Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send $38.95 (includes GST) for 12 issues. All payments must be in U.S. dollars and checks must be drawn on a U.S. bank. Annual price is $99.85; regular subscription price is $32. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. *Free DVD sent upon payment and is for U.S. residents only. Offer expires 10/31/06. PEN 6608BH
© 2006 General Media Communications, Inc.
Check Out The New Digital Edition
Get PENTHOUSE Magazine delivered to your computer each month with a digital subscription! Order now at www.PenthouseDigital.com

GAMETIME

This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

By John Bolster

PENTHOUSE TOP 5
BASEBRAWLS

Hockey players may laugh, but fights do break out in baseball every now and then, and sometimes the gloves are actually dropped—unless Jason Varitek is involved. Here's a look at the best basebrawls in major league history.

5. Nolan Ryan vs. Robin Ventura, August 4, 1993
Rangers pitcher Ryan, 46, snared White Sox third baseman Ventura, 26, in a headlock and gave him a good pummeling.

4. Braves vs. Padres, August 12, 1984
Atlanta pitcher Pascual Perez hit Alan Wiggins with the very first pitch of the game, setting off a game-long battle that included fights in the second, fifth, eighth, and ninth innings. When the dust settled, 14 players, both managers, and three coaches had been tossed. Five fans were arrested, too. Good times.

3. Yankees vs. Orioles, May 19, 1998
In this bench-clearing fracas, Darryl Strawberry swung so hard at Orioles closer Armando Benitez that Strawberry fell into the Baltimore dugout. And that's where he got his face bloodied by Alan Mills. It all started when Benitez beaned the Yanks' Tino Martinez right after giving up a three-run homer to Bernie Williams. When the dust settled, Benitez's replacement, Bobby Munoz, gave up a two-run shot to Tim Raines. Ouch.

2. White Sox vs. Tigers, April 22, 2000
"It was a pretty vicious fight for a baseball game," said Chris Osgood of the Detroit Red Wings. After an exchange of hit batters, both teams stormed the field—which is standard procedure for baseball "fights." But then punches were landed and faces bloodied; Chicago reliever Keith Foulke got five stitches in his face. That's *not* standard for basebrawls. Neither is getting props from hockey players.

1. Juan Marichal vs. Johnny Roseboro, August 22, 1965
The scary image of the Giants' Marichal raising his bat over Dodgers catcher Roseboro's head is part of baseball lore, and makes this melee the obvious choice for No. 1. Marichal wasn't idly threatening, either: He opened a gash in Roseboro's head that required 14 stitches. This came after Roseboro's return throws to pitcher Sandy Koufax came a little too close to Marichal's schnoz. The clubbing set off a full-scale brawl that lasted 14 minutes.

Photography AP. Opposite page: clockwise from left: Warner Bros., AP, Juan Mercado/Vicenage.com, Ross Kinnaird/Getty Images, Richard Pierr/Getty Images, Mike Blake/Corbis, John Ford/Getty Images, Jason Miller/Getty Images

On the Record

"I can never understand **why anyone leaves the game early** to beat the traffic. **The purpose of baseball** is to keep you from caring if you beat the traffic."

—BILL VAUGHAN,
late *Kansas City Star* columnist

European Vacation

The Griswolds could have a field day this summer, wreaking havoc on all the marquee events going on in Europe. In early July there's the **Wimbledon** final, where the men's No. 1 player, Roger Federer, will be gunning for his fourth straight All-England title. Wimbledon will wrap on July 9, the same day of the **World Cup final** across the Channel in Germany, where the hosts may well be playing for the title. Also on the Continent, the **Tour de France,** the world's most pharmaceutically enhanced sporting event, will launch this month. The riders roll out of Strasbourg on July 1, but for the first time in eight years, Lance Armstrong (who also competed in 1993, '94, and '95) will not be among them. The seven-time champ has retired, leaving the title chase wide open—and the Outdoor Life Network severely bummed out. The blockbuster sports month will close with the **British Open** golf championship from July 20 to 23 at Hoylake, England. "Hey! Look, kids—there's Big Ben, and there's Parliament!"

History's Worst Mustaches

5 — **VICTOR CONTE**
disgraced BALCO founder and steroid dispenser
Straight from central casting's "villain" department

4 — **SCOTT GARLICK**
Real Salt Lake goalkeeper
Bow-chicka-bow-wow: It's Dirk Diggler!

3 — **KENNY CUTLER**
Real Salt Lake midfielder
Did these guys lose a team bet or what? Holy crap, those are bad mustaches.

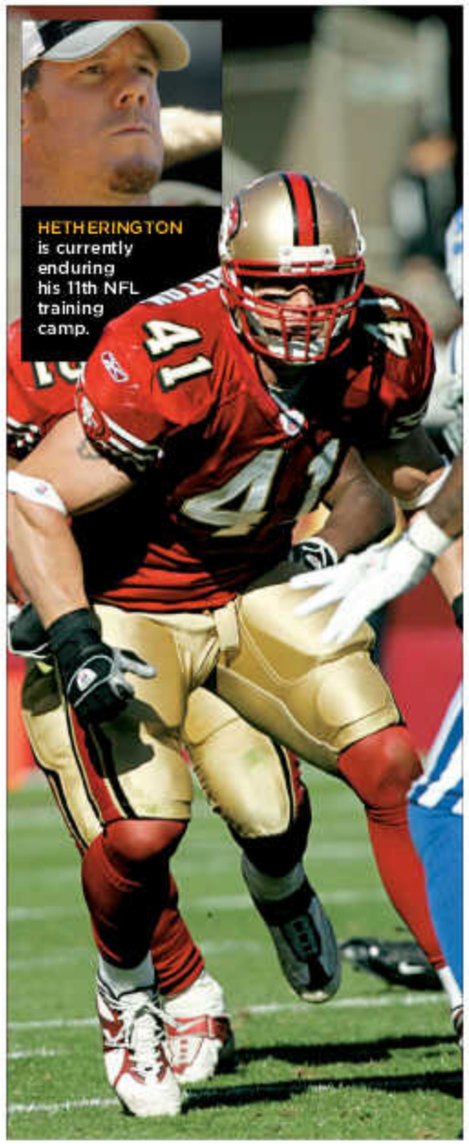
2 — **MIKE SCHMIDT**
Hall of Fame third baseman
Now playing third base for the Phillies: Super Mario!

1 — **ADAM MORRISON**
former Gonzaga basketball forward
Redefining the limits of the term *wispy*

LONG LOST TWINS

Seattle Mariners pitcher
FELIX HERNANDEZ

L.A. Angels pitcher
BARTOLO COLON



HETHERINGTON is currently enduring his 11th NFL training camp.

Blocking Sled Blues

As NFL training camps open all over the country this month, we talked with San Francisco 49ers fullback Chris Hetherington to get the skinny on rookie initiation rites, avoiding heat stroke, and the perks of being an NFL player. Hint: Training camp ain't one of them.

What initiation rites do rookies have to endure?
Every team is different. The hazing isn't as bad as it used to be. Rookies have got it easy these days. Some guys have to sing their school songs in the lunchroom. Some get their heads shaved. If you're a cocky rookie, they might tape you to the goalpost and throw nasty shit at you.

Did you get any extra grief as a rookie because you came from the Ivy League?
I caught a little heat because I came from Yale. Some guys asked me if they had football at Yale. But the guys who busted my chops have been out of the league for years!

Tell us something we might not know about NFL training camp.
Camp is extremely grueling, mentally and physically. They are extremely long days, so mixing in a nap or two a day, or a beer or two at night, is crucial.

Take us through your typical off-season workout.
For me, it starts at 8 A.M. I get in the hot tub and steam room and then stretch for about 20 minutes. Then we run for about an hour and a half. After running, we lift weights for another hour and a half. Then I either watch film or go straight to the golf course. I do Pilates and yoga a couple of times a week also.

How do you prepare for the heat during two-a-days?
There is no way to prepare for the heat during two-a-days. You just have to be mentally tough and picture yourself at the beach in Hawaii.

Do chicks appreciate a good block?
Not as much as the quarterback throwing a touchdown. Chicks notice the pretty boys who make all the cash.

At the *Penthouse* Super Bowl party in February, you busted a guy for pretending to be Seattle Seahawks defensive end Bryce Fisher. What did you say to him?
I told him he was crazy and he better go home before I really embarrassed him. Bryce is a former teammate and a friend of mine. Unless he got reconstructive face surgery and lost 50 pounds, there was no way it was him. He was trying to get laid by telling girls he was playing in the Super Bowl the next day. Apparently he needed more game than that. He was pretty embarrassed.

What are the best and worst things about being an NFL player?
The best part is going out there on Sundays in front of millions of people and trying to kick the other team's ass. Oh, and the time off in the off-season. The worst part is the physical toll it takes on your body.

MANOPAUSE

BILLY MAYFAIR We will not rest while people suffer from this debilitating condition. It's manopause, the widespread but widely overlooked disorder that causes men to look more and more like women as they age. This month's sufferer is Billy Mayfair, a five-time winner on the PGA Tour. Look closely at Mr. Mayfair: Despite his weathered appearance, he's only 39. At this rate, he'll be a dead ringer for your aunt Martha before he hits 50.

This page from left: Jonathan Daniel/Getty Images; Kevin Winter/Getty Images; Amy Graves/Wireimage.com; Tom Pennington/WireImage.com; Rich Pedroncelli/AP; Mario Tama/Getty Images; Jim Spellman/Wireimage.com. Opposite page: clockwise from top left: Rich Pedroncelli/AP; Mario Tama/Getty Images; Andrew Redington/Getty Images

Babewatch

Here's a cool breeze for the dog days of summer: our scientific ranking of the sexiest women in sports today. The system, developed by a team of mathematicians and sports experts at *Penthouse* World Headquarters, calculates the athlete's beauty ("hottitude"), accomplishment in her sport ("skills"), and her "X-factor"—a strong predictor of performance between the sheets. The subjects are ranked on a scale of one to ten in each category, and those numbers together determine their Total Babe Rating.

Got it? But before we start, let's clear up a couple of misconceptions: IndyCar driver Danica Patrick is not hot. Neither is swimmer Haley Cope. They've appeared elsewhere as "sexy" athletes, and you can practically see the stylists throwing out their backs trying to make them look sexy. Can't be done. They're excellent athletes, but sex symbols? As Alex Trebek would say, "Sore-y."

These women, on the other hand ...

	JENNIE FINCH softball pitcher	LOKELANI MCMICHAEL Ironman triathlete	TATIANA GRIGORIEVA pole-vaulter	JEANETTE LEE billiards	MARIA SHARAPOVA tennis
<< HOTTITUDE >>	8.3 California girl all the way	8.7 Tropical beauty brings it	8.2 Unless you have a problem with gorgeous, leggy blondes	8.6 Svelte figure and silken, ink-black hair	9.7 Straight-up gorgeous—almost off the charts
<< SKILLS >>	9.3 May be the best softball pitcher in the world	6.2 Her bio lists her as a "nine-time Hawaii Ironman World Championship finisher." Keyword is "finisher."	8.3 Olympic silver medalist, but in the twilight of her career	8.7 Currently ranked in the top ten in the world	9.2 Top five in the world; won Wimbledon in 2004
<< X-FACTOR >>	5.7 A little too cheesecake to score high here	8.5 Sex on the beach, anyone?	8.4 We are above making pole-vault jokes, but Grigorieva scores very well.	9.1 The "Black Widow" knows all the angles.	8.3 May need some help overcoming her innocence, but if she does, watch out.
<< TOTAL BABE RATING >>	23.3	23.4	24.9	26.4	27.2

ROMAN CANDLE

Meet Francesca Ricci, top model and aspiring actress. Her 34C-25-34 charms single-handedly make it worthwhile to watch cosmetics commercials. She wanted to spend the day lying around naked on our photo shoot; in the spirit of international relations, we didn't disagree.

Photographs by Roberto Rocco

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

Francesca attended singing school for several years, but then discovered she could earn a living just by being hot. Her beauty has graced ads for cell phones, makeup, and high-end clothing lines.

Modeling gigs led to jobs as a host on the Italian TV shows *Pop Italia*, *Pole Position*, *Pit Lane*, and *Calcio d'Angolo*—which means this luscious lady has exactly four television acting credits more than you.

Our sexy model sprawled on satin sheets for this shoot in scenic southern Rome. But surrounded by the inspiring sounds of nature, she was anything but sleepy. See more of what Francesca was up to at Penthouse .com/francesca.

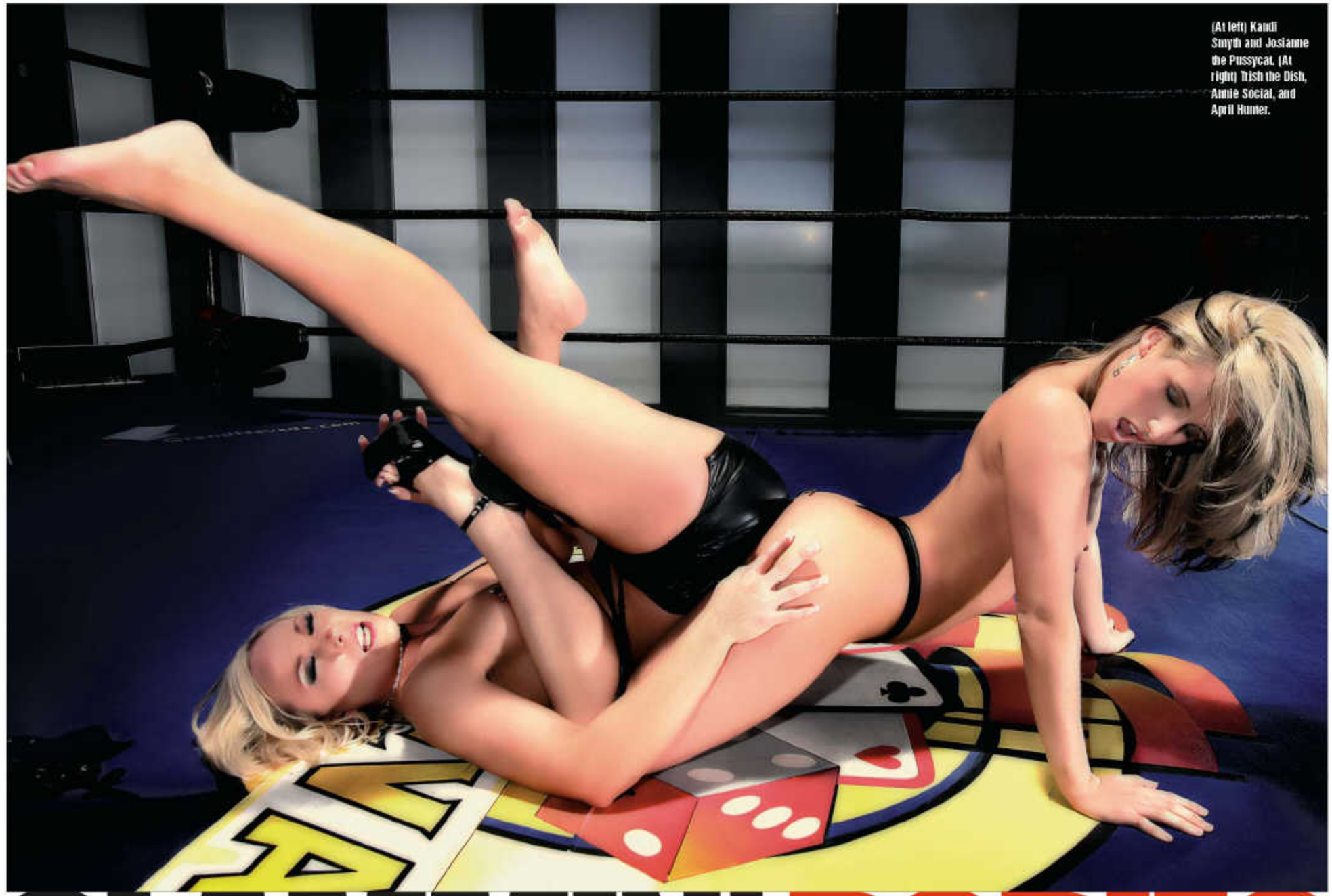
SLAMMIN' BODIES

Interviews by Chaunce Hayden

Like the athletes of ancient Greece, these ladies take it to the mat in the flesh. There are no leotards, belts, or boots ... not even a headband. And although the girls of the Naked Women's Wrestling League are beautiful and in the buff, they can also break you.

It seems like such a simple idea: Guys like naked women. Guys like wrestling. But it was up to Naked Women's Wrestling League founder Howard Mann to make it happen. Mann recognized the worldwide appeal of combining professional wrestling and adult entertainment. Along with his business partner Jim Tykoliz, he created a sports-entertainment hybrid that turns our deviant fantasies into pay-per-view reality. Sexy and fearless women fight night after night completely nude, under wrestling character names like "Annie Social," "Trish the Dish," and "Josianne the Pussycat."

Before you laugh off the NWWL as nothing more than an X-rated gimmick, think again. With A-list bombshell Carmen Electra hosting and several famous Hollywood hotties ready to join the fun, the NWWL is set to become the American guy's new favorite pastime.



(At left) Kandi Smyth and Josianne the Pussycat. (At right) Trish the Dish, Annie Social, and April Hunter.

Photographs by Hollywood Dad Independent. Hair and makeup by Carmelita Ross and Victoria Fadiaoff for PalettesGroup.com

HOWARD MANN

This may sound stupid, but what inspired you to create a nude women's wrestling league?

A few years ago I was at a WWE event with a couple of friends, and one of the female wrestlers' nipples popped out of her shirt. The crowd went ballistic. It occurred to me that this is something guys want to see. Seeing women wrestle naked is one thing, but making it an organized league is another.

How difficult was it turning the concept into a reality?

When you say "nude women's wrestling," people instantly picture a bunch of porn stars pulling each other's hair and having sex. We wanted to make [the NWWL] just like the WWE, only totally naked. Training the girls was a phenomenal undertaking. Getting insurance was also an overwhelming obstacle. There have been hurdles every step of the way.

How do you convince a woman to wrestle naked?

(Top) Kandi Smyth and Josianne the Pussycat. (Bottom) Annie Social and Trish the Dish.

Most attractive girls do not have a problem being nude. It's a question of how they're portrayed.

I'm picturing a girl with her legs spread like scissors, while thousands of fans cheer for a slow pin.

That definitely happens, but it's part of wrestling and in the context of a performance. We look at it as a product that's, quite frankly, empowering to women. This is about portraying them as strong and ferocious characters, as opposed to some chick with a dildo in her ass.

Was it difficult getting Carmen Electra to host?

I had no dialogue with her. I just sent her an offer sheet on a Tuesday afternoon. She signed it and faxed it back to me on Wednesday morning. She loved it from the get-go. She frequents strip clubs, so she's not opposed to naked women. When she was at the last show, she seemed impressed with how the girls wrestled. She said she couldn't believe how tough they were—getting picked up and body-slammed and thrown over the ropes.

The WWE has become more sexually charged in recent years. Women tear each other's shirts off and push the sexual boundaries as far as network TV will allow. Do you think founder and president Vince McMahon would ever try a nude wrestling league?

If you go to [a WWE] show, there are an awful lot of eight-year-old kids [in the audience]. It's difficult to fathom Vince offering a risqué product when his audience is so young. And, for the most part, the girls of the WWE are not attractive. They tend to be more muscular women.

Is it true that you're also shopping a bikini version to network television?

Yes. We're calling it NWL Grand Slam wrestling.

Will we ever see you stage a nude male wrestling event?

That sounds very gay to me. There's no amount of money you could pay me to do that.

You don't think it would sell?

It might sell. I just couldn't sit in an editing room and look at it all day. All of my businesses involve naked women. I even have a [gambling] Website where the dealers are all live naked women.

Which celebrities have you convinced to wrestle naked?

There are several very controversial celebrities who we're negotiating with. Nobody I'm at liberty to discuss at this stage. Let's just say if you've heard of her, I've approached her.

Paris Hilton?

I made a significant offer to Paris, and she turned me down.

What's a significant offer?

[*Laughs*] I don't want to reveal that amount and have the bar set too high! Let's just say it was a six-figure offer. Apparently Paris is cleaning up her image. I personally believe it's a little too late for that, but she's trying. I also ap-

COME PLAY A HAND WITH ME...

LIVE NUDE

Blackjack

Only At GrandNevada.com

Actual Live Nude Dealer Marie

GRAND NEVADA .com

FOR LIVE NUDE CASINO ACTION VISIT GRANDNEVADA.COM

WWW.GRANDNEVADA.COM

proached Pamela Anderson, and she turned me down as well. I've been turned down by the who's who of Hollywood.
But some have said yes?
Yes, and some of those names are going to shock the world! I'm talking about people you've never seen naked before.

ANNIE SOCIAL

There's no brotherly love lost for this Philadelphia bad girl.

I get the feeling you're not too friendly.
I'm 100 percent heel.
Does it bother you that fans hate you?
No, I think it's hysterical! Besides, they don't really yell anything bad. They just make a lot of comments about my tits.
Aren't wrestling "heels" usually the most popular?
I don't know about that. I do know that I like to fight dirty, and some people like to watch that.
Didn't you once lose a wrestling match to [crew member] Benji Brock on "The Howard Stern Show"?
Yeah. He bull-charged me and dug his shoulder right into my boob. I refused to do what they were asking of me, and I guess it ruined everybody's good time. But I'm not the type of girl who's going to let a bunch of strangers feel me up. I'm not into that.
How do you protect your nipples and other sensitive body parts while you're wrestling?
I'll try to use my arm to cover them up. But so far, nobody has tried to give me any nipple twists or anything like that.
Is a nipple twist legal?
I'm sure it is, but it's not one of my moves.
What's your one move that nobody escapes from?
I have a couple of different finishes. One is called the Beat Down. I've yet to do it for the NWWL. But trust me, when I do it to you, you're not getting up from it. I don't care who it is. I did it to a 250-pound guy and he didn't get up.
Are men or women better fighters?
I think men are stronger, but women are nastier.

APRIL HUNTER

Her no-compromise approach makes April the NWWL's most notorious bad girl.

When was the last time someone tried to give you shit?
I get it all the time, believe it or not. For example, [the NWWL] tries to get me to do things that are so ludicrous, they would never ask a guy to do it.
Like getting naked in the ring?
Yeah, that's true! Sometimes getting naked has a bit more dignity than not getting naked.
Why is that?
I don't have to keep adjusting my costume when I wrestle nude.
Do people wrestle differently when they're naked compared to when they have clothes on?
A little bit. There's nothing to grab on to. Actually, you're a guy, so you have a bit more to hang on to than us women. If I were wrestling you, it would be the first thing I'd grab.
What's the easiest part to grip when wrestling a naked woman?
Her hair. That's how I can control people. That's why all the really good ultimate fighters shave their heads.
What are some of the biggest misconceptions about the NWWL?
That it's fake. That we don't get hurt. That we're not real athletes.
But isn't it as fake as the WWE?
Some of it is and some of it is not. There are storylines to keep the viewer interested, but the action in the room is not necessarily scripted. If you have two girls in the ring who are hellcats and aren't happy with the script, you'll often get a real fight. That happens a lot!
Some of the girls get turned on in the ring. How about you?
It's a different kind of turn-on than a sexual turn-on, but it's a turn-on nonetheless. You're in there and you're being dominant. So it's definitely a thrill.
Would it bother you to know that your opponent is getting aroused?
Not at all. I just have to be careful with the body slams, because she might be so wet she slips down my arm.
How does it feel to know thousands of fans are looking right up your crack?
If they're happy with what they're seeing and they're cheering, it's all good. I know what they're paying to see. They want to see naked chicks getting their asses kicked. That's what we give them.

JOSIANNE THE PUSSYCAT

Being a feline fatale comes naturally to this beauty, but Josianne is no pussy.

Why would you fight a naked woman?
I'm a very shy girl, so I was scared to be in a naked wrestling league. But it's the kind of fear that gives you courage. Plus, naked wrestling is very sensual. There's something erotic about wrestling a girl.
Are you saying you get turned on in the ring?
Seriously? Yes. It's also very competitive.
Have you ever gotten into a real fight with a woman outside of the ring?
Yeah, I did! I got into a bar fight because a girl was hitting on me and her girlfriend didn't like that. I swear, I didn't even know she was hitting on me. I thought she was just being nice.
So who won the fight?
I did! I didn't know I could fight until then.
Are you into women?
I like both men and women. It's perfect for me, because the girls in the NWWL are so pretty.

So when a girl is in the ring with you, it's more of a sexual assault than a wrestling match?
[*Laughs*] Yeah! I get really aroused! It's very sexual and sensual when you're grabbing at a girl's body and she's grabbing at yours.
I guess you wouldn't mind going a few rounds with Carmen Electra.
You can't imagine how much I want to do that! She's so sexy, it's crazy.
Why should fans root for you?
That's a good question. I'm not a tomboy, I'm a girlie girl. I like to wear skirts and stuff like that, but when I'm in the ring I'm a real tiger!

KANDI SMYTH

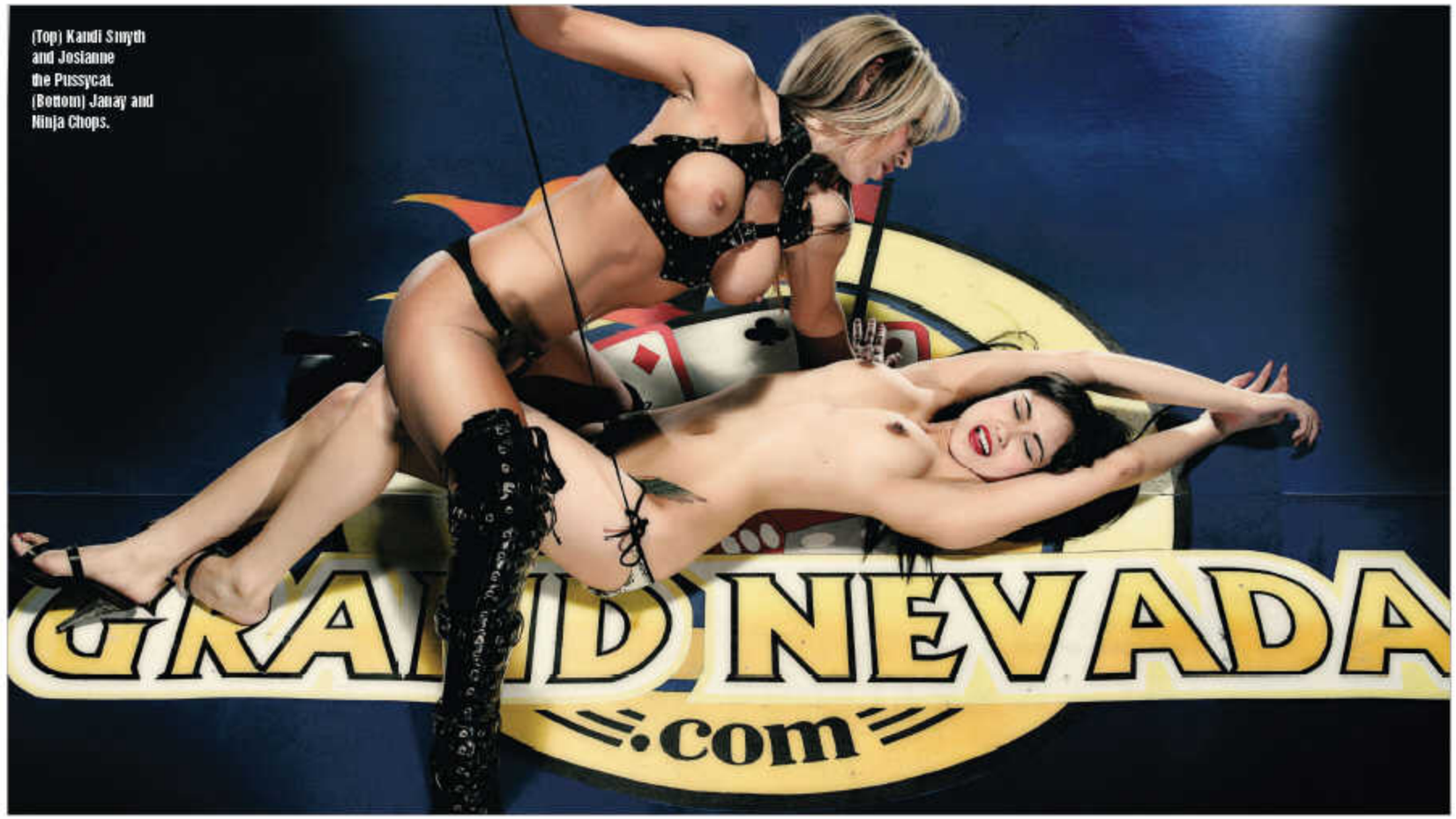
Former champion Kandi Smyth has some real experience in her corner.

What's the best part of wrestling naked?
There's nothing better than feeling the wind between your legs. I even walk around naked inside my house. I only get dressed when I'm going outside or if I have company.
So if it were legal, you would never wear clothes?
That's true. I've actually been to a few nudist colonies.
Did your parents toss you out of the house when they found out you were wrestling naked?
Yes. They were not very impressed. I come from a strict Christian family.
What did they think after they saw it?
They said, "You're out!" It was heartbreaking. But I understand where they're coming from. They also have to understand that this is a dream of mine, and I'm succeeding at my dream.
You're considered a badass. But your ass doesn't look too bad to me.
[*Laughs*] Thank you! I'm more of a badass as far as my attitude goes. I can be your best friend, but if you mess with me, I'm going to break your back.
Do you have any dirty moves?
I do things like eye gouge and bite. I'll also use weapons.
What would provoke you to do something like that?
If things aren't going the way I expected them to go during the match, I can get pretty mean. That really pisses me off!
Ever get turned on during a match?
I get quite turned on by the performance of it. I feed off the emotions in a sexual kind of way. There's nothing more adrenaline-pumping than being in front of thousands of people naked.
Why do men love to watch women fight?
Because women aren't supposed to fight. We're supposed to be prim and proper. It's appealing when we get down and dirty.
What's the biggest misconception about the NWWL?
This is not an oil-wrestling event. This is not rolling around in the mud. This is the real deal, only we're naked. We've all been trained and we really throw down in the ring.

NINJA CHOPS

This beautiful Asian may not be Bruce Lee, but she still packs a punch.

Is the martial-arts master your persona, or can you really kick ass?
I can't kick ass ninja-style, but I kick ass.



(Top) Kandi Smyth and Josianne the Pussycat. (Bottom) Janay and Ninja Chops.

BRING THEM ON!

We're looking for the hottest girls in the world.

Can you help?

www.PenthouseModels.com

How old were you when you first got in the ring?
I was just 19 the first time.
Which is harder, the wrestling or the nudity?
The nudity is just a small part of it for me. It's part of the costume.
Is wrestling naked a turn-on for you?
It's all about the fight. The fight and the victory.
Your parents don't know you do this, do they?
No, they don't.
What would they do if they found out?
They would banish me from fighting in any ring ever again. They would be disgraced. They are a traditional Asian family. I love my parents and I tell them everything I do.
No, you don't. You just told me they don't know you wrestle naked.
[*Laughs*] Okay, I don't tell them everything. But not telling them doesn't mean I'm lying.
What is your signature move?
A ninja chop. That's when my hand goes across your chest, and with just one blow you end up on your butt.
I think you're the most dangerous of all the nude wrestlers.
That's what a geisha ninja is: dangerous.

TRISH THE DISH

She's the Catholic schoolgirl gone bad—but not too bad.

How did you get your name?
My former wrestling partner's name was Tina, and I wanted "TNT" to be our tag-team name. So we came up with the name Trish for me.
You wear a Catholic schoolgirl uniform when you first come into the ring. Of course, it quickly comes off. Isn't that sacrilegious?
[*Laughs*] That goes without saying! We Catholic schoolgirls are expected to be a certain way, but that's what makes us rebel. It's not necessarily a bad thing.
Now that you work in the nude, are you frequently naked at home?
Well, I rent a place with my brother. When he's not home, I have free rein to be naked as much as I want. But when he's home I have to wear clothes.
I bet you're pretty popular with your brother's friends.
I always ask his friends if they want to wrestle, but they never want to. They're afraid I'm going to hurt them.
In the ring, you're considered one of the good girls. Are there any wrestlers you're afraid of?
Not really. I would take on anybody. I would just show them how to wrestle in a *good* way.
How does one wrestle in a *good* way?
[*Laughs*] Without all the hostility. When I get in there I have fun.
But those girls want to poke you in the eye and pull your hair out.
Oh, I know! I have to watch out for that. But I'll try to do it back to them. Like I said, only in a *good* way.
If I were to wrestle you, what would be the one move I should worry about?
I do a great sunset flip. I also have a great headlock move.
And what would you do to Carmen Electra in the ring?
I'd have a few ideas running through my head. But then I'd have to remember I'm there to wrestle. She's pretty smoking!

JANAY

As one half of the NWWL's ruling body, Janay not only serves in an executive capacity, but she's always ready to tangle.

I like your name.
Nobody says it right unless they're drunk. [*Editor's note:* It rhymes with Renee.]
You're described as being the "ultimate female." That is a very strong label.
That's because I'm ultra competitive and I have a zest for life. [Plus,] I'm not bad to look at. Actually, I'm kind of a pretty mean woman.
What does it take to make you mad?
Not a whole lot. I rule with an iron fist in every area of my life. Discipline is real important to me. I'm a ruthless domina. I beat the shit out of people. It's not for porno—it's for really beating the shit out of people.
Male or female?
Both. It doesn't matter. It's actually easier for me to beat the shit out of men, because half the guys I fight are fat slobs.
What do you do to them specifically?
Well, I have split men's ball sacs open with whips.
This may be a very short interview.
[*Laughs*] Some men like it.
Do you have trouble finding boyfriends?
Honestly, I don't keep them long.
What does it mean to be part of the governing body of the league?
I was appointed the new commissioner of the NWWL. I have to make decisions that are in the best interest of the league. Sometimes I have to do things that some might think are seedy or underhanded. But it's just the way it goes.
Does wrestling naked come natural to you?
I'm a little different from the other women of the NWWL. I'm undefeated as a jujitsu submission wrestler. I've also done wrestling where the loser gets fucked with a strap-on.
Hmm. I'm not sure if I want to date you or run from you.
[*Laughs*] I'm told that I sabotage a lot of my relationships. I'm just very competitive and I like to be a winner.

www.Penthouse.com/ToGo

Don't steal music. Watch porn.

Download free videos for your iPod or PSP at www.Penthouse.com/ToGo

PENTHOUSE.COM

www.Penthouse.com/ToGo

Bring on the character!

Interview by
Harry Knowles

Paul Giamatti doesn't want to be your typical leading man. In another life, the 39-year-old star of *Sideways* and *Cinderella Man* would be in a Peckinpah western or a B horror movie. And although Giamatti *is* the star of M. Night Shyamalan's *Lady in the Water*, he's secretly planning his escape back into the weird niche of wonderful character actors.

Photographs
by Larry Busacca/
Contour Photos

"I'm not drinking any fucking merlot!" shouts Miles, the loathsome, middle-aged wine snob in 2004's Oscar-nominated *Sideways*. The following year, sales of merlot declined. Coincidence? Or is Paul Giamatti just that good? The New Haven–born actor had a supporting role as Jim Braddock's sideman in *Cinderella Man* and the male lead as misanthropic comic-book genius Harvey Pekar in *American Splendor*. He's been the villain (*Private Parts*) and the extra (*Singles*). He's also the son of Bart Giamatti, former president of Yale University and the seventh Major League Baseball commissioner—a tough role model for any kid to live up to.

So far he's typically been cast as the lovable loser, but Giamatti has his sights set on something completely different: the sequel to *Bubba Ho-Tep*. The campy horror flick about a geriatric Elvis and his cohort fighting a mummy is getting a sequel, *Bubba Nosferatu*, and Giamatti would like nothing more than to be the lead vampire.

His role models aren't stalwart actors like Gregory Peck or Paul Newman; they're the freaks of cinema, like *Casablanca*'s toady Peter Lorre or the British vampire, Peter Cushing. This year we'll see Giamatti as a detective in *The Illusionist* with Edward Norton and in the thriller *Shoot 'Em Up* with Clive Owen. In M. Night Shyamalan's *Lady in the Water*, Giamatti is still in the lone loser role. But we suspect that with the new master of suspense behind the camera, the actor is a little closer to becoming one of his horror heroes.

Tell me a little about your character in *Lady in the Water*, Cleveland Heep.

He was a doctor at one point in his life, and for various reasons and circumstances ended up being a superintendent of an apartment building. He's kind of a quiet and reclusive guy, and chose this slightly hermitic life. He kind of tried to get away from the bad things that have happened to him in his life.

I love that you're becoming a star character actor. They have long and interesting careers. You get someone like Peter Lorre, who started off in German expressionism and then went into Roger Corman films.

[*Laughs*] Right, right. It's true—you do end up doing a variety of bizarre stuff.

When you were a kid, what sort of movies interested you?

You know, my parents took me to see a lot of stuff. It was funny, I went and saw *The Conversation* when I was six and didn't know what the hell was going on. My mother had this idea of just taking the kids to see everything, and not worrying whether it was violent or dirty or whatever. When I really started seeking out movies on my own, I loved the James Bond movies ... *Where Eagles Dare*, and stuff like that. I liked lots of weird horror movies: the Universal horror movies, the Hammer [Film Company] horror movies.

When did you go from watching movies to wanting to act in them?

I always enjoyed being in the school play. I don't think I said it out loud because it was kind of a geeky thing. Then I started doing it in college, just as an extracurricular. I didn't major in theater. My older brother's an actor, and I guess I watched him doing it. It was always sort of in the back of my mind. I left college and thought about doing other things, but just ended up acting.

Do you ever feel anachronistic as an actor? Like you wish you were working in the golden era of cinema?

I often do. I definitely sometimes wish I was one of those contract players at a studio, always playing the angry boss or something. I love those guys. A lot of times those were the guys I liked when I saw movies. We mentioned Roger Corman ... that kind of thing, too.

Back then, films had amazing actors who are still respected today, but at the time they were just in these grade-Z horror films.

I know, I know. Nobody would do that now. It's looked down upon to be in a horror movie now. But nobody seemed to care then. I don't know why there was less of a stigma.... Maybe it was just as much of one. I don't know. Did people look down on Peter Cushing for being in those things? He's great in them and he's a great actor. Did people sort of disdain him for that?

Take a look at someone like Vincent Price, who is one of the greatest character actors to ever be a horror film star. When he was doing horror films, his work was supreme. But even while acting, he was an art buyer for Sears. He was the man in charge of America's living room art.

That's right! I forgot about that. That's very bizarre. But Peter Cushing and those guys ... they took it just as seriously as anything else they did. Whether they were disdained for it or not, I don't know, but they put their backs up to it the whole way.

What's your philosophy when you're looking at roles? How much of it is an agent pushing you or what the studios want you to do?

For a long time, I wasn't taking the film stuff that seriously. It was just a job. Now, I have the luxury of being able to choose a little bit more. People still want to see me do a similar kind of thing, but what's been very nice for me in the past couple of years is that I have gotten to play lead roles. They've tended to be similar kinds of roles, but the supporting stuff I'm getting now is fantastic.

What kind of supporting roles?

I'm in this movie called *The Illusionist*. It's a different kind of role, but something that was really fun and interesting. I just did *Shoot 'Em Up* and got to play a very different kind of thing. The supporting stuff has gotten more interesting, which is great. I think I enjoy supporting a little bit more.

You played Harvey Pekar in *American Splendor*. I knew Harvey from seeing him at comic-book conventions for years and years. I was reading underground comic books as a little boy....

We were on parallel tracks. I remember reading that underground stuff, too, except my brother was sneaking it to me.

***American Splendor* was such an amazing film because Pekar was so underground. Point-zero-zero-nine percent of the populace really had any idea of the comic version of him.**

It's such peculiar stuff, actually—so seminal and strange and specific to its time. Those comics are very weird. They're wonderful, but I still don't know if anybody who sees that movie has a grasp of what his comics are like. Hopefully it makes people go read them.

What would you love to do that you haven't done yet?

I sit around going, "Goddamnit! I wish I could have been in *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*," or something like that. I don't sit around going, "Well, I'd like to do blah-blah-blah." I sit around regretting that I wasn't around to be in any number of weird-ass movies.

Maybe you would have liked to have been one of [bloody western director] Sam Peckinpah's contract guys?

Oh, I would have loved that! That would have made me so happy! I would have gotten to hang out with Warren Oates, man! He's my favorite! You can just smell the alcohol on those guys. I happened to see *Race With the Devil* and Warren Oates looks like he's barely able to sprawl out of bed to get to the set. He just looks hungover. That's hilarious!

And look at those movies made from Richard Stark's "Parker" novels, like *The Outfit* and *Point Blank*. Those are just sweaty seventies crime films. I miss that.

I completely understand what you're saying. I started a little production company with a buddy of mine, and the big goal is to just make some good crime genre movies for not a hell of a lot of money. Just make good low-budget genre movies again, you know?

Let me ask *you* something: When I watch some George Zucco movies [like *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1939) or *The Mummy's Tomb* (1942)], why do they not feel narratively thin, as a lot of big-budget movies do now? Is it just a nostalgic thing I'm throwing back at them?

They were making movies that were 68 to 78 minutes long. Nobody makes hour-long films anymore. Now, many movies are pushing two and a half or three hours. You have to have a lot of stuff to fill the time. They remind me of classics like *Dr. Zhivago*. There's a lot going on in that film.

But at the same time, when you go back and you take a look at the detail for the era, their world, it is so fascinating to the eye. I'll see a similar genre movie made now and it just feels like it sort of collapses.

Now that we've talked about how shitty modern film is, what's it like to

Photograph by Dan Wilson

Photograph by Rick Wilking/Corbis

work with M. Night Shyamalan?
He's a really great leader of people. His crews love him more than anybody else I've ever worked with. He's a lot of fun, actually.

If you sat down and talked film with him, what would you discuss?
He had movies in mind while he was making [*Lady in the Water*], so he'd talk about those. He would talk about *E.T.* and *The Wizard of Oz* a lot. There is a kind of weird way in which *The Wizard of Oz* is relevant to this movie.

Admit it. There are flying monkeys, aren't there?
No. Well ... there are kind of flying monkeys in it. He was trying to sell the mythic thing with this in the same way that *The Wizard of Oz* has a weird folk-myth thing going on. But we didn't do a whole lot of talking about movies. Funny, I think he's a guy who is only engaged with the movies he likes. Otherwise, I don't know how interested he is. I don't know that he saw *The Outfit*, you know? [*Laughs*] I don't know if he'd sit here and have this conversation with us. I think he'd be kind of like, "Whatever the fuck you guys are talking about ... whatever."

He would love *The Outfit*.
He would like it, but he'd think about it in a different way. He's very specific about things—about the script and about how he's going to shoot it. He's controlled about it, and that's great because you sort of give over to it.

Are you a DVD enthusiast?
I am a DVD guy. I keep hoping that somebody will put *The Outfit* on DVD. I just got a whole bunch. *Castle Keep* and *The Driver*, which I've never seen.

Yesterday I was sent *Day of the Animals*. At one moment I realized I was watching Leslie Nielsen, bare-chested in the rain, raping a woman and then getting interrupted because he has to wrestle a bear.
This is mad! This is what I'm saying! Nobody's making crazy fucking movies like that anymore!

Can you imagine getting to play a role where you're raping a girl and wrestling a fucking bear?
I would love it! That's why I want to do something like *Bubba Nosferatu*. My wife is very happy for me these days. She's like, "You're finally going to get to play in monster movies!" This is what I really want to do, actually. In a weird way, I would have loved to have done it before. But now I feel like I can do these kinds of things if I want to.

Who are your favorite actors?
They're all long dead. Peter Lorre was one. Boris Karloff and all those guys. A lot of those great character actors. William Demarest was great. Warren Oates is probably my favorite, though.

Is there a part of you that misses being an obscure character actor?
Yeah. There's a part of me that also goes, "Look at the weird world we live in, where basically I'm just a character actor and people want to give me awards!" Seventy years ago nobody would have fucking cared!

M. Night's big leading men have been Bruce Willis and Mel Gibson ...
And me! [*Laughs*] I do enjoy how much it puzzles people.

It makes absolute sense to me. I mean, he's essentially been casting Bruce Willis and Mel Gibson to play Paul Giamatti roles.
You're right, actually. I should have been cast in the first place. But only you would actually think of that. I do interviews a lot of the time with people, and I feel like they don't know what the fuck to make of me. I don't know! I have no explanation for it. I wanted to be Sydney Greenstreet and Charles Laughton, and I still want to be those guys.

I imagine everyone else would ask, "How great were the Academy Awards?" I want to know how miserable they were.
It's a drag! [*Laughs*] I'm not good at it. I tried to go along with it, but it's this constant free flow of anxiety in the back of your head. No matter how much you try to ignore it, you can't get away from it. I went through it three times in a row. The first time was the best, because it didn't have very much to do with me. *American Splendor* was enjoyable because it was kind of a fluke. The *Sideways* experience was the actual experience of it. And I didn't even really do very much for *Cinderella Man*; it was all the goodwill off *Sideways*.

What do you collect?
I'm a book guy. I have lots and lots of books—lots of crazy old pulp stuff. Books and DVDs. I grew up in a university town and there were lots of great used bookstores around. A used bookstore was heaven to me, and it still is.

Your father was the president of Yale and one of the foremost scholars in Renaissance literature. What did he think of your taste in pulp?
The greatest fan of pulpy shit was my father. Considering he was a fairly conservative guy academically, he was a little bit ahead of the curve with pop culture. He loved anything like that: shitty westerns, pulp detective stuff, spy novels, kung-fu movies, anything. Loved it. So that's who I get a lot of it from.

Wait, you mean a guy like that was in charge of Yale?
That's why he was an unusual guy. I mean, he was also sitting around reading Elizabethan poetry and stuff like that. But one of my fondest memories of the guy is sitting and watching *The Day the Earth Stood Still* on "Chiller Creature Feature" in the afternoon. He loved the first *Star Wars* movie. He could give you a whole deep reading of it. He knew from the first movie that Darth Vader was going to be Luke Skywalker's father, because it followed a traditional pattern of epic poetry.

Did he ruin that for you?
Yes! He did!

So, this has been fascinating, but we didn't talk about *Lady in the Water* that much.
Fuck it! My publicist said to me, "Do you want to talk to Harry Knowles for *Penthouse*?" I said, "Fuck, yeah! I want to do that more than any of this other shit you're giving me! That sounds like a good time." And it has been.

Photograph by Rick Waring/Corbis

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

A Leg Up

What's more powerful than kryptonite? For **Josh Hartnett**, it's stockings. "I didn't want to wear tights," he says of his decision to turn down the part of the Man of Steel in *Superman Returns*. "So far in my career, tights are a deal breaker."

Let's Hear It for the Girl

The 1984 movie *Footloose* may have racked up several award nominations for its totally awesome eighties soundtrack and helped to put **Kevin Bacon** on the map, but *Saturday Night Live*'s **Amy Poehler** had different reasons for loving the flick as a young teen. "*Footloose* was the first movie I saw more than five times in the theater," she says. "I loved the idea that there's always time for dancing. I also loved how flat-chested **Lori Singer**'s character was."

SWF Seeks SM

Think you've got what it takes to score with **Pamela Anderson**? It seems she's got a few specifics in mind for potential suitors. "I have to meet someone who loves children and who loves ex-husbands and implants," she says. "[There's a] whole list of things they've got to like."

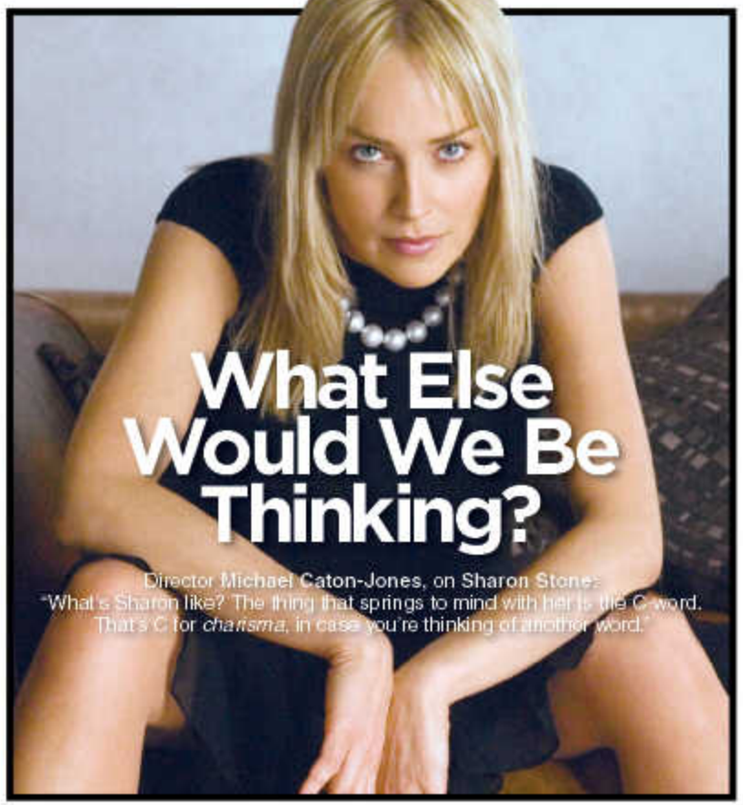
Buck Naked

Fake euro notes being sold as a gimmick in Germany are passing as the real deal—surprising, since they come in obscure denominations and feature pornographic images of scantily clad men and naked women.

Nice Work If You Can Get It

What makes **James Gandolfini** blush? Perhaps it's the dirty talk he exchanged with costar **Kate Winslet** in *Romance & Cigarettes*. "I was very impressed with how much stuff she could make up about sex," he says. "I remember being underneath Kate and she was chatting away; she kept going and going and going. I was thinking, *God, I hope we stop at some point!*"

Photography by (clockwise): Jeff Vespa/Wireimage.com, courtesy of ABC, James Devaney/Wireimage.com, Rune Hellestad/Corbis



What Else Would We Be Thinking?

Director **Michael Caton-Jones**, on **Sharon Stone**: "What's Sharon like? The thing that springs to mind with her is the C-word. That's C for *charisma*, in case you're thinking of another word."

Put Me in, Coach, I'm Ready to Play

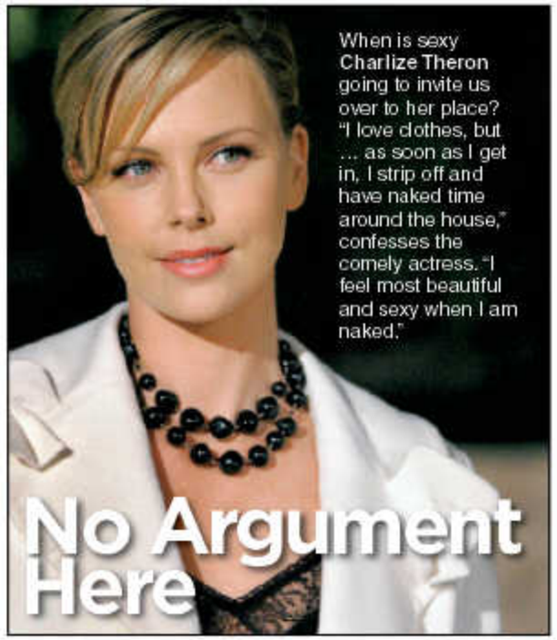
For a home-improvement project you won't mind completing, let Yankees center fielder **Johnny Damon** be your inspiration. "My wife wants us to put a swing in our New York place," he says. "We're married. You have to keep it interesting."

Fresh Ink

Tori Spelling's new hubby, **Dean McDermott**, is sporting a tattoo of the *So NoTORIous* star that's designed to look as she did the night they got engaged—complete with Tori's tits nearly popping out of her bikini top. Says Tori, "I can't wait to show our grandkids one day and say, 'That's how Grandma used to look!'"

Who You Gonna Call?

As it turns out, you *can* take it with you: According to think tank the Future Laboratory, more and more people are asking to be buried or cremated with their cell phones.



No Argument Here

When is sexy **Charlize Theron** going to invite us over to her place? "I love clothes, but … as soon as I get in, I strip off and have naked time around the house," confesses the comely actress. "I feel most beautiful and sexy when I am naked."

Photography (clockwise): Gong; AP; Matic Auzum/Corbis; Mark Sullivan/Wireimage.com

Photography (clockwise): Chris Hogan/Getty Images; Trapper Frank/Corbis; Catena Sarowska/Getty Images; Kevin Lofton/Corbis

Mad About You

Being pissed off and passionate at the same time isn't a problem for **Pink**. In fact, she gets off on it. "Oh, angry sex," she says. "The best form. You've got to do it before you make up, though. It's only angry for the first 30 seconds."

Room and Not So Bored

Buxom beauty **Carmen Electra** is designing a "Rock Star Goddess" suite for the Hard Rock Hotel's celebrity-inspired condos in San Diego. It will include candles, satin sheets, a heart-shaped tub, and a stripper pole.

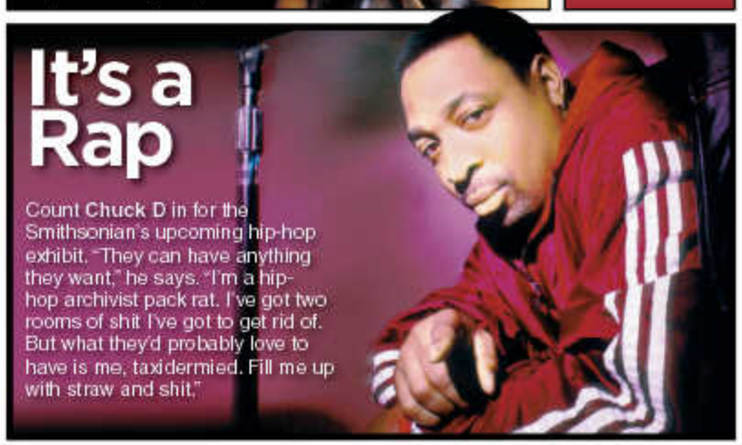
Stick It!

A Florida man—disgusted by the used condoms he repeatedly found in a yacht-club parking lot next to his home—posted the rubbers on sticks and planted them at the entrance to the Cape Coral Yacht Club. Then he sent an e-mail to city officials: "I wanted to do my part as a concerned law-abiding citizen by removing the rubbers from the parking lot, but I was unsure what to do with them because they represent a biohazard waste product that should be properly disposed of.... They hang tonight, flying in the breeze as a proud symbol of our freedom and the great traditions of Cape Coral."

Location, Location, Location

"My body is just the space where I live. Though I'll admit, it's a pretty good body to have."—**Salma Hayek**

It's a Rap



Count **Chuck D** in for the Smithsonian's upcoming hip-hop exhibit. "They can have anything they want," he says. "I'm a hip-hop archivist pack rat. I've got two rooms of shit I've got to get rid of. But what they'd probably love to have is me, taxidermied. Fill me up with straw and shit."

A Cut Above

Chicago police officers were stunned when they reported to the scene of a man on a crime rampage. Attempting to fend off arrest, the suspect hurled handfuls of knives—and his own severed penis—at the cops. Talk about putting up a fight!

Head Trips

We're not blowing smoke here. Grooming goods infused with hemp offer results that are truly buzz-worthy.

Service by Alyson Zarnkoff • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

When you think "hemp," you think "marijuana," but the prolific plant goes into a hell of a lot more than bongs. Hemp-seed oil is devoid of the THC that's found in pot, so it won't get you high. But it's packed with essential fatty acids, which nourish and rebuild cells damaged from sun exposure and other hallmarks of a life well-lived.

1. Blade Runners
Woody's believes in a "three-way shave," with a trio of hemp-tastic formulations to take your razor from start to finish. Exfoliating Pre Shave preps the skin to prevent annoying shave bumps before they start; Foaming Shave Gel allows for a clean, close shearing; and Rescue Post Shave leaves your face feeling lighter, tighter, and restored. WoodysGrooming.com

2. Better Bubbles
Dr. Bronner's All-One Hemp Pure-Castile Soaps are made with organic oils and come in such fragrances as almond, peppermint, tea tree, and eucalyptus. These ecological soaps nix synthetic detergents for a greener clean. DrBronner.com

3. Take Hold of the Situation
A two-ounce puck of Woody's Quality Grooming HeadWax Pomade goes a long way to achieve the look you desire. For a firm, flexible hold, treat your top to a touch of this one: Beeswax adds texture and thickness, and hemp-seed oil adds shine. WoodysGrooming.com

4. Give Yourself a Good Once-Over
Tackle rough spots with JASON Hemp Hand & Body Therapy. This full-body moisturizer is packed with aloe vera, vitamin E, and hemp's fatty acids to hydrate and refine skin while providing protection from UV rays and other environmental hazards. Jason-Natural.com

5. Permission to Party
Get a groove on with LUSH's Party On, a balm packed with reviving essential oils for your head's pulse points. Massage some into your temples for a pick-me-up, so you can party all night and still make it to work the next morning. Party On uses hemp oil to ward off signs of aging caused by the inevitable lack of z's. Lush.com

6. Shower Power
Feel the difference with Earthly Body's Hemp Seed Bath & Shower Gel. The clear, nongreasy liquid works to a rich lather that moisturizes as it cleans. And it smells great, too. EarthlyBody.com

7. Be a Real Kiss-Up
No woman wants to kiss dry, flaky lips. Keep your pucker primed with Organic Hemp Balm from the Merry Hempsters. It's available in a variety of flavors, including cinnamon and spearmint, and each handcrafted tube is chock-full of hemp-seed oil and vitamin E. Merry Hempsters.com

8. Electric Company
If you've ditched your disposable razor for an electric shaver, try the Electric Shave Primer from Male Species. It creates a slick surface for a smooth shave, and boasts a thank-you-grooming-gods shot of lidocaine to prevent irritation. MaleSpecies.com

9. About Face
Make over your mug with Hydrating Face Wash from Male Species, a soap-free, non-drying formula packed with antioxidants to remove impurities without stripping skin's natural oils. You'll wash away residue but retain moisture. Once a week, try the brand's Energy Face Scrub: Its mild exfoliation removes dead skin cells to help avoid enlarged pores and unsightly blackheads. MaleSpecies.com

10. Hair Apparent
Just this once, forget what you know about not judging a book by its cover. Alterna hair-care products look great in your bathroom *and* restore hair's strength and moisture. Try Hemp Shine and Hemp Hydrate shampoos and conditioners. Follow up with Hemp Seed Hard Hold Styling Gel or Hemp Seed Sculpting Putty. 4Alterna.com

11. Jack of All Trades
Earthly Body has harnessed the healing powers of hemp, vitamin E, and avocado to create Miracle Oil, a one-stop-shopping product for many of life's ailments. Miracle Oil mends minor cuts and burns, softens scars, and relieves itchy insect bites. Talk about job productivity! EarthlyBody.com

12. Abracadabra 1, 2, 3
If you've got a tattoo, slide open a tin of Dr. Bronner's & Sun Dog's Magic Organic Balm. It protects and brightens, keeping your ink vibrant. DrBronner SunDog.com

13. Fun in the Sun
Surfers know sun, so it's no wonder they love BurnOut sunscreens, available in SPF 18 or 32. These ocean-tested lotions are waterproof, sweat-proof, and won't run into your eyes. They're also hypoallergenic, petroleum-free, and nongreasy. The sun's rays may age you, but the virgin hemp-seed oil fights back to rejuvenate skin. BurnOutSun.com

By Mr. Skin

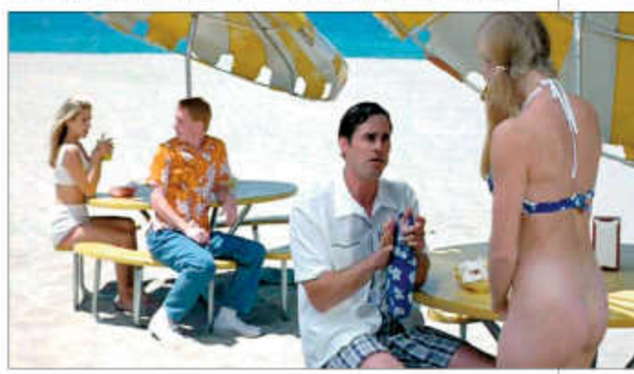
Her Completely Shaved Down Under

Robin Tunney
Hollywoodland recounts the sad true-life tale of actor George Reeves, who was beloved the world over for donning the Man of Steel's famous cape on TV's *Superman* series. This new thriller, starring Ben Affleck as the television star, indicates there may have been more to Reeves's alleged suicide in 1959 than is commonly believed. In a supporting part, Robin Tunney (most recently of the Fox hit series *Prison Break*) is her usual sexy self, though she never loses her costumes.

To see Robin's pink-tipped breasts bob-bob-bobbin' along, zoom back to the sci-fi adventure *Supernova* (2000). Not only is Robin topless in the opening moments of the film, but you get a double load of her tasty torso-Tunnage at the eleven-minute mark. It'll give you a Holly-wood, man.

Toni Collette
Husband-and-wife directing team Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris have earned an acclaimed reputation doing TV commercials and music videos, including popular work for Weezer and the Smashing Pumpkins. *Little Miss Sunshine* is the couple's first venture into feature filmmaking, a satiric but heartfelt exploration of a family road trip to a junior beauty pageant that stars Greg Kinnear, Steve Carell, and Collette as the clan's matriarch. Audiences at this year's Sundance Film Festival loved *Little Miss Sunshine*, prompting Fox Searchlight to pick up the movie for wide art-house release.

No matter how charming *Little Miss Sunshine* may be, however, fans of Collette who hope to see her nude will be left in the dark. The robustly appealing Australian actress, best known as the spooky kid's mom in *The Sixth Sense* (1999), has been nude a number of times on the big screen, but only once does she treat us to a full-frontal view of her completely shaved Down Under. Check her out in director Peter Greenaway's *8½ Women* (1999)—and just try to have 8½ inches of excitement after that.



"At the one-hour two-minute mark, one lucky dude attempts to adjust surf-babe Amy's **bikini** bottom, only to have it **come off** in his hand."

Amy Adams
Blonde, blue-eyed, and naturally built to scorch movie screens with her incandescent star quality and stunning physical allure, Amy Adams exploded below the radar in 2005 with an Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actress in the indie hit *Junebug*. Amy portrays a pregnant young wife from North Carolina in the acclaimed family drama, which was a change of pace from her backstabbing debutante part in *Catch Me If You Can* (2002) and her bisexual femme fatale role in the camp classic *Cruel Intentions 2* (2000). This summer, Amy spins the wheels of funny-man Will Ferrell in the race-car comedy *Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby*.

For a truly motor-revving revelation of Amy, though, check out the cult favorite *Psycho Beach Party* (2000). At the one-hour two-minute mark, one lucky dude on the beach attempts to adjust surf-babe Amy's bikini bottom, only to have it come off in his hand. We get a great gander at Adams's juicy panty-apples. Just be careful of what comes off in *your* hand.

8TH ANNUAL WIFE-WATCHING ISSUE!

Do you know what your neighbors are up to?

Once again we welcome you to take an erotic ride. The mailbags are exploding with letter after letter detailing tawdry encounters of wife sharing, wife watching and other wonderfully naughty tales of open marriage. Steamy sex with attitude, just the way you like it.

PENTHOUSE LETTERS • ON SALE SEPTEMBER 12

DARKER SAVED

Five years ago, Tool warned us about a future of political and personal strife. Now the prog-metal men of mystery have returned, "pissed off and lashing out."

BY JASON BUHRMESTER

In a Manhattan recording studio, executives from Tool's record label are gathering to hear the band's new album, *10,000 Days*, for the first time. The hard-rock group takes their seats on black leather couches, making small talk about marketing plans and sales of their previous record, *Lateralus*, while they wait for the playback to begin.

This is Tool's first new recorded music in five years. Sure, vocalist Maynard James Keenan has been busy with his other band, A Perfect Circle, but it is also well-known that Tool takes their time preparing records. In typically cryptic fashion, there was no album title, track list, or cover art ready for the executives—just the music, played in a dark room. Tool is notorious for their playful secretiveness, and at least a few listeners in the room doubt whether what they are about to hear is even the band's new album.

After all, on April Fool's Day last year, Keenan announced on the band's Website that he had "found Jesus" and was abandoning the album. A week later, after an e-mail inquisition from MTV's Kurt Loder, the group admitted the joke. It wasn't Tool's first hoax. This is, after all, the band that praised lachrymology (the "study of cry-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM CADIENTE

Tool is (clockwise from top left): Justin Chancellor, Maynard James Keenan, Adam Jones, and Danny Carey

ing")—a fake religion concocted to fool gullible journalists. Before the release of their 2001 album *Lateralus*, the group leaked a bogus album title (*Systema Enchephale*) and phony song names, such as "Poopy the Clown," to fool bootleggers. But the most notorious Tool prank is "Die Eier von Satan," a track from the band's 1996 album *Anemia* that sent fans and critics scurrying to decipher the strange German lyrics. The translation? A cookie recipe.

But when a guitar riff stabs out from the speakers, the choppy rhythm and swirling drums assure the listeners that this is indeed Tool. Drummer Danny Carey and bassist Justin Chancellor lock together and roar as guitarist Adam Jones cleaves between them. The music continues to boil as we wait, on edge, for Keenan's entrance. You can hear the singer suck in a breath and ready himself to hurl out the first line of the new album. Abruptly, the speakers crackle and cut out, leaving the suits in silence.

Tool started in a nondescript building, in a forgotten area of Hollywood. The street outside gave up trying to overcome decades of seediness, and the old Hollywood sleaze has settled into the few remaining stores. The second-floor room was Keenan's apartment when he met Carey, the tall, long-haired drummer who lived in the unit downstairs. Over the years, the building has suffered a remodeling and a fire that seared off most of the roof. While Keenan abandoned L.A. for Arizona long ago, Carey lived in the building through most of Tool's multi-platinum success. In 1999 he moved to a nearby house, but the band now uses space in the building as an office. On a sunny California day, Carey sits on a couch surrounded by platinum records, framed posters, and old promotional photos, ready to discuss the band's early days.

"Every Tool song has been written in the building right down there," Carey says, pointing to the parking lot. "It used to be a really shitty neighborhood. There was a liquor store right over there. All these bums would drink themselves into a stupor, pee themselves, and pass out back here. Maynard used to yell at them or we'd throw water on them and tell them to get lost. They'd try to attack us. We were just neighbors trying to keep the neighborhood from going to hell."

Back then Carey worked as a session drummer for several artists, including Carole King and Jeff Buckley, and performed with a band that played between set-ups on a sitcom. "The pay was great and you got free food," he laughs. For extra cash, he rented out his loft apartment as a rehearsal space for other Los Angeles bands. Keenan arrived with Jones, a special-effects artist who worked on *The Terminator* and *Jurassic Park*, and booked several sessions, but the pair struggled to find a drummer.

"One time I felt bad because their drummer didn't show up, so I said I'd play with them," Carey remembers. "The chemistry was unavoidable. The sound was there in its most primitive form. I think we all recognized how powerful it sounded when all the cylinders were flowing."

Tool's early albums, *Undertow* and *Anemia*, stood out even during the alternative-rock explosion. While other bands sang about depression, Keenan's lyrics stripped and dismantled it. He broke down tales of molestation, alienation, and dissatisfaction over the band's metal–meets–King Crimson sound, with songs often breaking the ten-minute mark. Submersing yourself in a Tool album is an exercise in confronting your dark side. In an era of hyper-celebrity, Tool was an enigma because they didn't appear in their videos or plaster photos of themselves inside their CDs, but the band dominated MTV with their creepy stop-motion videos, directed by Jones. Now, 15 years later, Tool has outlived peers like Rage Against the Machine, Smashing Pumpkins, and Soundgarden. As they prepare to release *10,000 Days*, Carey wonders if music fans are still looking for an alternative.

"It's a little nerve-racking," he says. "Attention spans seem to have gotten so short that we don't know if people are going to be able to tolerate ten- or 15-minute songs anymore. Compared to everybody, we really are alternative now."

Tool spent longer than usual writing their fourth album. For nearly a year, they spent five days a week building songs from pieces of "freaked-out psycho jams," as they did 15 years ago. They holed up with producer Joe Barresi and filled the studio with occult-shop paraphernalia, including candles, magical boards, and taxidermy, to evoke the proper vibe. "Creating the right mood means a lot," says Carey. "It translates onto the tape."

"This is our cynical album," the drummer explains. "People have said that it's heavier. I guess we're a product of our environment, having the most awful government leader in history fueling the fire and pissing off the world. We're pissed off, too, and we're lashing out."

Back in New York, workers drag a pair of replacement speakers into the listening studio and scramble to run wires. The earlier audio meltdown was a technical failure, not an elaborate prank. But the explanation doesn't prevent nervous laughter from the label reps when the workers abandon the effort and move the group to the studio's control room.

Playback starts again. This time Keenan's voice slashes through the room. His wail is a flurry of punches, spitting out, "Turn on the TV / tragedy thrills me," and snarling, "I need to watch things die from a distance." Carey lays into a tremendous machine-gun drum fill that rolls across the room as the song closes. Later, a thunderstorm sound effect rumbles and Chancellor's bass growls. The band even samples a Native American chant accompanied by a "death rattle" that was purchased at a Pasadena flea market. "It's a badger skull on a deer leg," Carey explains. "It's pretty evil-looking." During the song "The Pot," Keenan's voice hits the upper register as he mocks, "You must have been high!" over an intricately layered guitar. The album gets even weirder when a "doctor" (voiced by the band's manager) questions a patient who won't speak. "What's happened? Tell me everything," he requests. The answer is a long, elaborate guitar solo that eases into a quiet serenade ... until Keenan unleashes an unholy scream, born out of five years of frustration.

A month later, Tool returns from a handful of shows in Europe. Keenan strides into the band's office dressed in bright orange track pants, matching running shoes, a GUANTANAMO BAY T-shirt, and a U.S. POST OFFICE hat. He offers a quick handshake, a moment of staunch eye contact, and sits tentatively on the edge of a chair, leaning forward tensely. Then he stands up to turn down a radio on the other side of the room.

At the end of the interview, after the tape recorders have been turned off, Keenan turns to say something. He leans forward in the chair and rests his elbows on his knees. "It's been a really rough week since I got back," he mutters, staring at the floor. He's wrestling with something. "Never mind," he says, thinking for a moment and rubbing one hand over his eyes. "It's stupid." After a bit of coaxing, he relents: "It's just that we lost someone while we were out of the country. I found out this week that she died." He's uncomfortable, and for an instant it seems as if the guarded singer is about to unload a bombshell, a soul-wrenching secret that will unlock all the mystery behind the band. "It was Dana from *The L Word*," he deadpans. "Do you ever watch that show? I can't believe they killed her off." Then he laughs.

Maynard James Keenan

Photograph by Myriam Santos Kayda/Retna Ltd.

Tool's lead singer is mad as hell at you, and he's not going to take it anymore.

Adam Jones described *Lateralus* as a "healing album," since it came out after the band went through a series of legal battles and problems. What is this album?
Our blues album.

Yet it sounds angrier.
It's more frustrated because of what's been happening the last few years. There's still hope in it, and we're being a little cynical here and telling jokes there. We're still talking about our inner connectivity. We're still talking about us being in this together. I think it's more of a blues album because we're disappointed. We think, "Where the fuck were you?"

Tool is often described as dark and cynical. Do you have more faith in humanity than you're given credit for?
We're just disappointed. We have all the faith in the world in mankind, but I have more faith in nature. Nature will definitely correct all the mistakes eventually.

The album *10,000 Days* has long songs, Native American chanting, and a bizarre skit. Do you worry you've gone too far?
When you juxtapose our album against the current state of popular music, I suppose it seems like we're way out there. But we're not that far out there compared to some of the classic-rock stuff with substance and heart, like Pink Floyd and King Crimson. If you ever listen to jazz, it's certainly more complicated to work your way through Ahmad Jamal or Miles Davis.

Is it hard to make a lasting piece of art in this industry?
Any endeavor, if it has heart, can outlive the stuff that has no heart. For example, I've been making wine lately. One of the things you notice is that you can actually get a bottle of 1945 or 1943 Mouton. Even in the midst of everything that was going on in Europe in that time, people in their small communities were still able to follow their passions and survive. That's what we're doing. There's a war going on out there, as far as attention spans and global domination. A lot of times it takes people realizing that men of power will seek more power and do whatever they have to do, whether it is a government or a record company or a publishing company or a media conglomerate. They're going to do what they want to do to make sure they have control. What happens is that it always ends up coming back to what drove it in the first place—the small community, the small farm, or the independent musician who follows his heart and records his experiences.

Is it harder to put out an 80-minute album if people are just looking for one song to download?
I don't really care what "people" are doing. There are people out there who want a good bottle of wine that has been hand-babied with TLC and walked step by step. They want that in their food. They want that in their music. There are a hell of a lot more people who couldn't care less because they're unconscious zombies, so I'm not talking to them. Those people have nothing to do with this conversation.

What has outraged you most since the last album?
Apathy. [We worked] so hard on our first couple of albums to educate people on the current state of affairs, politically and socially, then watched as the doll king walked in like a drunken child with a loaded weapon—quite literally. But it's okay, because it's going to work out, and probably not in the way they expect.

You sound less upset by the actions of the president and more angry about the apathy of the public.
I grew up in Ohio. I lived five miles away and was playing "army" with my friends, while [the National Guard was] gunning down students at Kent State. People were outraged with what was going on, and they were saying something. Now people are sending e-mails in between Starbucks [coffees].

You were in the Army. Do you ever think that given another set of circumstances, you could be in Iraq right now?
I would have been in the Gulf War as a lieutenant, and I probably would not have survived.

How would you have handled the news that you were going to war?
That's the thing about war that people in this country don't understand: If you're a person who signs up for the military, then you have accepted the fact—at least in theory—that you will go to war. The problem is that the older people who have seen war have forgotten what it is. So you see these crazy photos from these death camps and you say, "This isn't what we signed on for. What are our troops doing?" What the fuck are you talking about? This is war! You wanted war. War is inhuman behavior. There are no rules. Geneva Convention, my ass! Didn't you see *Apocalypse Now*? Didn't you see *The Thin Red Line*? Didn't you see *Saving Private Ryan*?

If you were in your late teens again, would you still join the military?
No. Hell, no. Back [in 1982] we were still kind of living in a log. We were coming into the Reagan years and there were some things going on that seemed pretty crazy, but it wasn't to this extreme. It seemed like peaceful times. It didn't seem like a huge gamble. I just wanted some college money. And *Stripes* looked pretty fun, you know?

It's been five years since *Lateralus*. What took so long to make this album?
It didn't take *that* long. It took long if you're churning out Good Charlotte records. [But] we did an album. We toured on that for two years. Then I went off and did an entire album with A Perfect Circle, toured, and did another album with them. Then we got busy, so here's the album.

What's different about this one?
We're more mature. I'm a different person than I was five years ago. The whole process is absolutely centered on us having completely individual lives. We go off and we learn what we can learn in the world, then we come back to the center and start having these conversations. You put four strong personalities in a room and it's going to be different every time. It's not about my agenda, or Danny's or Justin's or Adam's agenda. It's where all those agendas meet in the center. That's what we record. That's the postcard from the four of us in a room at that time.

Grab Your Rod!

You'll make some great catches with this hot gear ... and maybe even hook a fish or two as well.

Service by Linda Giustino • Photographs by Garth Aikens

Rock the Boat
The single-passenger Hobie Mirage Outback Fish kayak moves stealthily and is built around a pedal system, so your hands will be free to reel in the big boys of the blue. $1,669. HobieFishing.com

Floaters
Keep your brew chilled in the Big Bobber floating cooler. It holds up to 12 cans plus ice. $35. CreativeSalesCompany.com

Get Jiggy With It
The G.Loomis BCR802 ten-pound jig and worm casting rod has extra-fast action, making it perfect for light freshwater fishing. $345. Gloomis.com

The Reel World
Bass fishing? Check out the Citica 1200D baitcasting reel by Shimano. It comes with a variable brake system so you can make a perfect cast. $120. Fish.Shimano.com

Walk on Water
Redington CPS stocking-foot chest waders have built-in gravel guards and they're made of high-density multilayer PU Taslan, so they're comfortable and keep you dry. $199 to $219. FishUSA.com

H_2O Shoes
Chota STL Plus wading shoes are comfy, quick-drying, and durable, plus the removable cleat system will keep you from tasting rock. $120. FishUSA.com

Nothing but Net
Is that a wooden fishing net in your pocket or are you just happy to see us? $10. BassPro.com

Catch and Store
Add a layer of grass to the bottom of this split-willow creel and it will keep your catch fresh while you go back for more. $20. Cabelas.com

In Your Grill
The Ceramic Grill GLS is perfect for cooking your catch of the day over a camping stove. Use it instead of a pan and enjoy a gourmet-quality meal fresh from the lake. $25. GSIOutdoors.com

Hold Your Liquor
You might need a stiff drink while you sit around with the guys bemoaning the one that got away. The Adventure Travel Bar has two flasks, a cocktail shaker, and two tumblers. $44. GSIOutdoors.com

Scale Back
This digital fish scale comes with six-inch stainless-steel pliers and a clipper with lanyard. $30. Cabelas.com

Pickup Line
Cabela's SLA (Super Large Arbor) fly reel has a smooth-engaging drag and faster line retrieve for quicker line pickup. $195. Cabelas.com

Cut It Out
Open the AbelBlade knife with one hand and hold on to your catch with the other. $285. AbelReels.com

The Legend
The St. Croix Legend Ultra high-performance graphite fly rod is mainly used for catching trout. $330. StCroixRods.com

Rip 'Em Off
World Wide Sportsman Pro IV zip-off pants are water- and stain-resistant, plus they offer UPF 50 sun protection. Zip off the legs to convert them into shorts. $40. BassPro.com

Dry Out
Color yourself stylish with the World Wide Sportsman Boca Grande shorts. They're quick-drying and have cargo pockets with drain ports. $20. BassPro.com

Lure Them In
Bass Pro Shop carries a variety of lures, from the Tournament Series Squirmin' Worm to the XPS Extreme Nitro Crankbait. It's just what you need to nab yourself a prize catch. Prices vary. BassPro.com

Fit for a King
The Stacey King 31-piece jig and trailer kit contains various jigs and baby bugs. $20. BassPro.com

Hold It
The Abel Holds Everything Tackle Bag does, um ... just that. Padded pockets protect your camera, and there's ample space for your flashlight, reels, fly boxes, knives, and more. $175. AbelReels.com

Toys for Big Boys
If you fancy a 40-pound dorado, snag it with the Thomas and Thomas Horizon II 910S-4 rod. It casts 60 to 80 feet and breaks down into four pieces for easy traveling. $680. ThomasAndThomas.com

Can Your Reel Do This?
The Abel Super 11 large-arbor spool reel holds 10-, 11-, and 12-weight lines and is strong enough to play the biggest, fastest bastards the ocean has to offer. $720. AbelReels.com

Vest Essential
The White River Fly Shop Hobbs Creek Fly Vest is 100-percent cotton, comes in khaki and olive, and is a staple of any pro fisherman's wardrobe. $30. BassPro.com

The Boonies
Bass Pro Shops Back Country Boonie hat has a sweatband and chin cord, so you'll keep it high and dry even when the waters are rough. $20. BassPro.com

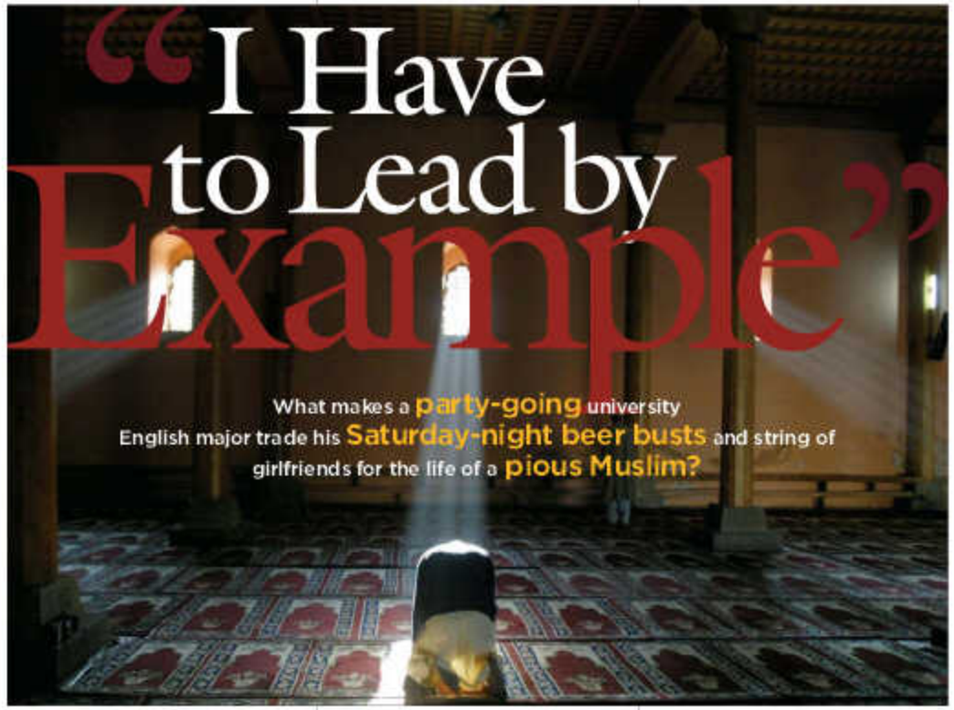
Product credits: Stylist: Fumiko Hayashi; Hair: Jessie Fontenot; Beauty: Sadie Frances; Art Director: William Hinge; Group style director: [illegible]

Interview by Peter Laufer

Loay Hady's wife is Christian. He is of Egyptian Muslim heritage, but says he's only been a practicing Muslim for about a year and a half. "My family put me off Islam," he says about his British-style London upbringing. "I thought they were hypocrites."

"I Have to Lead by Example"

What makes a **party-going** university English major trade his **Saturday-night beer busts** and string of girlfriends for the life of a **pious Muslim?**



Loay Muhammad Hady, the 24-year-old president of the Islamic Society at Nottingham Trent University, is a gangly, six-foot-four man who talks so fast he sometimes stumbles over his words. His curly hair is stuffed into a watch cap and he's wearing an Islamic Society T-shirt with no jacket, despite the cold weather. He smiles, shakes my hand, and quickly leads me across the street. "You don't mind if I pray before we talk?" he asks, looking at his watch. "I need to pray before two o'clock."

When he is done praying, I ask Hady why he and his fellow Muslim students organized an Islamic Awareness Week. "To raise the profile of Islam," he tells me. "Since September 11, Islam has unfortunately been mistakenly connected with terrorism and violence. People misunderstand the basic concepts of Islam. They think it's a religion in which we have to do things to get into heaven, that it condones violence, that it subjugates women to a lesser role. We want to tear up the misconceptions."

When did you start practicing Islam?

I really used to enjoy myself a lot. By that I mean drugs, and going out, and girls. One day my brother called me, and that was weird, because he never used to call me. He'd been religious for a few years and he said, "What are you up to?" I said I was going to see this girl. And he asked me why. It was just something to do. I had nothing to do that Sunday, so I was going to see this girl. He said, "That's the whisper of the devil," and I had to stifle a laugh; I thought he'd lost it. He said, "Seriously, bro. That's all the devil wants to do, he whispers to mankind to pull them away from God." I had a horrible temper at that time and I did some bad stuff—something was urging me to get angry and lash out. In essence, my brother was saying that this was the devil. I said, "So everything I've done is his fault?" He said, "No, bro, the devil can only whisper to you to do it. You're the one who actually has to do it." It was then that I realized I have responsibility for what I do.

Has your decision to embrace Islam alienated you from your partying non-Muslim friends?

I've still got a lot of non-Muslim friends. We go to the cinema together. But I don't go to bars and clubs anymore. No good can come from that. I don't need to be in an environment like that, and as president of the Islamic Society, I have to lead by example.

Why do you believe Westerners have so many misconceptions about Islam?

Because of the media. I'm not saying they do this on purpose, or that the media hate us. You can't blame them. Their job is to sell papers, and pictures of people burning things and blowing things up sell papers.

But there are people calling themselves Muslims who are burning things and blowing things up.

Does that make Islam responsible? If someone says they're doing something in the name of Islam, in the voice of Islam, we've got a problem because the voice of Islam is God. The Prophet, peace be upon him, is the final link in the chain of Islam, through all the prophets, from God. There's no more. There's no new word to be said in Islam. I personally hope Allah puts mercy in their hearts and forgives them for what they have done and leads them to a straight path. It's what we're all striving for. Obviously I condemn the action, but I don't condemn the person. You have to have understanding. I don't hate the person; he's still my brother. It's just that the thing he did is wrong, and he should try to correct it. If they've done anything bad, they should turn around and do something good to make up for it. But don't judge Islam by the Muslims, judge Islam by the texts.

How do you relate to the riots over the cartoons depicting the Prophet Muhammad?

Very few [Muslims] reacted in a sinister sense and portrayed Islam in a bad way. Remember, if you call yourself a Muslim, everyone is going to associate what you do with Islam. It's a responsibility you've got to live up to, and some people just didn't do that.

Do you think, as many people have said, that we're in a clash of civilizations?

It's been going on forever. But you can't talk about a group as a whole and say, for example, that America is against us. That's stupid. American people, I'm sure a hell of a lot of them, are against any kind of war or friction with any other kind of people. This is just basic human nature. What governments do is different: They try to play people off one another. That's the devil's handiwork. So there's your clash of civilizations. We're in a war with the devil. That's what people forget. The devil loves it when we get mad, so who are you pleasing then? The people who say, "Yeah, God, I did this for you—I blew this up," they're only pleasing the devil. You can't please God like that.

So the people who bombed the London Underground and buses were not Islamic?

Even if they called themselves Muslim, no one can call that Islamic. The Koran can't be correctly followed without the knowledge of why something was revealed. The Prophet, peace be upon him, says not one of you believes until he loves his for his brother what he loves for himself. Some Muslims believe this means your Muslim brother alone, when in fact it means all of humanity. We are all brothers and sisters.

But as with any scripture, there can be wide interpretation of the Koran. Why is yours necessarily correct?

We're saved from misinterpretations in Islam because explanations of the Koran were given to us by the Prophet, peace be upon him. We have explanations of what each verse means. I believe some people do wrong things for Islam in the name of Islam because they make their own interpretations—they just don't have the knowledge.

How did you feel when you learned about the July 7 attacks in London?

I was saying, "Oh, please, don't be Muslims. Please don't be Muslims." Afterward, when I found out it was Muslims—if it was those people and if they were Muslims—then Allah will judge them. My biggest worry is Muslims not understanding Islam.

Are you concerned that too many Muslims do not understand Islam?

Yeah, yeah. Definitely. If that weren't the case, then everybody would have a really positive image of Islam.... Islam is perfect. We can't fully implement it, and maybe we never will because we're human. We just do our best. If I keep doing better and die in a state of Islam, maybe Allah will reward me with heaven, *inshallah* [if Allah wills it].

You can't ask for any more than that.

"Muslims died in both [9/11 and the London bombings on July 7, 2005]. We are hurting massively over this, too. And please don't blame Islam because of Muslims. That's what it comes down to.... They shouldn't have done this. Until we stop reacting angrily and violently to things, people are going to always think we are angry and violent."

Photographs by left to right: Reuters; Associated Press

Article by Jennifer Matlack • Illustration by Tomer Hanuka

More BANG for Your BUCK

What do working girls really want (besides money, that is)? We go straight to the pros for some straight answers.

SAY please and thank you. Hold the door for the person behind you. Wipe your mouth with your napkin, not your sleeve. Never ask someone their age, how much they weigh, or how much they make for a living.

If you're like most people, you were probably taught proper manners as a child. For every insistent request or rude demand you made, your parents had a question: Give me an ice-cream cone! "What do you say?" Buy me that toy! "What do you say?" I want more macaroni and cheese! "What do you say?" *Please. Thank you.* If your parents were successful at turning you into a civilized adult, chances are manners are like second nature to you now. You don't eat your peas off a knife. You look a person in the eye when you shake hands. You don't pick your nose in public.

Undoubtedly, good manners matter. They ingratiate us to friends, colleagues, even complete strangers. They make life easier and help us get the things we want. And according to Greta Christina, a former peep-show dancer and author of *Paying for It: A Guide by Sex Workers for Their Clients* (Greenery), manners also play a role in sex—especially when you're buying it. Being polite and treating professional sex workers with respect, dignity, and kindness improves the intended transaction, Christina says.

But why should you care if a prostitute or exotic dancer thinks you're a nice guy? Well, think of other service workers. If you're polite to the bagger at the grocery store, for example, the gallon water jug might not get placed on your eggs. If you sincerely thank your landlord for helping you jump-start your car, you're more likely to get assistance when your pipes freeze.

Now imagine what good manners will get you in bed with an escort or at a bar with a beautiful stripper. "Workers will go out of their way for a likable customer," Christina says. Beyond the self-serving aspect, however, there's also the human-being factor. Would you rather people think of you as decent guy or a dickhead? If you prefer the former, then mind your manners.

Since we all know what men expect from the women they solicit, we wondered what sex workers expect from their clients. They had a lot to tell us. Here's what you need to know to be a stellar sex customer:

ESCORTS

Customer Do's and Don'ts:

Claire, 31: Do treat us the way you'd treat a woman you're trying to impress. That means making your appointment at least 24 hours in advance. Also, if we ask you a few screening questions, politely comply. We have to determine that you are not a cop or a psycho. And hey, it's hokey, but if you bring flowers and a bottle of wine, we'll be very pleased with you.

Don't try to take the relationship outside of the professional-client boundaries. I'm not your girlfriend. Do not try to "save" me from my work. Do not convince yourself you are in love with me. And don't try to manipulate me into spending extra time with you outside of "business hours" without any offer of money.

Darlene, 27: Be gracious about taking extra time beyond the appointment we agreed on. You should leave a higher donation voluntarily, without asking how much it should be. If you don't express your gratitude for our extended hospitality and you only compensate us for one hour of the four you stayed, you'll end up on the C-list—the lowest priority for us.

Don't be early. Women are meticulous about grooming, and we know how long it takes to get ready. If you show up ten minutes early, you're catching us off-guard and unprepared; we'll be stressed and annoyed at the disruption. Bad way to start a good time!

Jan, 22: Do provide the money up front, in cash, no questions asked. If you want something in addition to the original arrangement, only ask once. If I say no, drop it. Finally,

provide car fare to and from a date, in addition to the agreed-upon donation.

Never stand up a date without 24 hours' notice. Don't send pictures of your cock. Honestly, I don't even need to see a picture of you. Don't try to pay less because you're sure I'll have a good time or you're so hot. This is a job—you wouldn't pay your dentist less for a cleaning because you floss regularly. Lastly, never haggle over the price. The price is set. If you don't like it, don't book a date.

Lilly, 27: When you call to ask about services, be discreet; remember that it is likely illegal for an escort to discuss your interests over the phone. If you call up a girl and say, "Will you let me lick your feet while I jerk off?", she is just going to pretend she doesn't have a clue what you are talking about and hang up. The smart guy will say instead, "I have a real interest in women's feet. Is this something you are interested in exploring?" She'll know what you are talking about, and will be able to let you know if she can accommodate you without putting herself in danger. (For all she knows, you could be a cop.)

Don't show up intoxicated or on drugs. If you do, you can expect your lady to turn right around and leave.

Finally, if you see a woman who provided you with services outside the context of her work, let her acknowledge you first. If she does not, then you need to respect her privacy.

Vicky, 45: Do agree on a price in advance. Do understand that only safe sex will be practiced. Do not expect a sex worker to use illegal substances with you.

Who is your dream customer?

Claire: I love a man who makes me smile, treats me like a human being, and is relaxed and ready to enjoy himself. It's that simple.

Darlene: My dream customer would send an initial e-mail with a broad description of himself (i.e., "mid-forties, blond hair, not in great shape but still able to see my feet"), and politely say he likes my online photos. (It is not impolite to compliment a specific photo or body part; it is impolite, however, to say, "I'd like to stick my ——— in that———.") We'd meet for a drink and some lighthearted, flirtatious conversation, and then agree to leave together. Once we were in a more private setting, he'd be forthright about what he wanted and responsive in some way, so I would know he was having a good time. Most of all, though, if he asked for something to which I said no, he'd accept my answer and stop asking.

Jan: Someone who knows what he wants and has discussed it with me over the phone ahead of time (and does not assume I am psychic). A man who does not make a peep about the donation amount or the price of the hotel room. Bottom line: a gentleman.

Lilly: The perfect customer would arrive on time, be clean and nicely dressed, and bring flowers. He would put the agreed-upon amount on the table in an envelope and take a seat. He would make nice small talk with some innuendo—nothing crude, though. He might like me to initiate our date or he might be the one to get things started; either way is fine with me, but he better have good breath.

He would be communicative about his likes and dislikes and understand that while I am very open-minded, there are some things I do not do. If he wanted something extra, he would either accept my fee and the pleasures it buys or he would respectfully pass if the fee seemed too much. He would not argue about it.

He would be open to receiving my tender ministrations, to letting himself be seduced by me. I really hate it when a guy just wants to show how hard he is to win over. If you are determined to have a lousy time, you probably will.

Vicky: I had a Canadian gentleman once with whom the sex was genuinely very good for both of us. He gave me $300 when we had agreed on $100. We actually both clicked and had a wonderful time, both in bed and in terms of just talking and joking around. We were like two human beings in a normal situation, without the usual guilt and baggage.

Rachel, 27: My dream client would think of sex work as a legitimate business and feel comfortable requesting my services. He'd shower before our appointment, arrive and leave on time, insist on scrupulous safety, and be expressive about his fantasies and desires. If he felt like he received excellent service, he'd tip me to show his appreciation. Wit, charm, and good looks can only add to the mix, but any gentleman exhibiting these qualities would be a favorite client no matter what else he had to offer.

Who is your customer from hell?

Claire: The worst customer is a man who makes denigrating comments about my body or my life experiences, or who treats my body like a blow-up doll (squeezing my breasts like oranges, biting my nipples, spitting on his fingers and trying to touch my pussy)! Obviously, shorting me the agreed-upon fee is also terrible behavior—that's why we get our money *up front*.

Jan: Someone who haggles every point of the way; who makes a date then changes the time the day of; who doesn't have the money when I arrive ("I could only get $200.... Is that okay?"); who tries to get more than agreed upon; and who watches the clock to make sure he gets the best of every second of his hour—a man who generally acts like an asshole.

Rachel: My nightmare clients are those who don't acknowledge me, avert their eyes, and mumble answers to my questions. In short, men who are stricken with shame. I am not ashamed of my work and I prefer those clients who are not ashamed to be with me.

Lilly: He has bad breath, stinks of smoke and body odor, and is arrogant. He wants to argue about every last little dime, shows up drunk, and then posts a bad review on an escort Website.

Vicky: The worst for me was a guy who wanted to use me to act out his fantasy of abusing a little girl. He was really sick and he really hurt me. I always used to work with a partner (we'd do a lot of double dates and always watch each other's back), and since she came in at the precise end of the hour, he left. That one really scared me.

Amber, 27: A guy who negotiates my rates, attempts to stretch my boundaries, constantly asks me to help him find other escorts, cancels and reschedules our appointments all the time, and doesn't ever take me shopping, on trips, or to events. This guy will have trouble with escorts and women his whole life, and needs a severe lesson in etiquette.

Abigail, 43: Someone violent and abusive, physically or emotionally. Someone who comes in, drops his pants, and says, "Suck this, bitch." Someone who doesn't know what they wanted in the first place. A man who says, "I want to save you from this," or "I want you to know I'm leaving my wife," or the stereotypical "What is a nice girl like you ... ", or "You seem intelligent; why don't you make something of your life?"

"If you call a girl and say, 'Will you let me lick your feet while I jerk off?' she'll pretend she doesn't have a clue ... and hang up."

DOMINATRICES

Customer Do's and Don'ts:

Mistress Penelope, 34: Take a bath, and wash your ass, too. It's nasty to get a scent of some guy's ass because he's too lazy to wash or wipe it correctly. Furthermore, overweight or uncircumcised guys should stretch out their peckers and wash the thing; the scent or sight of headcheese is gut-turning. Lastly, make sure your feet are clean, especially if you like having your feet and toes licked and sucked.

Taryn, 25: Do brush your teeth and wear deodorant. Hygiene is appreciated across the board. Do tip—the pro will remember it, and thus, you. If you enjoyed yourself, let her know. Listen. Say thank you. Speak when you're told to and stop when you're told to. Be polite.

Don't expect that she is always available for you. Chances are if she's good, she's busy. Don't assume she's rich. Just because you know what she makes an hour doesn't mean you know it all. Don't expect phone sex when you call to book an appointment. And never ask her out on a real date.

Mistress Samantha, 30: Respect my boundaries. If I say no, I mean no—whether I'm a sex worker or not. Be honest: Don't tell me you want a long hard shiatsu massage when you really want a handjob and a finger up your ass.

Show up at your appointed time. If you are going to be late, call and cancel or reschedule. Treat your appointment like any other professional appointment.

Be prepared to give references. Many sex workers are now asking for references from other sex workers, especially since we are still vulnerable targets for predators. We are not assuming you are one, but it's not like serial killers have a certain look.

If your service was good and you had a great time with your sex worker, you should tip her ten to 20 percent. It's a gentlemanly move and all sex workers appreciate it.

Mistress Sabine, 39: Do show up on time, not early or late. If you are not able to keep your appointment, a courtesy call is appreciated. Do be well-groomed in matters of hygiene. Take a shower beforehand, and use deodorant. Do not take liberties with me. Stick to the rules and guidelines and don't push the envelope. Do leave quietly and discreetly. Respect my neighbors.

Mistress Camilla, 25: Don't call more than you would any other professional. I am not your girlfriend, your psychiatrist, or your mother. Don't call unless you have something specific to ask or you're booking or confirming a session—or you're putting me in your will. And don't expect the best session of your life the first time you meet with a domme. It often takes several sessions before a rapport develops. The deeper your relationship becomes, the better for both of you.

Who is your dream customer?

Taryn: He knows what he wants. He calls and makes sure I offer the service he's looking for, books the appointment during the call, and leaves a number where he can be reached. He doesn't call to reschedule or say he'll be late. He doesn't give too much instruction (i.e., telling me what to wear), but he is clear if there are things that he doesn't want or like. He is punctual, honest, and appreciative.

Mistress Samantha: He would be straight up and honest about what he wanted and for how long. He would not haggle over the price. He would be on time, clean, uncomplaining, and forthright in negotiation. He would tip generously and become a repeat customer.

Mistress Sabine: He's a gentleman of legal age who presents himself to me with decorum and treats me respectfully. He would be well-groomed, with a sense of assurance about himself. He would pay attention to my desires and be concerned with making sure we both enjoyed our time together.

Mistress Camilla: The most satisfying submissive is able to clearly communicate his needs and desires, while still remaining open to and appreciative of whatever I want to do. My dream subs react to my touch. They moan, gasp, beg, and exchange energy with me. Chemistry is something that cannot be predicted or faked, but it can be created over time.

One client in particular has an open-ended list of fetishes that all turn me on; he's also open to whatever I want to bring to the session. He has taken pains to learn my tastes, and brings me gifts that are actually useful and valuable. My favorites have been relics from his overseas travel: bizarre medical manuals, organic vegetables from his garden, music, and a beautiful vegan riding jacket for my motorcycle.

Who is your customer from hell?

Mistress Sabine: A man who takes no pride in himself or in serving me. He shows up slovenly and unkempt. He smells bad, his breath is rancid, and his clothes are filthy. Expecting a woman to respond with desire to this is ridiculous.

Mistress Samantha: Phone wankers. These are guys who call and basically want extensive details about what a session with you would be like; all the while they are jacking off, tricking you into giving them phone sex, making you angry, wasting your time, setting up phony appointments, and otherwise

FIVE PHONE-SEX RULES

Just because you're not face-to-face with a phone-sex operator doesn't give you permission to be impolite. Here's how to behave like a gentleman while getting off on the phone.

5 | Avoid calling from your place of employment (unless you are sure of privacy) or from a noisy location where it's difficult to hear you. Also, don't call while you're driving.

4 | If you are calling a service where the operator must take your billing information, don't be belligerent or rude: She has to verify your information to make sure the call isn't being charged to a stolen credit card. Wait until all billing information is gathered before you begin talking dirty.

3 | Be open and honest about your fantasies. You'll have a lot more fun and the operator will be able to show you a much better time.

2 | Don't be rude to the operator. If your fantasy conversation isn't working, she or the dispatcher will be happy to connect you with someone else.

1 | Say thank you or tell your operator if you had a good time. She likes more feedback than a hang-up. If you want to show your appreciation another way, some places allow you to tip.

being a nuisance. They are anathema to the industry and they are pathetic.
Mistress Camilla: My long-standing customer from hell is a so-called submissive with whom I did a series of sessions. He kept asking me for drugs, he kept trying to break out of bondage, he took his wig off again and again without my permission, he was endlessly whiny and critical, and he kept trying to kiss me. There were so many unacceptable things, I was almost in shock.

Kris, 35: Never hold up a dollar and ask a stripper to "work for it." It's extremely condescending, but it happens every night. Don't try to get the stripper to break the rules of the club by saying things like "I won't tell." There are often cameras watching us, and if a stripper is saying no to your advances, it's most likely because she doesn't want to go further anyway!
Annie, 29: If you spend time ogling the girl onstage, tip her. Just a dollar or two is fine. Don't try to touch her while tipping her, just hand her the money and smile. She'll appreciate your tip and your manners.

Do pay her for her time if you get involved in a conversation with her and she doesn't dance. She's not there for fun—it's her job. Pay her.

Don't be embarrassed about an erection. It's a sign we're doing our job right!

Always tip the waitress at least 20 percent. Everyone notices your tipping habits, and there is a locker-room grapevine.
Gigi, 31: If you're booking me for a private event, be clear about what you're looking for. I am not a prostitute. I will not come to your frat party so everyone can gang-bang me, nor will I go down on the groom-to-be at his bachelor party. There are other women who can and will do that for you. Call one of them if that's what you're looking for.

Don't be completely wasted. Your judgment goes out the window when you're stumbling drunk. I spend a lot less time and attention on men who are obviously out of it—it's way too risky for me.

> "A good **customer** keeps his hands **to himself** and gets a bit of wood during the **lap dance** (he obviously **enjoys** my work)."

STRIPPERS

Customer Do's and Don'ts:
Carly, 37: Do give me compliments, but keep them appropriate and with no expectations. Do bathe and do tip!

Don't ask for a discount or tell me you love me or ask me to marry you. And don't try to up the ante or push boundaries, especially after I've already yelled at you! No meant no the first time; persistence only makes it worse, no matter how slow my night has been. And don't ask me what I'm doing after work!

Who is your dream customer?
Annie: He is nicely dressed (no big belt buckle or scratchy pants) and clean. Articulate and well-mannered, he understands the idea of me being a hostess and dancer and pays for my time and dances. We enjoy drinks but neither of us gets drunk. When he finally begins to touch me, it's sexy caressing, not adolescent groping. He tips me and has a thoroughly enjoyable time. He comes back and sees me again.
Gigi: A gentleman who is clean, has nice breath, and smells good. He is polite and friendly, and he laughs—but not at me. He keeps his hands to himself and gets a bit of wood during the lap dance (he obviously enjoys my work). He is courteous and says please and thank you. He understands the money thing and doesn't haggle with me. He tips graciously and comes back often.

Who is your customer from hell?
Kris: I never enjoyed the drunken friend at bachelor parties, the guy who would yell instructions to the stripper when she tried to dance for the bachelor and would inevitably try to persuade you to come back to their hotel room after your shift to fuck the bachelor (for free).
Annie: Any drunken, rude, rip-off, smelly lout. I've known a lot of guys who come into strip clubs apparently just wanting to make girls cry. Take your personal demons elsewhere.
Gigi: The drunken guy whose pores are seeping alcohol and who keeps grabbing my ass. The spun-out yuppie who is trying way too hard to party and still has a ring of coke around his left nostril. The soft-spoken guy who follows me home, shows up at my day job, and talks of dating me. Or maybe it's the college football players who sit at the stage and say, "Your tits aren't big enough."

CALL FOR ENTRIES
EROTIC STORY CONTEST
LITEROTICA®
Literotica.com offers monthly contests for amateur erotic story writers.
Literotica is the largest free adult community on the web, with over 1,000,000 people visiting each day.
Read new adult stories every day, make new friends, share your fantasies, improve your writing skills, and possibly win cash and prizes.
www.Literotica.com
Win Cash & Prizes
For Your Amateur Writing!

Advertisement

TRY VIVAXA FREE TODAY!
*see details below

Steffanie Seaver, noted researcher and columnist, focuses on health and sexuality issues affecting today's men and women.

Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Sexual Performance?

Ask Steffanie:

Hey fellas – if YOUR lack of endurance is keeping HER from scoring the Big O – then read this letter that reveals the sexual stamina secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!

Dear Steffanie,

Like many men that write you, I've always felt that my sexual performance was at least adequate. I mean, I know I'm not going to break any records, but I've always thought that when I "punched the clock", I was pulling a "full shift". However, I recently learned from my girlfriend that there can be a significant gap between what men perceive to be true about our sexual prowess and our sexual reality.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what I thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I caught her looking disappointed.

She told me she really cared for me but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, she was often left feeling extremely frustrated because I always "got mine" and that if I could "hold out" just a little longer, she was certain she could "get hers".

Of course, I was shocked by this huge blow to my ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, I realized my stamina and sexual performance needed to improve. I asked a friend of mine who's also a doctor some advice.

He told me about a number of cheap desensitizing creams on the market that might help me last a little longer, but warned me that they've been know to hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb female partners making it even harder for them to experience the Big O! Great – so now I can last longer but I'm still not pleasing her?? That's the last thing I need!

He said if I really wanted to "improve climax control and still maintain maximum firmness, I should try a new product from the makers of Maxoderm (the #1 topical male performance product that improves erection quality instantly). The ingredients in this new "stamina secret" make it different from other "climax control" products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on the planet. It actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman. Improved erection quality AND increase in stamina, it seemed to good to be true.

He gave me a sample and that weekend I tried it with my girlfriend. From the first application, I felt more firm and full than ever before and let's just say that by the time I finished, she told me she had "gotten her's" twice! Needless to say this has been a record breaking month for me. It feels great knowing she's completely satisfied...and I'm the reason why.

So Steffanie, please print this letter – I'm sure there are other men out there in the same situation as me – who could use Vivaxa, a quality, Climax Control product that let's you put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a FREE MONTH SUPPLY if you call 1-800-449-9843 or visit their website www.vivaxa.com. But tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called!

A Former Minute Man, Nashville, TN

"By the time I finished she told me she'd gotten her's twice! It feels great knowing that she's completely satisfied, and I'm the reason why!"

Dear Readers,

I did some research on Vivaxa and here's what I found: Vivaxa uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology that's been in research and development for over 10 years. It's the first (and only) stamina and sexual performance enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine, along with Peptide 171. This helps men to significantly enhance their stamina and sexual performance without desensitizing female partners. You can check out Vivaxa by calling ***1-800-449-9843*** *or by visiting* ***www.vivaxa.com*** *and* ***FOR A LIMITED TIME****, you can receive a* ***FREE tube*** *with your order. Just think, with Vivaxa, you could be pleasing her longer - GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK! So call today!*

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease. PENT0806

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

DAREDEVIL

Impossibly long legs? Check. Wild streak? Check. Traffic-stopping curves? Check. Yep, it's summertime! And we're serving up the scorching-hot Olivia Kent, our August Pet of the Month.

Photographs by Ken Marcus

"I'm shy, so it surprised me how relaxed I felt at the photo shoot. It was my first time getting naked in front of a camera, but I was ripping off my clothes in no time!"

"Dare me to do anything, and I'll do it. I'm a bartender at a strip club and I entered amateur night. I just walked naked around the stage and won first place!"

"My ultimate fantasy is to be tied up and blindfolded. I love not knowing what will happen next!" To see what happened next on Olivia's photo shoot, visit Penthouse.com/olivia.

Olivia

VITAL STATS:
21 years old, 34-26-33

FAVORITE FOODS:
pizza and pasta

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D:
give a lot to my family, put myself through college, and go shopping!

PET PEEVE:
overly confident and jealous people

FAVORITE TV SHOWS:
The Simple Life and *General Hospital*

FAVORITE MUSIC:
Madonna and house music

FAVORITE SPORT:
tennis

FAVORITE VACATION SPOT:
Mexico, for the nonstop parties

CALL ME!
1-800-946-PET1
(1-800-946-7381)
Callers must be 18 or older.
Cost: $0.69/minute

MISS OLIVIA KENT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

WHITE HOT
OVER 1,400 PICS OF KRISTA AYNE
APRIL 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH
330+ PENTHOUSE PETS, 840+ MODELS ■ DVD-QUALITY VIDEO DOWNLOADS
IPOD/PSP DOWNLOADS ■ READERS SEX LETTERS ARCHIVE ■ MUCH MORE
PENTHOUSE.COM
HTTP://WWW.PENTHOUSE.COM

By Aaron Karo

Camp Followers

If you've used the terms *color war, bunk,* or *reveille* this summer, I don't want to know you. There is a scourge in this country, and it is having a degenerative effect on the minds of our college students. The problem begins and ends with summer camp.

Simply put, once you graduate high school, you should not step foot within a 50-mile radius of a summer camp. At least not until you're seeing your own kids on visiting day. And yet, young adults are refusing to grow up and choosing to return to camp summer after summer as counselors and administrators—positions that are so complex, their only prerequisite is "has been to camp before."

Take my high school friend Danielle. She started in fourth grade, and for the next ten years I never saw her once school let out. When we got to college, I thought things would change. Then I got an e-mail from Danielle toward the end of freshman year: "Sorry, I won't be able to make your birthday again, Karo. But I'm a senior counselor this summer!"

A student at the University of Illinois recently told me her goal is to actually *own* the summer camp she used to go to. She figured she would go back to school, get her master's degree, and then move to the camp's grounds in Virginia.

In a way, owning the camp you used to attend is more ambitious than just working there as a counselor during your college years. But in another way, it's more pathetic. Come August, Danielle left her bunk behind. But this chick from Illinois, well, she's going to have the name of the camp on her fucking business cards when she's 40. Weird.

In case you're wondering, yes, I did go to summer camp—for two years, and only for half-summers. I did that partially because I really wanted to go to soccer camp for part of the summer, but also because I was afraid to masturbate in the bunk. Subsequently, I was concerned that I might explode if I didn't rub one out for a full two months. So, a half-summer it was!

To be honest, I can't help but think I missed out. My buddy "Scott" had pretty much every sexual experience known to man while away at summer camp. Not only did he learn he could ejaculate, but he figured it out while getting his very first handjob. He also lost his virginity at camp—during a threesome! There's been a movement to change the name of his camp to Greatest Camp Ever.

> "Once you **graduate** high school, you should not step foot within 50 miles of a **summer camp**. At least not until you're **seeing** your own kids on visiting day."

Still, it's unlikely I'll ship my kids off to summer camp too early. They don't need to be indoctrinated into the rituals of color war, towel fights, ticks, brooks, and all that shit. They can go to day camp, just like I did. Besides, if 15 years from now Scott owns his camp … well, I shudder to think about how it will operate under his management.

And now, on to the mailbag. If you have a question you'd like me to take a half-hearted stab at, e-mail karo@penthouse.com.

Dear Karo:
I'm addicted to fantasy baseball. I eat, sleep, and drink the stuff. But my girlfriend has given me an ultimatum: the league or her. Doesn't she understand that it's the heart of the season?!

I spend so much time on ESPN.com, watching *SportsCenter,* and checking on *real* teams, I can't even imagine doing it for fake ones as well. And for money, no less! Therein lies your dilemma. You have to act like a general manager. If your chances aren't good to win it all, cut your losses and keep the girl. If you think you can make it to the promised land and can stand to not get laid until after the Fall Classic, well, sometimes you gotta take one for the team.

Photograph by Lionel Deiuy

Handling the Hottest Handlebars

By Bill Heald

Double Triumph

Blast from the past: Triumph proudly revisits its café racer days with the Thruxton, a sport bike combining traditional British styling with modern reliability and refinement.

Thruxton 900

The latest sport bikes deliver extraordinary performance, but are often accused of lacking true soul. Triumph addressed this by digging into its past and gracing us with the Thruxton 900. This twenty-first-century café racer is based on Triumph's retro Bonneville, and it's loaded to the brim with classic Brit-bike charisma. From the cool bikini fairing to the upswept megaphone mufflers, the Thruxton recalls the glory days of its namesake racetrack while capturing the culture of sixties mods and rockers. The details of this bike embrace a simpler era but, thanks to the incorporation of modern technology, you get contemporary reliability, powerful brakes, and suspension components that won't punish your posterior. The newest inline 600s are awesome, but few sporting bikes can make you smile like this timeless parallel twin.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type:	Air cooled, two cylinder DOHC parallel twin
Bore x stroke:	90 mm x 68 mm
Displacement:	865 cc
Fuel system:	Twin carburetors, electric heaters
Ignition:	Digital-inductive type
Transmission:	Five speed
Front suspension:	41-mm forks with adjustable preload
Rear suspension:	Chrome twin shocks with adjustable preload
Front brakes:	Single 320-mm floating disc, two-piston caliper
Rear brakes:	Single 255-mm disc, two-piston caliper
Front tire:	100/90 18
Rear tire:	130/80 17
Fuel tank:	16 liter (4.2 gallon)
Wheelbase:	1,477 mm (58.1 inches)
Seat height:	790 mm (31.1 inches)
Dry weight:	451 pounds
MSRP:	$7,999

Daytona 675

Where the Thruxton celebrates a relaxed type of sport riding, the Daytona 675 pushes the modern performance envelope right off the desk and kicks it down the street. For 2006, Triumph radically redesigned its old Daytona and sharpened all the edges in pursuit of the ultimate middleweight super sports ride. Wickedly focused to the point that comfort takes a distant backseat to adrenaline-generation, the Daytona separates itself from the pack by using Triumph's traditional inline triple instead of a four-cylinder. There's power and torque to spare, all the way to the engine's 14,000-rpm redline. The light, flickable chassis lets you thrust through traffic with rapier precision, while other guys ride broadswords in comparison. Groundbreaking where the Thruxton is traditional, the Daytona 675 shows Triumph can speak to all kinds of riders without losing that unique British accent. Triumph.Co.UK/USA

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type:	Liquid cooled, DOHC inline three cylinder
Bore x stroke:	74 mm x 52.3 mm
Displacement:	675 cc
Fuel system:	Multipoint electronic fuel injection
Ignition:	Digital-inductive type
Transmission:	Six speed
Front suspension:	41-mm USD forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension:	Mono shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes:	Twin 308-mm floating discs, radial calipers
Rear brakes:	Single 220-mm disc, single-piston caliper
Front tire:	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire:	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank:	17.4 liter (4.6 gallon)
Wheelbase:	1,392 mm (54.8 inches)
Seat height:	825 mm (32.5 inches)
Dry weight:	363 pounds
MSRP:	$8,999

Grounding: If you prefer cutting edge, meet Triumph's Daytona 675. This modern Triple is lithe, raucous, and unique in personality compared to the 600 Fours.

DRIVINGFORCE

Your Fast Track to Speed and Style

By Jim McCraw

Super Fast, Super Jeep

The designers of the original World War II-era four-cylinder Jeep never dreamed their motorized pack mule would morph into the 420-horsepower Grand Cherokee.

This may be the performance bargain of the year. With the new SRT8 version of the Jeep Grand Cherokee, you get all the usual benefits—stellar off-road and foul-weather performance, plenty of cargo space—plus straight-line acceleration that rivals more expensive SUVs like the Porsche Cayenne Turbo and BMW X5. For speed, try zero-to-60 mph in less than five seconds; zero-to-100 mph in the low 19-second range; and a 60-to-zero-mph braking distance of approximately 125 feet. The SRT8 is the first Jeep-branded Street and Racing Technology group vehicle, and the first four-wheel-drive SRT vehicle ever built. And it starts at only $39,320.

Driving the 4,790-pound SRT8 around town is an exercise in self-control. You'll be tempted to floor it every time the light turns green, bury the competition in the other lane, then wait until the last second to stand on those immense Brembo brakes—so you can stop just in time to do it all over again at the next signal.

This Jeep uses computer-controlled all-wheel-drive technology, so you never have to worry about squealing the tires, even on wet pavement. ABS and ESP implore you to throw it around corners like a sports car with no fears—except those generated by the long arm of the law. The cops will know you by the new front end, centered tailpipes, monster tires, and 20-inch wheels, so be careful out there! Jeep.com

SPECIFICATIONS

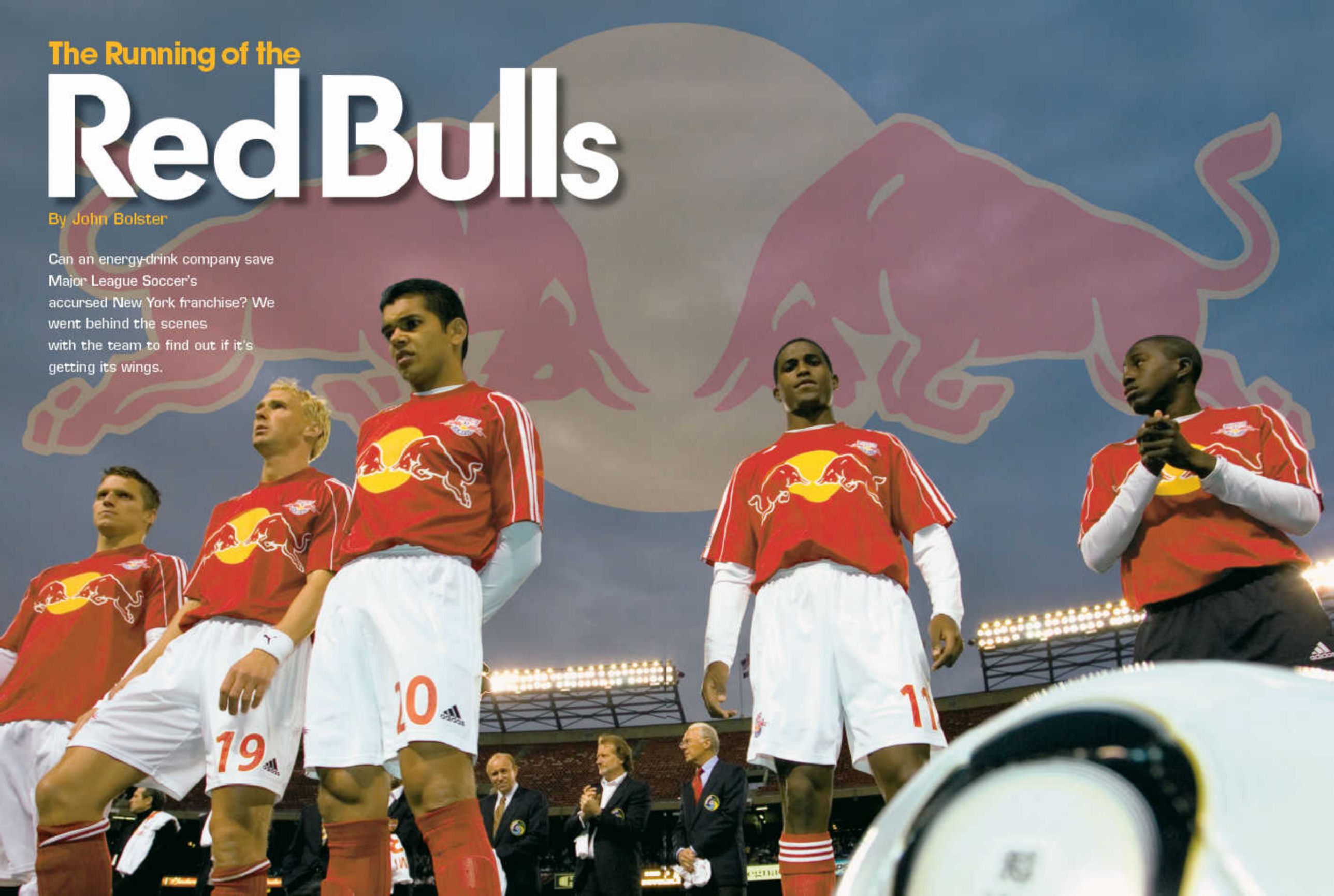
Body style:	Four-door SUV
Engine:	6.1-liter, HEMI V-8
Power:	420 horsepower
Torque:	420 foot-pounds
Transmission:	Five-speed automatic
Front suspension:	Independent, double A-arms
Rear suspension:	Independent, multi-link
Wheelbase:	109.5 inches
Tires:	Goodyear Eagle RSA 255/45W-20 front 285/40W-20 rear
Curb weight:	4,790 pounds
Performance	
0–60 mph:	4.8 seconds
Top speed:	155 mph
Base price:	$39,320

With a top speed of 155 mph, a new grille and air dam up front, 20-inch wheels, and a unique rear treatment with centered dual exhaust pipes, the SRT8 is without a doubt the fastest Jeep ever built. And the upgraded interior now has racing-style bucket seats and exclusive upholstery.

The Running of the Red Bulls

By John Bolster

Can an energy-drink company save Major League Soccer's accursed New York franchise? We went behind the scenes with the team to find out if it's getting its wings.



Bulls and Butterflies

It's 30 minutes before kickoff, and the New York Red Bulls are pacing their locker room in the bowels of Giants Stadium, getting ready for their home opener against the New England Revolution. Outside of a few murmured words of encouragement from coach Mo Johnston, the place is as quiet as a library. Guys are deep inside their own heads, and while you'd stop short of saying the atmosphere is tense, you can practically see butterflies fluttering around the players' stalls. A home opener is always an occasion for nerves, but this is no ordinary home opener. This is the curtain-raiser for Major League Soccer's newest and most interesting twist: The Red Bull energy-drink company recently bought the franchise in the league's most visible city.

The players in here aren't just trying to start the season off on the right foot. In many ways, they're carrying the hopes of an entire league—and a sport—on their shoulders. The New York MLS franchise has struggled during its entire ten-year existence, and a successful team in the media capital of the world is crucial to the continued success of the league.

Gaining Traction

Make no mistake: MLS *is* succeeding on several fronts. The league began a ten-year, $150 million sponsorship agreement with Adidas last season, and signed TV deals with Disney (owner of ESPN and ABC) and Spanish-language network Univision this year. Five of MLS's 12 teams have their own stadiums, with more to follow in the near future, including the Red Bulls. Indeed, the investment by Red Bull, an internationally successful brand, is another sign of the league's health.

"What we've been able to accomplish in ten years is unprecedented," says U.S. soccer icon Alexi Lalas, who began the season as president of the Red Bulls. "Hats off to [MLS Commissioner] Don Garber. He has done a tremendous job of increasing the value of the teams individually, and of the league collectively."

Red Bull paid more than $100 million for the New York team, a share in its new stadium, and naming rights for that venue (Red Bull Park, scheduled to open in Harrison, New Jersey, in 2008). But do they know what they're getting into?

Photographs by Jason Tanaka Blaney

They Came, They Saw ... They Failed Miserably

The list of executives, players, and coaches who have tried to make Major League Soccer work in New York is longer than the George Washington Bridge. Born in 1996 as the New York/New Jersey MetroStars—a name so clumsy and ill-conceived that it could not possibly have signaled good things—the franchise has been plagued by mismanagement, mediocrity, and a general malaise. It's won only one playoff series in ten years, burned through eight coaches, and cycled a phone book's worth of players through its roster. They weren't all palookas, either. Far from it. Boldface names like Roberto Donadoni of Italy, German legend Lothar Matthaüs, and U.S. World Cup heroes Lalas, Tab Ramos, and Clint Mathis, to name just a few, have come and gone—but the results stayed largely the same.

Fanatics like the guy in our top photo have high hopes for Jeff Parke and the Red Bulls.

The team has had some stellar coaches as well, including Eddie Firmani (who coached Pele, the greatest player of all time, and the New York Cosmos back in the day), Carlos Alberto Parreira (who led Brazil to the World Cup title in 1994), and Bora Milutinovic (the only coach ever to lead four nations to the second round of the World Cup). Somehow, they all presided over mediocrity if not abject failure.

Perhaps it's the Jersey swampland the franchise calls home.

Bullring Circus

Whatever the reason, Red Bull has its work cut out for it. But the company, which already owns a soccer team in Austria, brings a full arsenal of marketing tools and resources to the table. Red Bull sees MLS entering a critical phase of its existence. "With ten years under its belt," says Marc De Grandpre, managing director of Red Bull New York, "the league is primed for great success. We see soccer's immense potential in the United States. We wanted to be part of the explosion of the world's game that is already in progress here."

Tonight's home opener is a prime example of the spectacle and atmosphere Red Bull is capable of generating. In a series of venues in the parking lot, Red Bull plans a motocross ramp-jumping exhibition, live music, a BMX demo, and a break-dancing performance. Skydivers will deliver the game ball, sailing into the stadium with smoke streaming in their wake, and the famous bald eagle named Challenger will circle the stadium during the National Anthem. After all that, none other than Pele and German legend Franz Beckenbauer will make the ceremonial first kick. At halftime, Wyclef Jean and Shakira will take the stage.

Game On

Oh, there's also a game: Red Bulls versus New England, the defending Eastern Conference champions and a team stacked with talented players, including U.S. internationals Taylor Twellman, Clint Dempsey, Steve Ralston, and Pat Noonan.

Back in the Red Bull locker room, the players line up to take the field, cleats clacking on the concrete floor. Veteran defender Steve Jolley leans in to his rookie counterpart, Marvell Wynne, the No. 1 pick of this year's draft. "Right from the opening whistle," Jolley says. "Right from the opening whistle." Wynne only manages a nod as the team files out the door and into the cold, damp night, where 35,793 fans huddle in the first two decks of the stadium, waiting for the show.

Predictably (for this franchise, anyway), the weather has not cooperated. What began as a cold, drizzly day regressed to cold and rainy and then, at one point—the point when our photographer almost quit—to freezing cold with hail. That's right, hail. Someone's trying to tell this team something. Most of the outdoor pregame spectacles were canceled, and the walk-up crowd was diminished by thousands. Still, there's a relatively good turnout, and the weather, mercifully, has cleared in time for the game.

When Pele jogs out for his part in the pregame festivities, the crowd explodes. Several people in the front row bow down, "We're not worthy" style, as he passes by. If you're going to follow Pele, you'd better be jumping out of a plane from 30,000 feet. Sure enough, the skydivers come next, pirouetting down with smoke billowing behind them. The crowd comes alive again as Challenger soars in and around the stadium to the strains of the National Anthem.

Apparently, the pregame festivities inspired the Revolution as much as the Red Bulls, because the visitors come out firing. Noonan, Twellman, and Dempsey knock the ball around effortlessly. They've got the home side on its heels. The Red Bull era is off to a shaky start.

Twenty minutes later, though, the Bulls start to get a handle on the game. In the 30th minute, striker Edson Buddle rips a shot from 30 yards that thumps off the post. Right before halftime, Buddle and midfielder Chris Henderson play a pretty give-and-go, freeing Henderson in the box. But his attempt rolls wide. The crowd's collective groan signals that on this night, chances are even more precious than usual.

The second half brings more missed opportunities, and the game ends in a scoreless draw—the U.S. soccer marketer's worst-case scenario.

Building Blocks

The result points up the bottom line for this venture: Pregame entertainment and off-field acts are great for atmosphere, but those elements will fizzle if the product on the field isn't up to snuff. If Red Bull doesn't build a winner, it won't escape the long dark shadow of the MetroStars.

To be sure, there is both promising and proven talent on the roster. Striker Youri Djorkaeff, though 37 years old, is the team's undisputed leader and best player. A World Cup champion with France in 1998, Djorkaeff still has world-class skills. Buddle has been troubled by injuries and off-field difficulties, but he is a solid target man and goal scorer when healthy.

New England's Clint Dempsey had Danny O'Rourke and the Red Bulls chasing the game early.

On draft day this past spring, the Red Bulls aggressively traded up for the No. 1 overall selection, which they used to take defender Wynne, son of the former Major League Baseball outfielder of the same name (Padres, Pirates, Cubs). A spectacular if raw talent, Wynne is blessed with astonishing recovery speed and superb athletic ability. Nabbing him in the draft was Red Bull's first bold stroke, but the team remains a player or two short of contending for an MLS title. De Grandpre counsels patience: "We want to make sure we focus on long-term growth; that means we will not cut corners for short-term rewards." For the long term, the Bulls have 16-year-old Josmer Altidore, a talented six-foot-one striker. "He's something special," says Johnston. "He has all the tools."

The great Pele helped Mo Johnston and New York kick off the new era.

Leading the Charge

MLS operates within a single-entity structure (the league owns all player contracts) and a strict per-team salary cap—two measures that have ensured a degree of financial stability. But those rules have been notoriously fluid at times, and one Red Bull executive intimated that the company would push the envelope to go after high-profile players. The rumors that the team has approached Brazilian superstar Ronaldo and England's David Beckham are just that—rumors—but, says the exec, "They have a huge investment in this team and in this league, and they want to be able to do some things individually for their team, to make sure it's competitive. Red Bull is committed to leading the charge [toward loosening those league rules], at times dragging people kicking and screaming, if they believe there's some positive change that's not only going to help the team, but [also] help the league."

Indeed, regardless of how the fledgling team finishes up its first year, Red Bull's commitment and marketing might are formidable—the company hasn't just dominated the energy-drink market, it *created* the category. Given its track record—Red Bull Salzburg was transformed into a title contender in Austria—and the parity in Major League Soccer, it would be a big mistake to doubt Red Bull New York's chances of getting off the ground. O+—

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

Solid Gold

This 34-26-33 St. Louis native, A. J. Bailey, knows as soon as she meets a man whether or not he's getting lucky. We just love decisive women!

Photographs by Brett Bereny

"I'm easy to please as a date. I like to play football, baseball, tennis, or just take a hike. We could go to a Cardinals game, or a Tigers game at my alma mater, the University of Missouri. Or we could spend our quality time having sex!"

"My ultimate fantasy sex would be in Bali," A.J. tells us. "I'd be surrounded by flowers, getting a full-body massage from a gorgeous woman. After that, well, use your imagination." See more of A.J. using her imagination at Penthouse.com/aj. Or call 1-800-519-6678 for exclusive Pet interviews.

MAD COW

INTERVIEW BY CHAUNCÉ HAYDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAIL ALBERT HALABAN

Chicago deejay **Erich Muller** studied to be a minister and says "13-year-old girls are probably more experienced at sex than I am." So why does **he think he's bigger than Howard Stern and bolder than Opie and Anthony?**

Erich "Mancow" Muller doesn't want to be called a shock jock, but considering some of his past escapades, he may have trouble selling that argument to the public. In 1993, for instance, the now-40-year-old Missouri native first made national headlines at KYLD-FM in San Francisco when he used vans to block the Bay Bridge during rush hour while his sidekick, Jesus "Chuy" Gomez, got a haircut.

Three years' probation, a $500 fine, and 100 hours of community service later, Muller moved to Chicago and created the million-dollar empire known as Mancow's Morning Madhouse. Not bad for a guy who considered becoming a priest … until he was expelled from Catholic school for assaulting a nun.

Yet he insists he's not a shock jock. "Honest radio," Mancow declares, "is a much more accurate description" of what he does. Call it whatever you want, but one thing is for sure: It's working. In Chicago, not even Howard Stern has come close to pulling in bigger ratings.

Mancow says he couldn't live without his listeners, but as his book, *Dad, Dames, Demons, and a Dwarf*, suggests, his success has been partially due to his large cast of characters which include personalities with such names as Turd the Bartender, D.J. Luv Cheez, Jim Jesus the Yelling Guy, Prison Bitch, Ryan the Gay Mexican, and Marissa Sanchez the Latina Heat.

Penthouse wanted to know if the Windy City could really be home to radio's second coming. When Mancow learned that we were sending Pets Nevaeh, Courtney Taylor, and Melissa Jacobs, along with legendary porn star Ron Jeremy, to his studio to soften him up for questioning, he instantly exposed his bold opinions, a sex addiction, and a bovine-size ego.

Just out of curiosity, how did you get the name Mancow?

[*Voice echoing through a megaphone*] SORRY, BUT I ONLY DO INTERVIEWS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE! SO WHAT'S YOUR FIRST QUESTION AGAIN?

If we do the whole interview this way, it's going to be a very short one. How does one go from being Erich Muller to Mancow?

[*Through loud screeching feedback*] IT'S A FRENCH NAME! IT MEANS 'BIG UDDER.' I USED TO PLAY HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL AND THE TEAM USED TO JOKE THAT I LOOKED LIKE AN UDDER. NEXT QUESTION.

Do you feel you get the respect you deserve from the radio industry?

HELL, NO! NEXT QUESTION! [*Puts the megaphone down*] I'm just kidding around! [*Introduces a blonde porn star*] Say hello to Mary Carey.

Mary Carey: Hi! Did you know that Mancow's dick is really big?

[*Mancow interjects*] We just had her look at everybody at the radio station's penis, and I was voted "Most likely to be a porno star"!

So much for the FCC censoring the airwaves.

That was off the air. But back to your question about getting the respect I deserve … I think we are absolutely on the verge of being the biggest show on planet earth, and it's about to happen in a big way.

Your nationally syndicated radio show is based out of Chicago. Of all the places you could broadcast from, why choose the coldest place on earth?

Here's the thing: I've actually gotten some great offers from Clear Channel in L.A., and I'd love to live there. But where I'm at now is perfect for me.

XM shock jocks Opie and Anthony replaced David Lee Roth at CBS radio in New York. Ironically, they were booted out of that building several years earlier for the infamous St. Patrick's Cathedral stunt—when they recorded two of their listeners having sex in the church. Are you disappointed it wasn't you?

Nah. Taking over for Stern in New York is a no-win situation—just like the guy who comes on after me will lose in Chicago. Twelve years ago, I had the choice to go on a big-name heritage station with a huge audience or the fucking loser station in Chicago. I picked the [loser] station. You can't get the *Friends* time slot and win.

How do you feel about Opie and Anthony?

I feel that they are older than me. What they do is easy, voyeuristic radio. I think it's unsellable. As a Catholic, I think people who encourage other people to have sex in a Catholic church is [*long pause*] I just think their time on CBS radio will be short-lived.

You've staged some pretty outrageous pranks yourself over the years. Did the St. Patrick's Cathedral sex stunt really upset you? Or are you just mad you didn't think of it?

I believe in free speech. I have it tattooed on my arm. It has cost me millions. But I also think there are limits to it. Imagine if they had done that stunt in a mosque. They would be dead now. I think they lost their right to be in the mainstream media. As hu-

man beings, I think they're bankrupt. We have the same agent, but my feeling is, bad things happen to bad people. I expect miserable things will happen to them. They're just bad guys.

This past winter you appeared on *America's Most Wanted* and offered $28,000 for information leading to the arrest of the driver who killed a regular on your show. Was that for real or a publicity stunt?

It's for real. We had a memory-challenged guy on the show named Cowboy Ray who was one of our cast members. He was murdered by a hit-and-run driver. I've been working closely with the Chicago cops to find his killer. But so far we have not solved that crime.

A lot of people didn't believe you because you once faked your own death.

Yeah. That's one of the problems when you cry wolf. We play so many practical jokes that nobody thought we were serious.

One review of your show claims that you cover more topics in a half hour than another radio show might cover in a week. Why cover so much material so quickly?

That's the biggest complaint I get. The generation that was raised on MTV has a quicker-paced sensibility. My show is so fast that it takes a while for people to get into it. It's Red Bull versus water. It's our strongest *and* our worst feature.

You don't like satellite radio, do you?

I'm so bored of talking about it. I'm the guy who said on the Fox News Channel's *[Bill] O'Reilly* and *Hannity & Colmes* that satellite radio is not going to work. Satellite is a giant scheme. When this is over, it's going to be just like Enron. They have sold America a bill of goods. It's one of those things where a few people at the top are going to make money and everyone else is going to get screwed.

To play devil's advocate, doesn't it make sense that satellite radio would be the logical next step from terrestrial radio, much like what cable was for television?

It's old technology! I have a cell phone that can get any radio station on earth for free! Why the hell would I pay for radio? You can go on the Internet and listen to Howard Stern for free! Why are you going to pay for that?

But be honest, for $500 million—which is reportedly what Howard Stern is earning over five years—wouldn't you jump ship and sing the praises of satellite radio as well?

For a half billion dollars, I would butt-fuck Shaq on my Thanksgiving dinner table and cause my mom to have a heart attack. It's a lot of money. I understand it. But you're talking about a guy who claims to hate his listeners because they haven't followed him. I'm the only one who predicted that would happen.

"Unless you're politically correct and are what I call the *sheeple*, **you're considered radical.** But I've never considered myself a shock jock."

Why can't shock jocks get along?

First of all, I'm not a shock jock. A shock jock is someone who says something simply for ratings or for effect. I have never done that. You and everybody else on earth would be a shock jock if they got on the air and talked honestly. I'm a Christian. Guess what? Most of the Middle East wants me dead. That, right there, is radical. Unless you're politically correct and are what I call the *sheeple* [sheep people], you're considered radical. But I've never considered myself a shock jock. I have a thick skin about it, but I don't think it's an appropriate description. The guy who went on the air and said we were under nuclear attack, the guy who said the president had been shot, and the guy who faked raping a Girl Scout ... that is shock!

What topic really sets you off?

The Supreme Court ruled that if someone pays more taxes, they can take my house! For no other reason than that! I'm talking about the new eminent-domain law.

What should we do about it?

We should storm the Capitol and pull these people out of their houses and kill them. That is outrageous! This is communism. We don't own our land now? Why don't we all get together and say, "Enough is enough!"? Hitler said, "I'm going to exterminate all the Jews." And the world went, "Fuck you! We're going to level you and kill all of your country!" We've got Hamas in the Middle East saying, "We're going to exterminate the Jews." And we're sitting around debating it! We're trying to figure out how to be friends with them! We're going to be done as a culture and a country if we don't wake up.

How did we get like this?

We have become so tolerant to intolerance! We've become P.C. sheep!

I think you'll agree that sex always sells. However, a lot of what you do on the air is above the waist. What do you have more interest in, sex or politics?

Today we had dozens of girls [in the studio]. Recently the University of Wisconsin was named a party school, so we're going to broadcast from a sorority. I'm a heterosexual male and I like women a lot. I like looking at *Penthouse*. In fact, the first naked woman I saw was in *Penthouse*. But having strippers and porn stars on your show every day is just taking the easy way out.

Unlike other irreverent morning radio hosts, you're consistently able to get Hollywood's A-list. Why are celebrities so comfortable doing your show?

I'm a genuine fan of a lot of these people. I also think we get all the major celebrities because we have a lot of listeners. I really think their first concern is economics. When they do my show, they know they're reaching everyone with a penis between the ages of 18 and 54 wherever we're on. Look, I have Roddy McDowall's *Planet of the Apes* costume and I get a kick out of it. William Shatner was at my wedding and is one of my very best friends. I speak to him every day. He gave me a phaser from the original *Star Trek* that I treasure. Jonathan Harris, who was Dr. Smith from *Lost in Space*, stayed at my home. Adam West, TV's Batman, is going to do a show with me for E! where we drive through parts of America.

No offense, but those names don't exactly bowl me over.

Listen, I'm in my thirties. Captain Kirk, Batman, and the Six Million Dollar Man! If you can't say to yourself, *Wow, man! This is as good as it gets! I'm a lucky, lucky person!*, you've lost it. A lot of guys in my industry think they're the star. I don't think that way. I'm not the star, I'm the facilitator. These people know this. I've never lost that wonder.

You have a segment on Fox News every morning. Do they allow you to say whatever you want or are there topics you're discouraged from touching?

I know this is not what people want to hear, but the truth is often shocking. I have been inside the studios of the top right-wing radio shows and the top left-wing radio shows. You can figure out who I'm talking about. When I tell you there's an agenda, there's an agenda.

So in other words, nothing is really as fair and balanced as it seems?

I have been on Fox News for eight years. It is one of the highest-rated segments ever. They have only told me what I couldn't say once. One time I referred to Rosie O'Donnell as a "big fat lesbian," and they were nervous. The next week she came out of the closet. That was the only time Fox told me what I couldn't say.

That doesn't sound very fair and balanced to me.

Courtney, Nevaeh, and Mancow share a moment with Ron Jeremy.

Everyone says, "Oh yeah, sure, fair and balanced. Are you going to name your twin girls Fair and Balanced?" I don't know what other people's relationship is with Fox, but when I hear people criticize them it makes me upset, because they have given me complete freedom ... and I have done plenty of Bush bashing.

You're married and have twin daughters. Has your radio show ever gotten you in trouble at home?

On a daily basis.

How do you deal with that?

It's really rough. The tug-of-war between men and women began with Adam and Eve. The men who submit, lose. Ninety percent of men marry their mother. I have men tell me they want to have a drink with me, but they have to ask for permission. That's not a partner or a lover or a wife. That's a mother. That's most men, and it makes me sick. With me there were ground rules. She knew what she was marrying and who she was marrying. I talk about everything on the air, and she knows that.

Do you ever regret getting married now that you have fame and fortune and the opportunity to fuck models?

Every day there's something I regret. Here's the deal: Men who don't cheat, can't.

In other words, you're as loyal as your options.

Exactly. Just today I was propositioned three times by stellar women.

So are you telling me you cheat on your wife?

No, I don't cheat.

So much for your theory.

Statistically speaking, I may live to be 100-plus. Can I actually say I will never have sex with another woman? I told my wife, "I don't know." Right now I'm happy. I haven't found anything that to me is more interesting than my wife.

Where do you stand on threesomes?

I have never done that. I'm really amazed. I look at some porn videos and I haven't done any of it.

You really are from Missouri, aren't you?

I studied to be a minister. I think 13-year-old girls are probably more experienced at sex than I am.

Porn star Mary Carey apparently is interested in your penis. Would you be willing to take her home to your wife if the three of you agreed?

I've learned that every guy's fantasy is two women. [Alfred] Kinsey could have told us that 40 years ago. I'm aware of that. But if you want to be honest, the one thing I have learned in life is that if you bring in a third person, it fails every single time. Every time you try to spice up your marriage by bringing in a guy or girl, it fails.

Why doesn't it work?

Constant jealousy! There has to be! One girl always ends up crying. I was just talking to a buddy about that HBO show [*Big Love*] with Bill Paxton and he said, "Wouldn't it be great to have three wives?" And I said, "Well, you're obviously not married. You just don't know." God, I'd paint the ceiling with my brains! I'd put a gun in my mouth!

We all have vices. What's yours?

My vice is every man's vice. I was just at a charity golfing event at Pebble Beach with the actor Michael Douglas. I was talking to him about the sex-addiction thing. I told him, "You're a man. Every man has that addiction." Don Rickles told me once that Bob Hope, during his last years, couldn't even tell you what he had in his hand. But bring up anything sexual and he would remember it! He remembered every single woman and every single encounter he ever had. But he couldn't tell you his name. I think there's a lesson in that for all men.

Any other bad habits?

I was just with David Gilmour of Pink Floyd, whose new CD is very boring, and I told him that. I sat there and watched him do "Comfortably Numb" while smoking a joint. If that's evil, then put me in jail.

Visit me at my new personal website!

Pet of the Year 2006
Winner, Jamie Lynn

My official website SexyJamie.com features special photo galleries of me that I've chosen especially for you, plus exclusive videos, candid photos, and my personal blog! So, visit me today at SexyJamie.com!

SexyJamie.com

Call the Penthouse Pet Hotline!
1-800-945-PETS
7387
Must be over 18.
http://www.SexyJamie.com

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

Penis Rings

What: Made of rubber or silicone, this circular device is placed around the base of the penis. The rings come in various shapes and forms—such as ribbed, ridged, or with clitoral and anal ticklers and vibrators.
How: Stretch it over the penis and roll down to the base. If it has a tickler or vibrator, position the ring to stimulate the woman's clitoris or anus by stretching it over the testicles and lining up the attachment.
Why: A ring can help some men maintain an erection by concentrating blood flow in the penis. Attachments can add clitoral and anal stimulation during intercourse. If she loves vibrators, this is one way to turn your penis into a vibrating toy!
Where: The Utopia Wireless Vibrating Love Ring by Penthouse and One Shot by California Exotic Novelties are available at PenthouseStore.com.

GETTING TO ME! If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse*, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

Try these tricks and take your climax from O to OH MY GOD!

Inversion: Hang your head off the side of the bed right before you climax—the blood rush will enhance your orgasm.
Cool Off: While your girl is giving you head, have her alternate between sipping warm and cold water. The temperature change will make your nerve endings stand on end.
Pressure: Some men report feeling intense pleasure from tightly squeezing the base of their penis during sex.
Kegel exercises: Contracting your pelvic muscles not only helps you last longer by staving off your climax, but it creates a more intense release. Just practice squeezing and relaxing your peritoneal muscle (the one you use to stop urine flow).
Eye contact: Staring into her eyes during sex will enhance your connection and closeness.
Anal stimulation: You've got nerve endings there—use them to add to your pleasure.
Sensory deprivation: Block one of your senses, such as your eyesight. Not knowing what will happen next will make your nerves more receptive. Got a blindfold?

Photographs by left to right: Warren Bing, Nick Rotter

ASK DOC ZDROK

Pull the Plug

My girlfriend of two years has been growing distant, and the harder I try to win her back, the more she pulls away. Yesterday, she declared she no longer loves me and wants to move out. I would do anything to keep her! What can I do to change her mind?—J.B., New York

Unfortunately, not much. What you've described suggests she's no longer into you, and no amount of persuasion can change that. The fact that she's unwilling to share the trigger for her feelings is all the more reason you should move on. Why would you choose to live with a woman who doesn't care for you, does not enjoy sleeping with you, and wants to be with other men? My advice is simple: Tell her to hit the road, say "next," and move on as fast as you can. Become immersed in your work, hobbies, and friends. Take a trip, join a gym, or move to a new apartment. Remind yourself that there are a couple billion available young women in the world, millions of whom would love to meet you. You might be only a few dates away from a much better relationship!

Bottoms Up

My ex-girlfriend loved having anal sex, which was great because I love giving it. However, my current girlfriend has never had anal, and she's not willing to try it because she's heard it's painful. How can I convince her? —R.S., Virginia

Anal sex needs to be approached carefully (both figuratively and literally). If done incorrectly, it *can* be painful. If she's already fearful of pain, she'll most likely tense up her muscles, which will make penetration even more painful. Since she's already told you she doesn't want to try, don't push it. Reintroduce the concept very slowly, building up trust and teaching her to relax her muscles. Start with light anal rimming with your tongue or finger while you're giving her oral. Combine these light anal stimulations with clitoral or G-spot stimulation. You can also try finger rimming while she is on top during intercourse, or use light spanking to help her associate bottom stimulation with sexual pleasure. Once she's comfortable having her anus touched during foreplay, try a little finger penetration—but be sure to use lots of lube, since anal tissue doesn't lubricate naturally like the vagina. If she responds, gradually introduce an anal toy that comes with various levels of vibration. Once she's comfortable, try to attempt the real deal! Just remember this may take many nights and lots of lovemaking.

"Try a little **finger** penetration—but be sure to use lots of lube, since **anal tissue** doesn't **lubricate** naturally like the vagina."

Passionate Pampering

I've heard that daily application of fresh semen gives women clear skin. Is this really true, or is it a myth created by men hoping to get blowjobs? I'd like my girl to stop paying for those expensive facials and let my dick do the trick instead!—S.D., Georgia

There *is* some truth to it: Semen contains protein, which temporarily tightens the skin. However, the only way to maintain that effect is for your girlfriend to walk around with dried semen on her face. If the semen is washed off, though, it may exfoliate dead skin cells, making skin feel softer.

Semen also contains lipids, essential amino acids, and prostaglandins—substances found in creams that help repair skin and increase blood flow. But without the special additives found in skin creams, these substances are probably unable to penetrate the skin to deliver their benefits.

The bottom line: Semen may work as an exfoliant, but it's useless as a moisturizer. (In fact, women in this experiment claimed that semen dried out their skin.) But for some, semen has an amazing placebo effect! So tell your girl to have moisturizer ready—you'll provide the exfoliation. Just avoid any zits on her face, and watch your aim. Ejaculate has a high salt content, and it stings if it gets in the eye!

Photographs/Illustrations by Women Talking

Old Wives' Tale?

My girlfriend seems to be hornier than ever during her period. I've gotten her off with a vibrator, but I haven't fucked her because it's kind of freaky. Is it okay to have sex?—A.N., New York

There is an old myth that women cannot—or should not—have sex during this time. But many women (including me) get especially horny then. In fact, 74 percent of women reported an increase in their sex drives just before or during their periods, according to the *Hite Report*. For some, having an orgasm relieves uterine cramps—so if their partner doesn't take them to bed, they'll masturbate. Some couples avoid sex only during the first day of the woman's period, when the bleeding is heaviest. Other couples have sex in the shower, while some simply throw a towel on the bed and get busy.

Two caveats: The cervix opens slightly during menstruation, providing a greater chance for bacteria to infect her reproductive organs. Also, because she's expelling blood from her womb, the risk of transmitting STDs to her partner is greater. So remember the condom, unless you're in a monogamous relationship.

HER TOP 10 SEXUAL FANTASIES

Sure, we know while you're banging your babe, you occasionally imagine she's Jessica Alba (who just happens to be in love with you). But women fantasize while making love, too! Here are some of her favorites:

10. DOMINATION. Taking you by surprise and bossing you around can do wonders for her ego. Why? She gets to tease you into a passionate frenzy *and* tell you exactly how to please her, making her feel like the most desired woman alive. So bring home handcuffs and tell her you've committed a carnal crime.

9. EXOTIC LOCATIONS. Yeah, your water bed is fun, but many women get turned on by having sex in unexpected places. You know how sex on vacation is always hotter? Find out where your girl's mind is roaming—and take her there.

8. HER EX. No matter how great you are, she will occasionally head down memory lane. It doesn't mean she wants to get back with the jerk—it just means that something, like a certain look or a position, brought up his memory. But don't fret—ex-sex *fantasies* are just that.

7. ACQUAINTANCES. Just as you may find yourself fantasizing about fucking a coworker, she may fantasize about her boss, your best friend, the guy down the hall—even your teenage brother. Variety is the spice of sex, and as long as it stays in her head, there's no harm done.

6. EXHIBITIONISM. More so than men, women often fantasize about public sex. Maybe she daydreams about you bending her over the bar in your local pub during happy hour, or doing it standing up on the dance floor of your favorite club. Why? You're showing the world how much you desire her.

5. STRANGERS. This should blow away your preconception that all we want is committed sex! There's nothing more delicious than the thought of a wild tryst with a handsome stranger she'll never see again. The fantasy has the thrill of anonymous sex—without the risk. So wear a mask to bed and have fun!

4. SUBMISSION. These types of fantasies are extremely common among women—but they don't necessarily mean she is a masochist. She's probably dreaming of a sensitive, caring brute who finds her so irresistible that he'll be overwhelmed with the desire to take her and give her heart-pounding orgasms.

3. WOMEN. About 70 percent of women have bi-curious fantasies—after all, you're not the only one fascinated by gorgeous breasts and soft lips. But don't worry—having fantasies about another woman doesn't make her gay. Take advantage of this one and suggest a threesome!

2. CELEBRITIES. Yup! While you're fantasizing she's Angelina Jolie, she's imagining you're Brad Pitt. Use this to your advantage: Rent some videos starring your celebrity crushes, then enjoy the post-show perks!

1. MULTIPLE PARTNERS. Four or more hands on her body, many mouths kissing every part of her, tongues on her clit … ah, don't get me started on *my* favorite fantasy! But fantasizing is the only safe way to fit so many people in your bed, so give her enough loving for two men and let her dream.

By Ken Sander • Photographs by Brian Klutch

Making Waves

Yamaha's FX Cruiser High Output Waverunner has a 1,052-cc four-cylinder, four-stroke engine that's powerful enough to make a huge splash. $11,099. Yamaha-Motor.com

The waterproof **Uniden Cordless TWX977** 5.8-GHz base unit can accommodate up to ten additional handsets, and it's compatible with the WX1377 handset. $100. Uniden.com

Uniden's Cordless WX1377 900-MHz floating handset is sturdy enough to withstand the elements and has a 14-day battery life. $50. Uniden.com

Canon's **10x42 L IS WP** waterproof binoculars utilize image-stabilizer technology for shake-free viewing. A large lens diameter contributes to clear images, even in low light or bad weather. $1,399. Consumer.USA.Canon.com

The rugged **Eye-Max** AM/FM/weather-band radio by **Freeplay** has a solar panel that powers the battery pack. No sun? No problem. Wind it for 30 seconds and generate 35 minutes of play time. $70. FreeplayEnergy.com

Garmin's **GPSMAP 76Cx** handheld navigator is waterproof, has a large color display, and turn-by-turn routing to keep you on course. It even has a 128-MB microSD card to store extra maps and data. $536. Garmin.com

The **Durabook N15RI** notebook by **Twinhead** has a tough magnesium alloy case that makes it splash-proof and shock-resistant. $1,499. Twinhead.com

Dual's **MXDM70** receiver plays AM/FM/CD/MP3/WMA and weather channels. The handy iPlug interface cable connects to standard 3.5-mm headphone jacks. $300; optional remote, $99. DualAV.com

ADVERTISEMENT

Do you HATE Rejection by Women? Imagine, no more heartbreak, no more rejection, ever…

"The Amazing 'Natural Attraction Secrets' of a 5'7" Former Loser From Texas, That Literally Compel Beautiful, Desirable Women To *Approach You First*, Begging for a Date, No Matter Your Looks, Age or Income"

***WARNING**. When You Put These "Women Approach You Secrets" to Work You Must Be Careful Not to Attract TOO MANY Women Too Fast! Why would any sane man reveal these secrets in a **FREE Report** if they were true? Read my message below to find out…*

If you are frustrated with your relationships with women, and want to spend your time with **desirable women *who all approached you first***, this may be the most important message you ever read. Here's why:

My name is John Alanis, and I used to be a complete loser when it came to meeting women (**even ugly ones**). Whenever I saw a beautiful woman I got so scared, I literally made myself sick at the thought of approaching her. I'd walk away, wondering "what could have been" if I'd only had the "guts" to talk to her. **Maybe you've had a similar experience.** Here's what was even more frustrating: on those few occasions when I was "lucky enough" to get a "date" I never got a second one…. instead **she always told me what a "nice guy"** I was, but she "just wasn't attracted to me." And then she'd go moon over some "jerk" who cared nothing about her, and would *dump* her for her best friend at a moment's notice!

Has that happened to you? **It sucks, doesn't it?** But it gets worse… what would happen next is, one of these jerks would dump the woman I *secretly lusted after*, and she'd come crying to me, telling me what a great "friend" I was for "listening"… and she'd move to the next "jerk," crushing my feelings like a grape. The one time I did have a "steady girlfriend," I discovered **she was just using me for money**, even though I really didn't have much of that. She never had a problem taking what little I did have, though.

I was beginning to think I'd be "celibate for life," when an unusual thing happened that put me on the true path to "male liberation" and literally **allows me to attract any woman I want, on demand! And, I'm convinced any man can duplicate my success, no matter your looks, age, or income.**

Skeptical? I don't blame you… if you'd told me a few months ago I'd be able to compel desirable women to boldly walk up and talk to me, **I'd have called you a big, fat liar, right to your face.**

How I "Accidentally" Raised Myself From Failure to Success with Desirable Women

I've always been fascinated by psychology, and the one thing I've always had going for me is the obsessive will to learn new things. Anyways, I was at a seminar awhile back, listening to a short, fat, dumpy guy speak on the subject of advertising. What this guy had to say about what makes people "tick" was truly amazing… but what was even more amazing was the **reaction of all the women in the audience to him after he was done speaking!** They all **rushed** to him, **vying for his attention.** And these weren't ugly women…. they **were intelligent, desirable, *beautiful* businesswomen**… who all went "gaga" like little girls over this short, fat, dumpy guy! I watched him take the numbers of 3 drop-dead gorgeous women before he finally left. I had to know this guy's secret…. how could someone **that ugly** literally have hot, sexy women throw themselves at him?

The Amazing "Natural Attraction" Secrets of A Desperate Nerd From Texas!

Luckily, I was able to corner him before he left the room, and I somehow talked him into having dinner with me. As we sat down to eat, I asked him, point blank: "Look, you're not exactly the best looking guy in the world… **in fact you look sort of like a basset hound. Yet, you have hot women throwing themselves at you**… what's your secret? What do you do? And, will it work for me?"

He laughed when I said that. Then he told me something I'll never forget as long as I live: "John," he said, "I've been in advertising for a long, long time, and I've been involved in amazing research into what makes people buy things."

"The psychological processes that get people to buy are **the exact same processes that get women to become attracted to you.** I used to be a complete loser when it came to women, until I applied what I learned in my advertising career to my love life. And ever since then, the results have been phenomenal."

"The truth is, **every man is already 'naturally attractive'**… it's biologically programmed into us, much like it is with animals in nature. But, in our modern society we've gotten away from our natural instincts and are taught the opposite of what works."

"All you have to do is "switch on" the biologically programmed "attraction triggers" all women have deep inside, **then stand back and let them come to you. Looks don't matter, age doesn't matter, income doesn't matter… all those things we've been taught about 'dating' and 'romance' are just plain wrong. Stop dating, and start attracting… it's really simple."**

Most Men Do NOT Attract Women Simply Because They Were Never Taught How!

Then he told me step-by-step exactly how he attracted women, and how I could do the same. As he talked, I realized **he had truly, "cracked the code"** and that **attracting women was nothing more than a paint-by-numbers, step-by-step, brain-dead simple process.** It **works for every man** because you're already born with natural attraction that is genetically designed to "flip on" biological attraction. **It can't not work.**

Here Are A Few of These Remarkable Secrets

- **How to tap into your natural attraction to "magnetically draw" the most desirable women to you** (they'll come up and talk to you first, already "pre-disposed" to liking you…)
- The seven deadly turn-offs that will guarantee you instant failure with any woman (**if you're currently failing with women, it's because you're unconsciously broadcasting one… and probably more… of these attraction-killing turn-off's)**
- **The amazing "romance novel hero" secret** that will have **her thinking about you** (and ONLY you) even when you're not around (not one in a thousand men knows this simple secret, yet it's incredibly powerful—never be cheated on again)
- **Just looking for a "casual encounter?"** Here's how to tell (within 15 minutes) if she's open to being your **"adventure partner"** or **"special friend"** (and many more women ARE than you think) or if she's only interested in a committed relationship (this secret lets you avoid giving a woman "false expectations" so you won't "hurt" her like all those jerks out there do)

How to use a subtle "test" to discover if she's even qualified to spend time with you (this is the ultimate "turning of the tables"— women test men over and over…. now you get to test her to see if she's "good enough" for you… **and make sure she's not a stalker, gold-digger or psycho-path)**

- How to read little known female signals that let **you know she's attracted to you** (and why you **must act immediately** when you sense these, or risk losing a woman who wants you, now)
- Secrets to using your body language for **maximum "attraction effect"** (the wrong kind will **turn women off**… the right kind can have them flocking to you)
- **How to attract women by saying nothing at all!**
- Shy? **Here's how to use your "shyness"** to literally force women to chase you (they won't think you're "shy" at all, they'll think you're "mysterious" and "challenging" and wonder what it takes to get you to "open up!")
- How to "position" yourself so **multiple women compete for your attention** (never compete with other men again… now they can jealously watch women chase you, and wonder what YOUR secret is)
- How to **never be nervous or flustered** ever again when talking to women (when they approach you, it's remarkably simple to be calm, cool, and collected… you get to make the "rejection decision," not her)
- How to **never spend more than $1.84 on a "first date"** and have her thinking it was the best "date" she ever had (she'll be dying to see you again… IF you decide she's "your type," not the other way around)
- **How to create an "automatic referral system"** that *compels* your female friends to compete with each other to see **who can bring you the most women**

… and much more. Look, no matter if you want to **meet a woman for purely "physical reasons,"** or you truly, deeply want to **meet that "special woman"** to spend the rest of your life with these secrets have the power to…

Give You Absolute Power and Control Over All Your Romantic Outcomes For Life

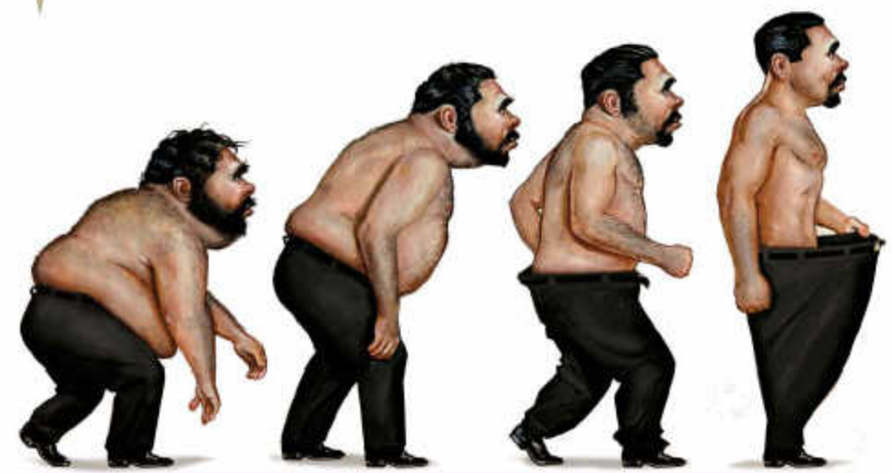
Let's cut to the chase. You have just read a detailed description of these remarkable "natural attraction secrets" and what they can do for you. However, I must warn you, these secrets are not for everyone. If you're a guy who's out to hurt or "get back at women," you can stop reading now. **These secrets are only for guys who want to choose their own outcomes with women in a way that makes women feel really, really wonderful.**

Look, I understand you may find these secrets hard to believe. That's why I've put all the details of how you can put these "hidden secrets" to work for you into a 28 page report that is yours **FREE** for the asking. To have this incredible **FREE** report rushed to you at once via first class mail, simply call **1-800-452-8320 ext 205** for a 24 hour free recorded message. Or, you may go to **www.womenapproachme.com** and enter **Report Code 205 RIGHT NOW** to request it and instantly read a copy online. The number of men who will get this report is strictly limited. I don't want every guy out there in on my secrets. So, after this marketing test ends, I'm going to discontinue this report, until I'm sure all the men who've requested it are behaving responsibly. Don't risk being left out. Dial **1-800-452-8320 ext 205** now, or go to **www.womenapproachme.com and enter Report Code 205**. It doesn't cost you a thing.

© MMVI Art of Steel, Inc.

Illustration by Chris Hare

By Kara Wahlgren



LOSE A POUND A WEEK

You'll need to burn or cut 3,500 calories to drop one pound—so if you want the job done in a week, you need to get rid of 500 calories each day. It's not as hard as it sounds. Charles Stuart Platkin—J.D., M.P.H., public health advocate, and syndicated columnist of "Diet Detective"—put together this mix-and-match list of calorie burners and cutters. "Not every one is going to fit, but you have to find the one that's going to work for you," says Platkin. (Fitness stats are based on a 155-pound person.)

50 calories

- Switch from four tablespoons of half-and-half in your coffee to four tablespoons of skim milk.
- Replace a strip of bacon (70-plus calories) on your sandwich with a slice of ham (25 to 30 calories).
- Drink a premium low-cal beer instead of a regular beer.
- Run the length of a football field seven times.
- Toss a football around for 17 minutes.
- Play Frisbee for 15 minutes.
- Move furniture around for seven minutes.
- Work on your car for 14 minutes.
- Pull weeds for eight minutes.
- Spend seven minutes dancing at a club (about two songs).

100 calories

- Replace an energy drink (150 to 200 calories) with a three-ounce shot of espresso.
- Switch from a tablespoon of mayo to a tablespoon of ketchup, mustard, or horseradish.
- Swap a half-dozen wings (720 calories) with two slices of pizza (600 calories).
- Replace a fruit smoothie (450-plus calories) with a Slurpee (330 calories).
- Swap a quarter cup of French onion dip (120 calories) with a quarter cup of salsa (28 calories).
- Replace a burger and bun (550 calories) with a chicken breast (230 calories).
- Go bodysurfing for 30 minutes.
- Go canoeing for 30 minutes.
- Moving? Lug boxes up and down your stairs for ten minutes.

250 calories

- Switch from two ounces of chips to two cups of air-popped popcorn.
- Switch from one cup of ice cream to one cup of light ice cream.
- Swap a 12-ounce sirloin (700 calories) with a nine-ounce filet (450 calories).
- Replace a Slurpee with a Diet Slurpee.
- Replace a blueberry muffin with a plain glazed donut.

To lose one measly pound, you have to eliminate a whopping 3,500 calories. Luckily, it's not as hard as it sounds—a few small changes can make a big fat difference.

- Switch from a slice of blueberry pie to a cup of blueberries with whipped cream.
- Replace potato salad with a baked potato.
- Play an hour of golf.
- Do an hour's worth of carpentry.
- Play beach paddleball for 30 minutes.

500 calories

- Replace a fast-food lunch with a low-cal frozen meal. (Lean Cuisine qualifies; Hungry Man doesn't.)
- Switch from a chocolate-chip muffin to an English muffin.
- Swim laps for an hour.
- Go fishing for two hours.
- Go kayaking for an hour and 25 minutes.
- Play beach volleyball for an hour.
- Go biking for an hour and ten minutes.
- Play pickup basketball for 53 minutes.
- Take a 53-minute run at a 12-minute-mile pace.
- Row for 50 minutes.

Check the Date

Fewer Americans are feasting on pink burgers, runny eggs, and raw fish. According to a recent survey, our food habits are safer than ever—only 21 percent of Americans admit to eating high-risk foods. Wondering how safe the food in *your* fridge is? Here's how to determine when your grub is past its prime.

Food	Fridge (after opening)	Freezer
Eggs	3 weeks raw, or 1 week hardboiled	N/A
Egg substitute	3 days	N/A
Mayonnaise	2 months	N/A
Hot dogs	1 week	1 to 2 months
Lunch meat	3 to 5 days	1 to 2 months
Ground meat	1 to 2 days	3 to 4 months
Steak	3 to 5 days	6 to 12 months
Soup	3 to 4 days	2 to 3 months
Raw chicken (pieces)	1 to 2 days	9 months
Cooked meat	3 to 4 days	2 to 3 months
Fish	1 to 2 days	6 months (lean), 2 months (fatty)
Pizza	3 to 4 days	1 to 2 months
Juice	7 to 10 days	8 to 12 months
Hard cheese	3 to 4 weeks	6 months
Cream cheese	2 weeks	N/A
Milk	7 days	3 months
Yogurt	7 to 14 days	1 to 2 months

Dump anything perishable if you lose power for more than four hours.

Dazed and Confused

Chronic pot smoking could affect your smarts, according to a recent study. Greek researchers found that people who smoked four or more joints per week performed worse than nonusers on tests measuring memory, attention, and verbal fluency. Long-term smokers had the worst scores of all—on decision-making tests, people who'd been toking up for more than ten years were impaired 70 percent of the time, compared to rates of 55 percent for short-term users and eight percent among nonusers. It's still not clear whether the drug directly caused the fuzzy thinking. The good news? Some experts believe the damage may be reversible.

Beware the Mini-Stroke!

What it is: A transient ischemic attack occurs when the oxygen supply is cut off to part of your brain. The effects last for less than 24 hours—usually, less than ten minutes.

Symptoms: numbness or weakness of part of the body, confusion, vision problems, dizziness, or speech impairment

Why you should see a doctor: A TIA is caused by the temporary blockage of a brain artery, and your risk of having a stroke goes way up for the week following a TIA. By seeking treatment, you can increase your chances of preventing a major stroke. (Lowering your cholesterol or blood pressure also helps.) Don't bother calling your physician, unless your insurance requires it—you'll be referred to the ER anyway.

Mini-strokes put victims at a high risk for stroke, the third leading cause of death in the U.S. But only one in ten sufferers sought immediate treatment, according to a British study.

Photographs by (top to bottom): Carl Dwyer/Getty Images; Paramount

Booze: The Miracle Drug?

It's official: No one seems to know what the hell is going on with alcohol. Recent studies have linked it to colorectal cancer and brain damage, but booze has also been found to lower your risk for obesity and heart disease. Now, a new report suggests that the health benefits of alcohol may be greatly exaggerated.

Previous studies claimed that abstainers had higher death rates than moderate drinkers. But a group of researchers found a flaw in those studies: Many "abstainers" had actually quit drinking because of declining health, medication use, or disability. On the other hand, studies that compared long-term abstainers to moderate drinkers found no difference in their death risk. The verdict: Light to moderate drinking may be a *sign* of good health, but it might not actually *cause* good health.

Go B-A-N-A-N-A-S

Want to live longer? Magnesium may be the key. According to a 20-year study, a magnesium-rich diet might reduce your risk of developing metabolic syndrome—the motley crew of symptoms including high blood pressure, high blood sugar, and elevated blood fats that increases your risk for heart disease and diabetes. The risk of metabolic syndrome was 31 percent lower for participants with the highest intake of magnesium. The recommended daily amount for men is 400 milligrams per day. Most multivitamins don't supply your RDA, so get an extra dose from bananas, whole-grain cereals, spinach, avocados, and raisins.

Eat more bananas and you might stick around a little longer. A new study found that magnesium might help prevent a life-threatening combo of medical conditions.

Good News About Avian Flu

With all the doomsday warnings about the avian flu—like how it could potentially wipe out a solid percentage of the world's population any day now—we figured we'd dig up the single scrap of not-so-terrifying news about the deadly illness.

Two new studies have found that human-to-human transmission of the virus may be much tougher than spreading the seasonal flu, because the H5N1 virus likes to set up shop deep within the lungs—as opposed to the upper respiratory tract, where the human flu works its magic. Since coughing and sneezing originate in the upper respiratory tract, you won't have as much exposure to the virus.

On the downside, the avian flu's cozy location makes it harder to treat once it's contracted, because it's in a region of the lungs that's hard to access. And scientists worry that the virus could mutate into a form that *is* easily spread among humans, which would suck on an apocalyptic level. Luckily, it would take a lot of complex genetic rewriting to move the virus into the upper respiratory tract, so you're safe for now.

Photographs by (clockwise): Denise Sabena/Corbis; Corbis; Getty

The Buzz on Energy Drinks and Alcohol

If vodka and Red Bull is your drink of choice, listen up: Researchers say the two don't mix as well as you might think.

The theory is, mixing your liquor with a shot of liquid energy will heighten your happy buzz and keep you feeling alert. But researchers found that the cocktail still made drinkers, well, *drunk*. Although participants reported feeling less intoxicated, they still experienced dizziness, fatigue, weakness, stumbling, slurred speech, and all the other good stuff that defines a night of dogged drinking. The problem, researchers say, is that the false sense of alertness from the energy drinks may make users more likely to make bad decisions—like getting behind the wheel.

Even the makers of Red Bull frown on the mix: "Alcohol makes you tired, and can impair the positive functional effects of Red Bull," a spokeswoman says. In other words, pick one buzz—and *only* one buzz.

A Day at the Races

We pit a psychic against a professional handicapper at the horse track—with a couple of Penthouse Pets thrown in for good measure.

The psychic, Mrs. Reese Claims to have ESP; owns a crystal ball

By John Bolster >>> Photographs by Danielle St. Laurent

There's a scene in an old Woody Allen movie in which Allen's character meets a psychic. "Psychic, huh?" he says. "She must do well at the racetrack."

He makes a good point, and it got us wondering: Would someone who makes a living predicting the future do any better at playing the ponies than people who lack this gift?

In the interest of science, we visited a New York City psychic and asked her to predict the top three finishers of the $4 million Breeders' Cup Classic at Belmont Park, in Elmont, New York. We also asked horse-racing expert Ted McClelland, author of *Horseplayers: Life at the Track*, to weigh in with his picks. Then we boarded the *Penthouse* jet (okay, Dodge minivan) with 2005 Pet of the Year Martina Warren and 2004 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Courtney Taylor—both of whom also would make picks on the race—and headed off to the track.

Here are the results:

2005 Pet of the Year Martina Warren Horse-racing rookie

2004 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Courtney Taylor Huge sports fan; talks a good game

The Sports Editor Just here to learn

IT'S IN THE CARDS

There it is, beneath the neon sign in the window—an actual crystal ball. Will the mysterious Mrs. Reese be looking into it to view the outcome of tomorrow's race? More important, will I be able to sneak a peek at the finish and maybe make some real dough?

Not at first, anyway: Our soothsayer takes out a deck of tarot cards and asks me to cut and shuffle it three times. I make three clunky shuffles

The expert, Ted McClelland, author of *Horseplayers: Life at the Track* Bets like a pro

Photography by Ted Mensal

of the 78 oversize cards, and the photographer tells me she didn't get a good shot. Is it okay if I shuffle them once more so she can get another picture? I look at the psychic, wondering if this will affect the results of my reading. She shrugs, takes a drag of her cigarette, and says, "Sure, go ahead."

A quick note on tarot readings: You might think they are the province of hucksters, charlatans, and those New Agey girls you wanted to fuck in college, but they actually have an ancient and fascinating (well, somewhat fascinating) history dating to at least the mid-fifteenth century. Psychologist Carl Jung, novelist Italo Calvino, and poet T. S. Eliot, among other well-known folks, used tarot cards in their work, appreciating their elaborate system of archetypal symbols. Okay, here endeth the lecture.

Mrs. Reese—perhaps like you—doesn't seem all that interested in the tradition of tarot. She exhales the bluest, thickest plume of smoke I've ever seen into the blinding sunlight of her tiny storefront and studies her fingernails. I actually pull off a perfect shuffle this time, which I take as a good omen, and the photographer gets her shot.

Our soothsayer has agreed in advance to make predictions on the Breeders' Cup Classic, but my reading consists almost entirely of an assessment of my romantic and professional futures (so-so on both fronts), with a couple of sidetracks into how well I'm sleeping (ditto). She turns card after card after card and speaks in a lilting rhythm. When it's over ten minutes later, I've almost forgotten what we came in for, but I have a creeping sense that (a) I will be doing some traveling soon, (b) I recently moved or might be moving soon, and (c) I will face challenges, but someone will be bringing some strong positive energy toward me. So I've got that going for me.

"Is there anything else?" she asks me, straight-faced. "Do you have any questions?"

Here's one: How 'bout this horse race tomorrow? Who do you like in that?

Mrs. Reese pulls on her cigarette and squints at the race chart I hand her. She gestures vaguely at three horses in quick succession. (Their odds are in parentheses.)

1. Rock Hard Ten (7–2)
2. Jack Sullivan (50–1)
3. Super Frolic (30–1)

THE 22ND BREEDERS' CUP WORLD THOROUGHBRED CHAMPIONSHIPS

As you can tell from its impressive name, the Breeders' Cup is a huge deal. It consists of eight races, has a total purse of $14 million this year, and puts an exclamation point on the end of the horse-racing season. This year's edition is missing some big names—2005 Kentucky Derby winner Giacomo and 2005 Preakness and Belmont Stakes champ Afleet Alex are nursing injuries—but there will be plenty of equine star power on hand and a huge crowd. Our experiment is only concerned with the final of the eight races, the Breeders' Cup Classic. It's a 1¼-mile race for horses three years and older, and has a massive prestige factor. This year, Saint Liam is a 3–1 favorite, followed by Rock Hard Ten (7–2) and Borrego (9–2). The winner will earn more than $2 million.

TED BREAKS IT DOWN

Our horse-racing expert, Ted McClelland, submits his picks that night:

1. Rock Hard Ten (7–2)
2. Saint Liam (3–1)
3. Sir Shackleton (20–1)

That's right, the professional handicapper and the fortune-teller have picked the same winner! I'm not sure what this means for our project, but I'm very excited about it.

Here's what Ted had to say: "Saint Liam has had a great year, but he's never won at a mile and a quarter, and he's starting from post 13 at Belmont. He'll have to run wide and won't be able to get into good position until well into the race. Rock Hard Ten has the inside post, and he should be able to control the pace. Sir Shackleton usually runs near the back, then passes tired horses to clunk up for second or third.

"Handicapping isn't about predicting the behavior of horses," McClelland explains. "It's about predicting the behavior of other bettors and exploiting their mistakes.

"You should always be looking for false favorites at the track," he continues. "The public loves to over-bet the horse who's finished second two or three races in a row. They think he's due for a win, but he's not—he's due to finish second again. Find one or two other contenders, and bet them to win instead."

Or take a drag on a cig and randomly stab a page out of the *Daily Racing Form*. You know, either way.

I check my e-mail before bed that night and find the following message from Ted: "Rock Hard Ten has been scratched! I'm going to have to take another look at the race. I'll send you a new analysis tonight."

Rock Hard Ten "shed a frog" during a practice run, and his trainer, Richard Mandella, pulled him from the B.C. Classic. The "frog" is "the cushion between the two heels on the foot that is like a shock absorber." I had no idea horses had frogs—or two heels.

THE GIRLS OF *PENTHOUSE*

I meet the gorgeous, platinum-blonde Martina Warren in the lobby of her hotel the next morning and tell her my double-barreled news: The psychic and the expert picked the same winner, and that horse was scratched overnight.

Martina doesn't miss a beat: "Psychic should have seen that coming."

This is going to be a good day.

Courtney Taylor appears a few minutes later looking like Veronica Lake, and we pile into the *Penthouse* Escalade with diamond-encrusted rims.... I mean, our white freakin' Dodge minivan. Our first stop is the psychic's, so she can pick a new winner.

PEERING INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL

Mrs. Reese is expecting me; she's sitting in her tiny front room, smoking like a tire fire, with a diaper-clad toddler at her feet. Before I show her the race chart again, I ask if we can break out the crystal ball—it's not just for decoration, is it? No, it's not, she insists. She takes down the ball, sets it on the table, and lets her hands flutter over it. Perfect! Now we'll get some results. I ask her to pick a new winner for the race, since Rock Hard Ten (we have a guy here at *Penthouse* with that nickname, by the way) was scratched. She scans the chart, peers back into the crystal, and selects 30–1 long shot A Bit O'Gold.

Then I ask her how I'm going to do at the track that day.

"I see that what will happen at the race," she says, exhaling a small typhoon of cigarette smoke over the crystal ball, "is going to be the opposite of what other people may think. I see people may hope for one thing, but I do see that it will turn out to be wrong. It will be something else."

Isn't this pretty much exactly what Ted said? Cue the *Twilight Zone* theme.

We pile back into our pimped-out *Penthouse* ride and head for the track.

BELMONT PARK

We pass through the turnstiles of Belmont Park's cavernous—and cold!—open-air pavilion. Either I have something on my face or my fly is open, because we are attracting a lot of attention. You'd think these people have never seen a guy and two dames at the track before. (Something about my circumstances makes me want to talk like Humphrey Bogart.) There's a steady parade of double takes, head-turns, and finger-points as we walk along—what's with these people?

A cop approaches. I reach for my press credentials to show him we're legit, but he just wants to shake my hand.

Halfway across the plaza, a woman stops Courtney to tell her she looks like a movie star from the 1940s. Can a lady be paid a higher compliment than that? I'm not sure, but Courtney is beaming all the way to the betting windows.

I pull out charts for my companions and they study them. Courtney has this all sussed out: She likes Borrego's past performances—"He was a strong third in the Santa Anita Handicap and he won the Pacific Classic and the Gold Cup," she says—and bets him to win, followed by the new favorite, Saint Liam (3–1), and 10–1 Oratorio, who's starting from post four.

Martina takes a more intuitive approach. She likes the name Liam so she's going with Saint Liam, followed by Flower Alley at 10–1 (women like flowers, she says) and A Bit O'Gold (ditto her previous rationale). Sounds good to me (and to the clerk, who's been smiling like a Cheshire cat the entire time we've been lingering at his window).

A famous turn-of-the-twentieth-century gambler named Pittsburgh Phil once said, "All consistently successful players of horses are men of temperate habits." Check: That's me. He also said, "A man cannot divide his attentions at the track between horses and women." Um ...

I'm thinking of Ted McClelland's advice—or was it Mrs. Reese's?—as I contemplate my bet. To me, a man of minimal gambling experience, picking a horse is like picking wine in a restaurant. You scan the list, find the three least-expensive bottles, then pick the *second*-cheapest one so you won't look like a total tightwad—and clueless to boot. Restaurants know this, so they actually drop their cheapest bottle into that second-cheapest price slot and get you to buy it at a huge markup. True story.

To apply that strategy to McClelland's advice, substitute the bottles of wine for the top three contenders. Who does everyone *think* is going to win? Well, you can't take that horse. This obviously rules out Saint Liam, the 3–1 favorite. But then things get tricky. What if everyone else is following McClelland's advice? In my mind (not necessarily the best place to go for betting tactics), this throws the whole thing out of whack. If everyone's betting the horse they think no one *else* likes, well, you can see how this could lead to a slippery slope of second-guessing.

But enough overthinking. I decide my under-the-radar contender will be Sir Shackleton, who finished second in his last race (the $500,000 Woodward Stakes, also at Belmont) and will go off at 20–1 from the sixth post.

Truth be told, I'm also using a little of Martina's method: I'm a fan of Ernest Shackleton, one of the greatest explorers of the twentieth century, who survived an astounding ordeal in Antarctica from 1914 to 1916. You can look it up. After Shackleton I go with Saint Liam and a 20–1 horse called Suave.

Here's McClelland's revised analysis of the race: "With my first choice, Rock Hard Ten, scratched, this becomes a wide-open race. Perfect Drift ran a dud at Hawthorne, but that was on a sloppy track. The six-year-old gelding has the class, the stamina, and the tactical speed to win this race.

"Borrego is a deep closer who needs a fast early pace to win. He won't get it here, but he'll be flying for second.

"Saint Liam is in an extremely tough spot in the 12 post. The Classic will start on the turn, so he'll be running wide. Also, he finished a fading sixth in his only race at a mile and a quarter.

"Sir Shackleton is another closer who usually clunks up into the superfecta.

"I'm going for a price with Perfect Drift, who's 12–1 on the morning line. If Saint Liam beats me, he beats me, but he won't be worth betting at those odds."

Our expert is going for a superfecta (top four correctly picked). The Penthouse Pets, Mrs. Reese, and I bet three-horse exacta boxes. That means if two of our three selections finish one and two, we get the exacta payout. I'm not at liberty to divulge how much we bet, but suffice it to say it was a substantial sum. (Hey, just look at our ride for this adventure.)

THEY'RE OFF!

We take a place next to the rail, just shy of the finish line. If you've ever been to a horse race, then you understand the visceral thrill. It's impossible to overstate the sheer muscular beauty of the horses as they pound down the stretch, and looking at them across the infield, zooming down the backstretch, is almost as impressive. It really gives you an idea of their remarkable speed. Sun King, a 30–1 shot, is in the lead, with my No. 3 horse, Suave, on his outside.

The pack steams as one around the far turn, and Martina, Courtney, and I lean over the rail, urging our horses on. Saint Liam makes a move from the outside. As he pulls alongside Flower Alley, I lean over to tell Martina that it's her horse. "What?" she screams. Saint Liam surges ahead—the crowd noise cresting—and holds off Flower Alley over the final 100 yards, winning by a length. Perfect Drift trails after them a length and a half behind, followed by 30–1 long shot Super Frolic in fourth.

CONCLUSIONS

Martina hits the exacta! Characteristically, she takes it in stride: "Beginner's luck" is all she says, and kisses the winning ticket. Courtney is crushed, as all her preparation was for naught. Before we roll back to the city to party all night with Martina's massive winnings, we ask ourselves what we've learned. There are three main conclusions:

1. His bet didn't pay, but Ted McClelland knows his stuff, and was gracious enough to share his time and knowledge with us.

2. Mrs. Reese may have had her crystal ball upside down: She hit the reverse exacta, correctly picking the last-place and second-to-last-place finishers.

3. Outside of being Mr. Scarlett Johansson, I have the best job in the world.

Bedroom Bliss

A fashion show between friends becomes something very different when Natalie models her new leopard-print lingerie. Liz, seeing those luscious curves, suddenly wants to stroke them.... Natalie, enjoying the silk's sensual caress, wants to feel her friend much closer as well. Their lips touch, their fingers explore, and their playful giggles become desperate moans of desire.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

The sun beats down on Liz's back as her lover's wet kisses soothe her fiery flesh. Each flick of the tongue is a velvety tease, each pinch an arousing tickle.

They melt into each other, sizzling with needs that will only be satisfied by continuing their game of show and tell … and kiss and caress and lick and …

By Lainie Speiser

NEW YORK CITY

Krista Mania

Those eyes, those lips, that hot tight body, and a sweet and friendly personality made **Krista Ayne** (April '06) mania spread like wildfire in New York City, with a media tour that featured a guest spot on "The Howard Stern Show," being a celebrity weather girl on Fox News's Sunday morning show *Fox & Friends*, and a signing at Tower Video. And kicking it all off was her *Penthouse* issue-release party at Manhattan hot spot Pacha.

The 22-year-old Staten Island girl admits she was a little nervous and overwhelmed in the beginning. "I've been to lots of celebrity events, but I've never been to a trendy club in the city where all the photographers and reporters were waiting for me to arrive," Krista tells us. "It was surreal, but awesome. I loved it!" Among Krista's well-wishers in attendance were our sexy good doctor, **Victoria Zdrok** (POY '04), Victoria's equally alluring sister **Tatiana**, and "Howard Stern Show" sidekick **Artie Lange**.

This page: John Angelillo. Opposite page: clockwise from top: Richard Anderson, Rob Drake, Emily Murphy

NEW ORLEANS

Jamie Lynn and Charlie get cheered on by fans.

Show Your Pets!

Mardi Gras got extra hot and spicy when Pets **Jennifer Emerson** (March '06), **Charlie Laine** (February '06), **Krista Ayne**, and **Jamie Lynn** (POY '06) breezed into town for the opening of the newest Penthouse Club. The bevy of beauties fit right in with the other hotties in town, hanging out on the club's balcony and waving at thousands of Big Easy lovers below. But the big question was, Did they show their twins? "We came back with a ton of beads—what do you think?" joked Charlie. "Sure, people would've just given them to us. But there's no fun in that!"

DALLAS

Heather Dares to Dance

The Dallas Penthouse Club got a fourth-anniversary treat when **Heather Vandeven** (January '06) tried out her dancing chops, donning clear heels and a G-string for a crowd of *very* happy fans. "I took strip lessons recently, so I just went for it!" Heather says. The curvaceous 25-year-old amassed an impressive number of bills in her thong, then ended the night by tirelessly signing autographs. But it's a sure bet that no one will forget her hot dance debut!

LOS ANGELES

Happy Birthday, Jamie!

The Hollywood club Day After threw **Jamie Lynn** a party for her 24th birthday. Pets in attendance were **Charlie Laine**, **Martina Warren** (POY '05), **Bella Starr** (December '05), **Ashley Roberts** (December '04), and **Renee Diaz** (November '05). "My friends and family were able to come here and see me as a celebrity," said Jamie Lynn. "It's exciting for them to be here." The birthday girl palled around with porn star **Kayla Paige** all night, until a crown-shaped cake with amaretto filling was served in the wee hours by club promoter **Brad Thomas**, who graciously hosted the soiree.

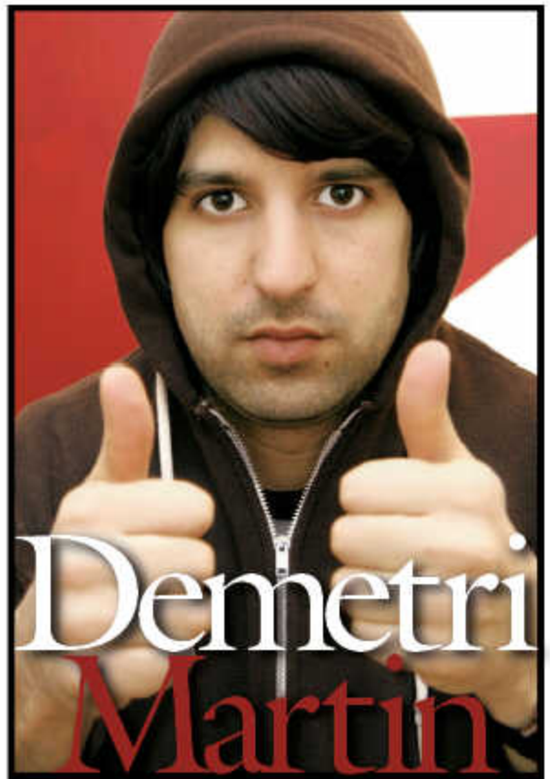
WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

By Ed Condran

TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Demetri Martin



"Comics come from all walks of life. We're all different. You come to a club and you'll see the big black guy, the little Jewish guy, the gay Asian guy. We're like the united colors of neediness."

Former *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* writer Demetri Martin is the "trend-spotting" correspondent on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*. His CD, *Demetri Martin: These Are Jokes*, drops this month.

What led to the trend-spotting gig?
Last August, *The Daily Show* said they were interested in doing something with me. Their ideas for a segment were youth reporter and trend-spotter, and they combined them. I have my little thing in the show. I put music in it. I put my drawings in it.

Why is *The Daily Show* the new comedic launching pad?
It is just that. Isn't it crazy? Jon and Ben [Karlin], who is the executive producer, have made the show very relevant. They're a very powerful team. Relevance is as important as humor to those guys.

You're proof that an internship can lead to a gig.
I interned at *The Daily Show* back when Craig Kilborn was host.

What's the difference between Kilborn and Stewart?
They're two totally different people. Jon is a true comic. He toured and dealt with hecklers. Before Craig did *The Daily Show* he was from *SportsCenter*, and prior to that he was a weatherman. I'm a comic, so maybe I'm biased about Jon. He is so great. He can make a joke work twice as well by just finishing it with a look.

You were studying to become a lawyer but, like Greg Giraldo and Paul Mecurio, you left law for comedy. Why do so many comics make that jump?
Unlike medical school, there are no prerequisites for going to law school. It's a good place for someone who doesn't know exactly where they fit. You delay the decision-making process.

So the common denominator between law school and comedy is that you don't need prerequisites?
Yes, it's true. No prior accomplishments are required to become a stand-up comic. We come from all walks of life. We're all different. You come to a club and you'll see the big black guy, the little Jewish guy, the gay Asian guy. We're like the united colors of neediness.

Are you more Greek or geek?
I think I'm less *r*. You can take that letter out when you describe me. My friends' dads were more of the Greek stereotype. They had that machismo thing going on. I'm not that Greek guy you saw on television a generation or so ago.

But you're no bald Telly Savalas.
I have a full head of hair and I can grow a good beard, but I'm not as hairy as you might think. I don't have a hairy back.

Will facial hair become a trend?
I don't know. Right now, it's *not* a way to get chicks. Not many girls like beards. They're like, 'What's with the beard?' Guys are like, 'Cool beard, man.'

Has your *Daily Show* gig helped you score more women?
I haven't really experienced that yet. It's made me more confident, but I'm so damn busy doing the trend-spotter thing and my one-man shows that I don't have time to worry if a girl is going to call me back or not. I can see how people get really self-involved in this business. I hope cute girls like me. When I was younger I was really shy with girls. I felt like a dork.

So the girls weren't impressed with your ability to compose palindromes?
[*Laughs*] I was a nerd. I didn't smoke or drink in high school.

I read you passed on auditioning for *Saturday Night Live* because it isn't funny anymore.
I never said that. I have nothing but respect for *Saturday Night Live*. It's the Holy Grail for some comics. The reason I didn't audition was because if I had gotten the job, I would have had to sign a contract in which I would have been committed to *SNL* for seven years. I didn't want to give anyone control over my career for such a duration. I wanted the freedom to work on what I wanted. I have friends who work for *SNL* and I can't do anything with them while the show is in season. *SNL* would help me as far as recognition goes, but I'm going to do it my way. I'm part of *The Daily Show*. I have a disc. I have a lot going on right now.

Martin will appear at the Just for Laughs Comedy Festival in Montreal (July 13–23).

Photograph by Sam Oxenford/Retna Ltd.

PICK ANY 5 FREE DVDS!
Young Girls, Tight Bodies & Naughty Sex
A $149.75 Value - FREE!
YOU PAY JUST $19.95 For Shipping & Handling
Adam & Eve
METHOD OF PAYMENT
Check or Bank Money Order (Sorry, no cash or COD's)
CHARGE MY: VISA MC AMEX DISCOVER
ACCT. #:
SIGNATURE:
NAME:
ADDRESS:
CITY: STATE: ZIP:
PICK 5 DVDS YOUR CHOICE FREE
POSTAGE & HANDLING $19.95
RUSH PROCESSING $2.00
HOT ADULT CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION FREE
ORDER TOTAL
ADAM & EVE PO BOX 900 DEPT. PH944 CARRBORO, NC 27510
VISIT US ONLINE AT ADAMEVE.COM CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL 800/274-0333 DEPT. PH944

Breathless

Tanya Streeter is afraid of the water, just like everyone else … but that doesn't stop her from diving nearly two football fields into the ocean—alone, on one single breath.

BY KRISTEN ULMER

Sitting on the sofa, waiting for her husband to come home, Tanya Streeter looks a lot like a Barbie doll: straight blonde hair down her back, corset-small waist, pert breasts, and a ripe face. But before you dismiss her as an artificial blonde beauty, consider this: Streeter doesn't have hair extensions, she hasn't had a rib removed, and the nearest silicone is in the computer chip in the upstairs office. Unique enough, sure, but what's really remarkable about Streeter is that underneath those magnificent mams is a pair of lungs so unusual, they're being studied by Harvard scientists. And underneath that mane of hair lies a brain so capable of remaining calm, she can dive 525 feet into the ocean—alone, on *one single breath*.

That's almost two football fields down. The world at that depth is black. Sound doesn't exist. Her heart rate slows from 72 to 15 beats per minute. Pressure from the water compresses the air in her body: At the surface her lungs are the size of elongated basketballs, but by 250 feet down they're no larger than oranges. And yet, when she finally emerges almost five minutes later, she pops up like a cork; there's no thrashing or clawing for air. She takes a recovery breath no deeper than a sigh. Can Paris Hilton do that?

Not likely. And as her husband Paul walks into the house, it seems Tanya might not be able to do it either. At least, not for much longer….

"Have you seen the e-mail?" he asks, setting a box of tools on the coffee table. She sits upright and her eyes grow wide. *Blink, blink*. The only thing missing is a mermaid's tail.

Today, Tanya and Paul are expecting a watch-company endorsement deal to be renewed. She's one of TAG Heuer's international ambassadors and has been featured in high-profile ad campaigns around the world. It's the biggest contract she and Paul have, making it possible for Streeter to continue pursuing this almost-unheard-of sport called free diving: going into the depths of the sea using no equipment except fins, a nose clip, and sometimes weights. But Paul's tone is flat.

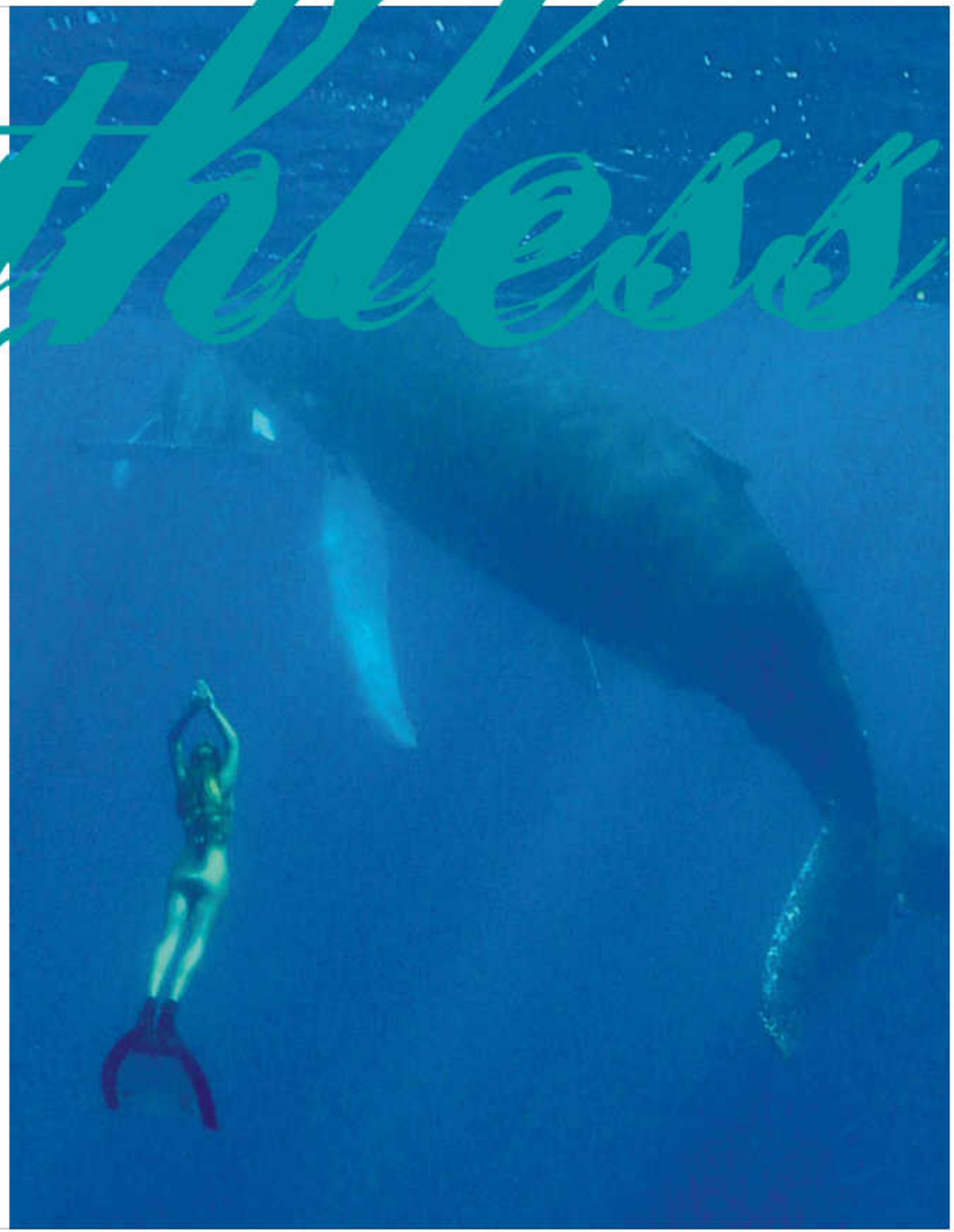
"What did they say?" Tanya asks.

Paul looks at her with blank eyes.

"It's off?" she whispers.

Paul squishes close to her on the couch until Tanya has no choice but to curl up in his lap. "They're going to concentrate

Photographs by (left to right) Tim Ayler, James Honeycutt



on Brad Pitt, Uma Thurman, and Tiger Woods this year," he explains. "You apparently don't fit their path anymore."

The clock in the kitchen ticks rhythmically. Looking at the floor, Streeter quietly asks, "You're not going to make me get a *real* job, are you?"

Remember when you were the best kid on your block at shooting marbles? Remember the thrill you experienced when you did your first flip off a diving board? You probably had fantasies about making a living off your special talents. That's Tanya Streeter. She found something she's really good at—holding her breath—and for four years now, she's made a living at free diving. Every year, several thousand free divers worldwide train for records but never break them. Streeter is different. In 2002, she broke the no-limits world record for women *and* men, diving to 525 feet. This made her the first woman to hold a world record surpassing men in *any* sport. (Herbert Nitsch from Austria has since dived to 564 feet, but Streeter still holds the women's records for both no limits—525 feet—and variable weight—400 feet.)

Free diving is the oldest of all extreme sports—Homer referred to diving for food in *The Iliad*—though the sport remains fringe for good reason. During World War II, scientists believed that past 165 feet underwater, our rib cages would collapse from the pressure. Hell, the crushing depth for *metal submarines* was 400 feet. A sealed, empty soda bottle implodes at a mere ten feet. But at 525 feet, Streeter's lungs and other organs are squashed to just one-seventeenth their original size—virtually all the air is compressed out of them. "It feels like an elephant is sitting on my chest," she says. "Before the 2002 attempt, I had no idea what would happen past the old record, which was 505. I remember thinking, *What if the human body implodes at 525 feet?*"

Nitrogen is another hazard. Its presence in the bloodstream makes divers feel high, causing incoherent thoughts. Ironically, oxygen at 525 feet becomes toxic. At extreme depths the gas can dissolve in the body, creating the potential for paralysis, seizures, even death. Then there's the drowning risk. And sharks. And hypothermia.

There's also the expense. On the day of a record attempt, Streeter shells out $20,000 for safety divers and equipment rental. That doesn't include the expense of feeding and housing those divers for the six weeks leading up to the attempt, or the cost of boats, or the fees associated with the intense full-time training regimen she endures for six months before a dive (or the fact that, in addition to these expenditures, Tanya and Paul still have a mortgage to pay). All in all, attempting a record-setting dive costs about $90,000. Losing the watch endorsement just might mean it *is* time for Streeter to get a real job. Although what, besides pool cleaner or contact-lens retriever, would that even be?

Eleven years ago, Streeter was the social secretary to the governor of the Cayman Islands on Grand Cayman, where she was born. At age 22, newly married to Paul, she wondered if her life was already pegged: Would she be just a simple, insecure island girl, married, perhaps with a couple of kids someday, who loved to swim in the ocean? Then, in the summer of 1997, her spearfishing buddies encouraged her to attend a free-diving clinic, where she dove to 100 feet on one breath. "I'd been to 75 before, but this really stepped it up," she remembers. The man who ran the class, Francisco "Pipin" Ferreras, began calling the next day to encourage her to pursue the sport.

"Jellyfish are the real problem—when you're 300 feet down trying to slow your heart rate and one wraps a stinging tentacle around your face."

"No, no, no," she told him. "That sounds scary." On Ferreras's third call, she finally acquiesced with a "maybe." Though he never contacted her again, the seed had been planted. Left to her own devices, Streeter set about diving with other newbie free divers. Three months of training and several blackouts later, she broke the American constant-weight record with a dive to 175 feet. Game on.

By 2001 Streeter was training full-time. She and Paul were living in Austin, Texas, and he was unhappy with their situation. He was busting his ass working construction to support her expensive hobby, and he felt neglected. "She was like putting money into a boat and never getting anything back," he explains. With the marriage nearly over, he asked his lovely mermaid bride, "Is this *really* what you want to do?"

It was. For the first time, she wasn't that insecure island girl or just another pretty blonde—she was a world-champion athlete possessing an intimate relationship with the sea. "It's a chance to do something extraordinary," she told Paul. "If I don't make every effort, I'll regret it for the rest of my life." Paul quit his job and became her manager.

Photographs by (top to bottom): James Honeyborne, courtesy of Tanya Streeter

Within three years the pair was making six figures from such sponsors as Red Bull and TAG Heuer, and Streeter had an astounding nine world records to her credit. She was featured in countless magazines and on TV shows worldwide, and began hosting a show on marine wildlife for British television. Even David Letterman called.

It's an enduring 15 minutes of fame when you consider that her record dive to 525 feet was completed in just three minutes and 32 seconds. But much like with the world's largest ball of string, the measuring is fun—but the lead-in is a bloody bore.

"The day of record attempts," Streeter explains, "for me, the journey is already over. The rest is a monkey show." Six months prior to every attempt, she starts full-time gym training: lifting weights while holding her breath, and running for hours on the treadmill. Her body needs to be chiseled—tough as G.I. Joe plastic—to handle the force of free diving. And her lungs must be prepared to handle the lack of oxygen. Gym training quickly evolves into long, underwater laps in a swimming pool and relentless breath holding. Breath holding is a sport in itself, and the skill of "packing in" air volume (which looks like hyperventilation to an outsider) takes months to master. Tom Sietas of Germany can hold his breath for eight minutes 58 seconds—long enough for you to make microwave popcorn, call your mom, throw a few sticks for Rover, and eat the popcorn. Streeter can hold her breath for six minutes 16 seconds—one minute less than the women's champion. "That last minute is *really, really hard*," Streeter says, referring to the 60 seconds that separate her from the record holder.

Buoyed by her training, offshore at the Turks & Caicos Club Med on the day of her no-limits record—while all the

Photography by Tim Ayler

other hot blondes were dancing at a foam party onshore—Streeter felt calm. Ready. "With scuba diving you look around you," she says. "With free diving you look within." Deep within Streeter, despite all the training, those three minutes and 32 seconds were still a mental screech down a chalkboard.

"There's a fucking fine line between trying hard and trying too hard," she says. "When I left the surface I didn't get my full breath, so descending on the sled I was thinking, *What the hell am I doing? I didn't get enough air!*"

Down, down she went into the silent blackness: nose plugged, constantly equalizing the pressure in her ears, not expelling oxygen—keeping it all inside. The *within* voices dulled as she got drunker and drunker off the nitrogen bubbles forming in her blood. At 400 feet, having run out of her own air volume, she couldn't equalize the pressure any further. By 525 feet, it felt as though hot pokers were jabbing at her ears.

She'd intended to spend only three or four seconds at this depth—to blow a kiss to the sea and move on—but accidentally spent 17, much to the shock of everyone waiting at the surface. The deception of the sport—the thing that belies the danger—is that at extreme depths, the concentration of nitrogen makes divers feel euphoric, which prevents them from thinking rationally. "It was as if I had a good beer buzz," Streeter says. "I hadn't released the lift bag and was trying to think straight enough to figure out the problem."

Eventually she found the safety clip on the diving sled, hit it to inflate the lift bag on the glorified aluminum framework that forms the sled, and roared back to the surface like a comet. She did this so fast that she shot by Paul, who was waiting for her at the 75-feet mark. (On record attempts they always meet up to swim to the top together.)

When she erupted from the water, her mom begged her to "never do that again," and Paul surfaced with eyes big as dollar coins. A reporter from the British press was crying. But Streeter was okay. A little bent as always from the nitrogen bubbles that form in the blood during such deep, rapid dives, but not too bent to pop the cork off a bottle of champagne and spray the bubbly like a frat boy.

Of course, not all attempts turn out so well. After all, free diving *is* dangerous. Fellow diver Audrey Mestre died in the Dominican Republic when she attempted 560 feet trying to break Streeter's record just two months later. Mestre hit her mark but drowned on the ascent—and records are broken only when the diver survives. (Mestre's husband, Pipin Ferreras—ironically, the man who piqued Streeter's interest in free diving—has been publicly accused by others in the sport of failing to supply adequate safety measures.)

So what's the deal then? Does Tanya Streeter survive because she's a freak of nature? Or can anyone with time and money be a world-class free diver? Streeter thinks the game is all mental,

Diver's Log

There are different styles of free diving, but one defining aspect is the same throughout: None of them is easy.

Constant weight
Two categories: with fins and without fins. The diver must kick while descending and ascending, and remain completely unassisted. Weight may be worn for the descent, but it must be returned to the surface. This is the most respected category among free divers because physically it is the most difficult.

Free immersion
Without fins, the diver descends and ascends by pulling on a rope line. Weight may be worn, but it must be returned to the surface.

Variable weight
The diver descends on a weighted sled and returns to the surface using his or her own power, by kicking and/or pulling on the rope line.

No limits
The deepest category, involving little physical exertion but an enormous amount of mental control. The diver descends on a weighted sled and returns to the surface using a lift bag.

Dynamic apnea
Two categories: with fins and without fins. The diver swims horizontally in a swimming pool, less than one meter from the surface, while holding his or her breath.

Static apnea
The diver holds his or her breath floating facedown in a swimming pool.

PENTHOUSE
Mail Order Section

MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR 3.7 MILLION READERS. FOR INFORMATION, CALL
212-702-6291
mmanaseri@pmgi.com

Dr. Joel Kaplan's Penis Enlargement
FDA Registered
• Medical Vacuum Pump
• Gain 1-3" Permanently
• Viagra-Testosterone-Cialis
FREE Information 619-294-7777
WWW.GETBIGGERTODAY.COM

EQUABUTEROL STEROID
Originally designed for race horses, EquaButerol is now available for humans, without a prescription. This stacked Testosterone GH recovery cycle could enhance Test - GH levels 337% above normal. Elevated hormonal levels will drastically increase your body's ability to create lean muscle mass. Get that ripped body builder physique with EQUABUTEROL
$ 28.95
TOLL FREE 1-800-869-9080
TO ORDER BY OR C.O.D.
100% Money Back Guarantee.
WWW.AFSLABS.COM
Send to: AFS Labs PO.Box 9319, Coral Springs, Florida 33075
If using medical prescriptions, consult physician before use.

body bare
Intimate Area Shaver for Women & Men
Shaves closer than a blade! Won't irritate personal areas!
For discount mention #PH8
(210) 558-7262
2sensualproducts.com

SEX TOYS
VELANTA.COM
DVD, PUMPS, VAGINA 70% SALE FREE GIFT
800.556-2026

Self-Therapy for the Stutterer
The 192-page book explains how stutterers can help themselves. Ask for Book 12 and enclose $3.00 for postage and handling.
1-800-992-9392
www.stutteringhelp.org
THE STUTTERING FOUNDATION®
P.O. Box 11749 • Memphis, TN 38111-0749

MEN WANTED!
GIRLS PAY YOU!
IN YOUR AREA!
HEY GUYS!
MAKE $$$ providing INTIMATE SERVICES to lonely ladies. $750 per week possible. We provide names, addresses and photos. Send $1 for info to ROYCE (Attn.Lori) 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-P3 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG!
MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR 3.7 MILLION READERS
DISPLAY RATES:
$2400 per B/W column inch. One inch minimum depth. A digital file or a camera-ready mechanical is required. Two-color & four-color rates available upon request.
Payment must be check, bank check, or money order and must accompany ad order. Please enclose a sample of your product or catalog with your ad material and include your street address and phone number. Deadline for order and ad material is the first of the third month preceding issue date.
For further details call or write:
PENTHOUSE MAILBAG
2 Penn Plaza, 11th Floor
New York, NY 10121
or call
212-702-6291
mmanaseri@pmgi.com

FDA Approved Medications • Secure Ordering Process • Next Day Delivery
VIAGRA® Cialis® LEVITRA®
Propecia • Xenical • Valtrex • Ultram • and more
SPECIAL OFFER
5 - 50mg pills
$49.00
order now by phone or online
800-251-1743
www.viamedic.com
VIAMEDIC
SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME
EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS
ROPEX®. The original Swedish "Ropes" formula.
Developed in Sweden in the mid 50's, the all natural Ropex formula has been recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by pornstars to increase ejaculate volume, creating the "ropes" effect.
ROPEX®
Order at: www.RopexUSA.com
or call toll free (888) 799-6979 (24/7)
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and checks by mail accepted. Send to: New Generation Labs 12905 S.W. 132 Street, Suite 4 Miami, FL 33186
1 Ropex, $39.95+$4.95 shipping = $44.90
Special Offer: order 2 Ropex, receive 3 bottles!
$79.90+$5.95 shipping = $85.85

“Humans are capable of so much more. We can go deeper and deeper. Although these records are likely finite.”

but scientists disagree. Researchers from the Harvard School of Public Health, hoping to gain insights into respiration, have studied her bodily reactions while she holds her breath. These studies have yet to be published and are not yet quotable, but, according to Streeter, one scientist did blurt out during the tests “Is that really possible?” and “I've never seen that before”—and apparently he wasn't talking about her 36-25-37 figure.

“These tests are important for helping people with breathing difficulties,” Streeter says. “But I'm not special—except I have the mental strength to go to the gym every day. Humans are capable of so much more—we can go deeper and deeper. Although these records are likely finite.”

And then, a surprising confession: “I have a very healthy respect for the sea and I don't mind admitting it borders on fear, like lots of people.” Sharks often circle the boats or bump the dive line during training. “Jellyfish are the real problem, though,” she says, “when you're 300 feet down trying to slow your heart rate and one wraps a stinging tentacle around your face.”

Streeter's observation notwithstanding, jellyfish are nothing. In 2000, Tanya and Paul were spearfishing without a boat in the Cayman Islands. “We were 300 yards from shore, carrying a 25-pound bloody grouper that was still alive, so it was grunting,” Paul says. “A nine-foot bull shark showed up, clearly agitated by the fish, then two more joined him. Bull sharks are thick and mean-looking. We didn't throw the fish, 'cause they'd just eat it in a second, then come after us.”

Instead, Tanya and Paul swam slowly backward—holding the fish overhead—toward shore. “We thought we'd made it when, in three feet of water, they attacked,” Paul says. “I threw the fish and Tanya pounded one's snout with the butt of the spear gun, then we both fell down. It was over in a second and we were out of the water, watching them tear apart the fish. Tanya was hyperventilating.”

After the sharks had finished feasting, the Streeters saw that Tanya's new mask had fallen into the waves during the struggle. But they couldn't muster the courage to retrieve it, even though it was only 20 feet away from where they stood, bobbing in 18 inches of water.

So they can fight sharks, and Tanya can shrug off the bends and the odd blackout. But can they survive creditors and the loss of a big sponsor? “I still have other income from free diving,” Streeter says, “but do I want to spend that money on another world record?” Once she states publicly her intent to go after another record, it's like throwing a bloody grouper to a bull shark—game on once again. “And you know, mine is a privileged life,” she says. “[But] I'm not single and I can't just travel the world carefree.”

For now, though, the TV shows are fun. She remains a friend of the TAG Heuer brand. Her other sponsors are happy. Paul has gone back to construction. Austin is a cool place to live. Perhaps it *is* time to stop breaking records.

“No, no, I'm not ready for that!” she insists. There's that kid again with the marbles. “You can't figure out what you're made of unless you exist on the edge of yourself. I'm still in the game.”

And thank the great mother of the sea for that, because the last thing this world needs is another blonde Barbie secretary. Those are a dime a dozen ... unless, of course, they have a world-class set of lungs.

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!

DOES SIZE *REALLY* MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

But The Penis Enlargement System You Choose Matters Even More!

PENIS ENHANCEMENT BREAKTHROUGH

MAGNA-RX+® Penis Enhancement Formula is absolutely the easiest, fastest, doctor recommended way to add massive, pulsating, and explosive pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than MAGNA-RX+: *GUARANTEED, or YOUR MONEY BACK!*

THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX+®*

The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is **George Aguilar M.D.**, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also a past president of his State Society of urologists. Over three years ago, **Dr. Aguilar** made the amazing discovery that is now known as **MAGNA-RX+**, a powerful natural **Penis Enhancement Formula.**

Using this potent formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their erectile size, performance, and pleasure in only a few short weeks. Best of all **MAGNA-RX+'s** breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects.

MAGNA-RX PRODUCTS ARE AVAILABLE AT GNC Live Well

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION™

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive trademarked, *Orgasmic Thrust Activation* process. This factor alone would make **MAGNA-RX+** the most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in length, thickness, and endurance, but also they are equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms *(as are their very satisfied lovers)!*

THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE PENIS ENHANCEMENT FORMULA AND STILL GROWING!

With millions sold, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth has spread about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enhancement Formula**. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of **MAGNA-RX+'s** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a *bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!*

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The **MAGNA-RX+ Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you'll *NEVER* have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker in order to have you buy more like some companies do. Instead, we focus on getting the best results as quickly as possible. *That's the secret of our success!* With the **MAGNA-RX+ System,** you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less *–with nothing else to buy ever again!*

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE! *SAVE $59.95!*

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today! See for yourself what thousands of satisfied men *(and their lovers)* have already discovered. **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enhancement Formula** for one very simple reason. *IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!*

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, *but if you order now we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!*

FREE GIFT! MAGNA-RX TOPICAL LOTION

Hurry! For a limited time when you order **MAGNA-RX+** pills, we'll also include *ABSOLUTELY FREE* a full 30-day supply of **Dr. Aguilar's** new and amazing **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** *– an $89.95 value!* (Limit one per household.)

100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

We are so confident that **MAGNA-RX+** will transform you into another *HUGELY SATISFIED MAGNA MAN* that we offer you an *UNCONDITIONAL 100% 60-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE* and either way, please keep the **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** as our *FREE GIFT* to you!

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

NEW! *Dr. Aguilar's MAGNA-RX® TOPICAL LOTION*

Potency And Stimulation Enhancer That Works From The Outside In!

Dr. Aguilar's new, fast-acting, powerful topical lotion can be used any time you want to guarantee to give you biggest and best lovemaking performance. Only moments after you rub it in, you'll actually start to feel the potent botanicals of this amazing new transdermal lotion go to work as it safely increases blood flow for maximum erectile size and stimulation. However, when this state-of-the-art lotion is used in conjunction with **MAGNA-RX+** pills, please be prepared for massive increments of peak sexual performance and *unparalleled euphoric pleasure for both you and your partner!*

30-Day Supply $59.95 *FREE WITH MAGNA-RX+ PILLS*

ALPHA MALE PLUS™ Meet Nature's #1 Super Stud!

Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure *Wapiti Elk Extract*. Scientists believe the male *Wapiti Elk* possesses the strongest sex drive in nature allowing him to repeat a "world-class" performance again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!* Until you experience the power of **Alpha Male Plus** for yourself, you won't believe men are capable of having almost non-stop sex, experiencing the male equivalent of intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the *Wapiti Elk Extract* with other potent nutrients, a revolutionary formula has been created to *turn almost any average man into a virtual super stud overnight.*

30-Day Supply $39.95

TRX™ A Testosterone Enhancer For Producing Massive Results!

As reported in the cover story of the January 19, 2004 *TIME* magazine *(page 72) testosterone is the #1 factor that determines your sexual desire and your ability to perform in the bedroom.* **TRX** is a revolutionary, all-natural, doctor designed and endorsed formula that many medical experts are calling the most powerful testosterone pre-cursor and enhancer ever without a prescription.

WARNING: Please use **TRX** only if you want to: *be infused with intense passion and desire; experience extreme stamina and performance; produce monstrous erections; establish a beastly reputation for giving ultimate satisfaction again and again.*

30-Day Supply $39.95

LAVA™ Natural Libido Enhancer For Women Will Set Her On Fire!

LAVA For Women is a fast-acting *(use only with her permission)* doctor-designed passion formula to help quickly stimulate female desire, performance, and ultimate satisfaction over and over again. You'll find the results irresistible as she erupts and overflows with intense pleasure.

30-Day Supply $39.95

THE BEST VALUE! Get Everything On This Page – SAVE $239.75!

all for only $89.95 A $329.70 Value!

Credit Cards Order Toll-Free: 1-866-299-0759
Visit Our Website: www.freemagnarx.com

Send to: MAGNA-RX, INC. DEPT. PH-086
POST OFFICE BOX 6879, THOUSAND OAKS, CALIFORNIA 91359

Please RUSH the following. I enclose $__________ ☐Check ☐Money Order ☐Cash

☐MAGNA-RX+® (30-Day Supply) *GET AN ADDITIONAL 30-DAY SUPPLY FREE!* plus *FREE* MAGNA-RX® Topical Lotion *– A $209.85 Value!* .... *for only* $59.95
☐MAGNA-RX® Topical Lotion (30-Day Supply) *Regularly $89.95 – SAVE $30!* $59.95
☐ALPHA MALE PLUS™ (30-Day Supply) *Experience multiple orgasms* $39.95
☐TRX™ (30-Day Supply) *Testosterone enhancer* $39.95
☐LAVA™ (30-Day Supply) *Libido enhancer for women* $39.95

THE BEST VALUE *SAVES YOU $239.75!*
☐MAGNA-RX+ (60-Days), *FREE* MAGNA-RX Lotion (30-Days), ALPHA MALE PLUS (30-Days), TRX (30-Days), and LAVA (30-Days) *– A $329.70 Value!* .... *only* $89.95

Total Purchase .... $__________
California Residents ADD Sales Tax .... $__________
Shipping, Handling and Delivery Insurance .... $ 8.95
Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H *(Remit in U.S. funds)* .... $__________
TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED .... $__________

Charge my ☐VISA ☐M/C ☐AMEX ☐DISC Expiration Date_____/_____
Credit Card Account Number and 3-digit Security Code found on back of card or 4-digits on front of AMEX

__________________________ Code______

Signature X__________

Order Toll-Free 1-866-299-0759 • *Fax Anytime* 1-818-991-0462

Name (print)__________
Address__________
City/State/ZIP__________

MAGNA-RX+® is a Registered Trademark. All Rights Reserved. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

By Ernest Volkman

What Not to Wear

Chalk this one up to the ongoing adjustments the military services are making to accommodate the growing presence of women. Recently, the Air Force unveiled new uniform regulations that attempt to account for contemporary fashions. Female personnel can't have fingernails longer than a quarter-inch or decorated with "extreme" nail polish—defined as blue, black, purple, or fluorescent.

In terms of accessories, Air Force women cannot use hair scrunchies, nor can they wear certain jewelry—no thumb rings or "flashy" bracelets, or similarly conspicuous earrings. Also, women cannot perch their glasses atop their heads.

There is another puzzling new regulation: Air Force women are not permitted to be bald (although males can be). Why the Air Force would go out of its way to proclaim female baldness a no-no remains another of those Pentagon mysteries.

Unjust Deserts

Pentagon officials deny it on the record, but those in the know confirm that the military has quietly begun a major effort to track down deserters—some of whom have been on the lam for nearly 40 years. And it turns out the crackdown is intended as a warning for the current military generation.

Under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, a deserter is defined as any service member who is AWOL for more than 30 days and has demonstrated a clear unwillingness to return to duty. In wartime, desertion can be punishable by death. In peacetime, truants are strapped with stiff prison sentences or given less-than-honorable discharges.

There were relatively few deserters during both world wars and the Korean War, but the rate shot up sharply during the Vietnam War. In 1971, at the height of public dissatisfaction with U.S. involvement, an estimated 33,000 men deserted. Many fled to Canada (which refused to extradite U.S. military runaways) or Sweden (which encouraged deserters to seek refuge there). The U.S. government, aware that prosecuting so many deserters would add fuel to the antiwar movement, didn't try too hard to track down and prosecute them. Over the years, deserters received virtual amnesty, and those who'd fled to Canada discovered they could easily reenter the U.S. Most other cases were quietly settled.

That still left, by official Pentagon count, 189 deserters who remained at large and had never attempted to settle their case. But there was limited effort to find them, even though most were living conventional lives under their real names. Five of the deserters were from World War II—men in their seventies and eighties who probably assumed the government no longer cared.

That all changed this year, when a dozen graying deserters got the shock of their lives: Federal agents showed up at their homes with handcuffs. They discovered that there's no statute of limitations on their crime, and a government that seemed to have forgotten (if not forgiven) had changed its mind.

But why the sudden crackdown? Military commanders seem concerned that growing public dissatisfaction with the war in Iraq, coupled with multiple combat deployments, will negatively affect military morale and increase desertion rates. A new effort to track down deserters would serve as a warning to today's soldiers, sailors, and airmen: If you desert, we'll track you to your grave.

The symbolic potency of this crackdown is questionable. None of the deserters now in custody will do jail time, since federal judges have made it clear they will not put old men in overcrowded federal prisons for victimless youthful indiscretions. Typically, deserters are dishonorably discharged, then solemnly informed they can never enlist in the military—no doubt a devastating blow. And, as military lawyers point out, all Vietnam deserters still on the wanted list were draftees. By contrast, today's military is all volunteer, and has comparatively high morale. Currently, the desertion rate in the military is 0.24 percent of 1.4 million men and women, a fraction of the rate during the Vietnam War era.

Why, then, go to all the trouble to intimidate people who clearly have no intention of deserting? Because it's the military, that's why.

> Women in the Air Force **needn't fear** radical **haircuts**—like Natalie Portman's in *V for Vendetta*—because they can't even choose to go **bald**.

Photograph by Warner Bros./Corbis

By Eric Danville

Pimp My Bride
Are We in Love?
(Wicked) ♦♦♦♦

After the passion has escaped her marriage, a young woman (Kelly Kline) entertains thoughts of infidelity and wonders if her union is really worth saving. Kimberly Kane and Mia Smiles get things going with an opening lesbo scene where Smiles looks adorable, both while she fucks her partner and gets fucked. Her long hair gives Kane ample opportunity to play around. Justine Joli has a fine sapphic coupling with Nadia Hilton later on, and if you've never caught Joli in action, do so now. Kline is the star of the flick and does a fine job in her scenes, most notably with the dependable Chris Cannon. But it was the scene with dark-skinned Lori Alexia that really stuck in our mind for days after we watched. A sexy chick with a stunning body and an exceptionally pretty face, Alexia only gets one scene in *Pimp My Bride*, but she works it for everything she's worth. She sucks him down far, milks her stud's dick when she rides him cowgirl, and shows off her great ass taking him doggie-style. As with most Wicked products, this is good solo viewing—but it's also a fine choice to enjoy with your gal.

Penthouse Pick
I Can't Believe I Took the Whole Thing #5
(Digital Sin) ♦♦♦♦

You know those cocks you read about in *Penthouse Forum* that are so big, women can barely get their hands around them? Shane Diesel's got one. The only thing more incredible than his fat, veiny prick is the look on these gals' faces when he first sinks it in. We loved seeing Dana Vespoli's reaction: a combination of gratitude and mild surprise. She even takes him anally, which is nothing short of amazing. The most spirited fuck here, though, is Jada Fire. The smoldering minx bucks and grinds him for all she's worth, her big fat tits bouncing, until Diesel's frankly anti-climactic come shot. The oral sex scenes are only good for novelty value, as most of the women can barely get Diesel's hot rod into their mouths—although kudos go to Kayla Marie's effort in the head department. You'll definitely watch this hell of a show more than once.

You Go-Go Girl!
Stripper School Orgy
(Hustler Video) ♦♦♦

Sexy Jenaveve Jolie instructs women how to strip for their lovers in this amazing odyssey of sexual self-discovery. After Jolie's serviceable strip scene turns into a respectable sex scene, the class breaks into an all-out, no-holds-barred, fight-to-the-death stripper-school orgy! Super-slutty Audrey Hollander and Sandra Romain get it on with Nadia Hilton, Kelly Kline, and Lacie Hart in varying combinations, which is always a good thing. Unfortunately, the action bogs down when director Barry Wood focuses too much on the stripping angle. Later, the entire gang graciously accepts an equal number of cocks into the mix, with predictably varying results. The plot is scanty, but *Stripper School* educates you with some well-shot sex. If the sight of half a dozen hot, nasty porn stars riding some stick and licking some slit puts some dick in your Dickies, this is for you.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

♦♦♦♦♦ Grab it now ♦♦♦♦ Hold on tight ♦♦♦ Pick it up ♦♦ Worth a look ♦ Hands off

What's hot (and not) in online porn FROM Sir Rodney.com

REAL COUPLES ★★★★★★

If only England could build cars as good as their porn... Over 50 terrific exclusive videos featuring UK amateurs shot at home by porn impresario "One Eyed" Jack. The featurettes are entirely believable and the candid pregame interviews add local color...

MILF HUNTER ★★★★★★

The most famous porn site on the 'net is huge enough to be an industry unto itself, like WWF, only with wall-to-wall hardcore. Two guys, one with a video camera, approach hot MILFs in a public place and convince them to indulge in some afternoon delight...

KISS MY CRACK ★★★★★

With a name like this, I suppose close-ups of women licking some guy's ass shouldn't be surprising. And assuming only a truck-stop crack whore would do such a thing, no shock that that's exactly what we get. There's enough HMA (hairy man ass) in porn as it is...

AMATEUR CANADA ★★★★★

Now we know how they stay warm in winter. Over 100 real amateurs frolic here, including Maja, a super-hot slutty Asian, and Vanessa, an Alanis morisette without the Issues. Should be called itty-bitty-titties, but the girls are cute despite, and Rodney's little Iditerod got a work out. Finally a reason for a 51st state...

Read more at SirRodney.com

http://www.SirRodney.com

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Bad Girl

I am a *bad* girl. It's taken me a long time to admit it, but I love both men and women. Nothing is more exciting than making a man so hard that he begs me to suck him or fuck him. As for women, I love how it feels when they come all over my fingers and tongue. Throughout my six-year marriage, I've cheated on my husband with any willing partner.

One night, I went over to Jillian and Max's house. I'd seen another neighbor, Shawn, stop by earlier. I always felt sorry for Shawn because I'd heard his wife only fucked him when she wanted something from him. I'd also heard he had an enormous dick and, bad girl that I am, this was of particular interest to me.

An hour later we were all sitting by the pool, drinking and talking, when Shawn went inside the house to use the phone. I followed him in and, before he could make his call, pulled him into the bathroom and closed the door. I told him that I'd heard his wife wasn't very good to him. I told him what a bad girl I was and that I'd love to suck that cock of his. Without a word, he pulled down his pants. His cock was semi-hard and beautiful! Just looking at it made my pussy wet.

I took off my shirt and bra and offered him my all-natural 44DDs. He was like a kid in a candy store—he couldn't keep his hands or mouth off them! I let him enjoy my tits, then I sat on the edge of the bathtub and had my way with his cock. I teased the head of his dick with my tongue, gently sliding it up and down his shaft. I sucked each ball into my mouth and swirled my tongue around them. Then I gave him what I knew he wanted—I deep-throated all nine inches of his delicious cock. I kept up a steady pace, bobbing up and down on his cock while expertly licking around his shaft. I deep-throated him again. By that time, he was fucking my mouth—and I loved it.

Shawn's hands were all over my huge breasts. I knew he was going to come soon, so I asked him where he wanted to do it. He groaned that he wanted to spurt all over my big boobs. I was only too happy to oblige, and he started to come with a massive orgasm all over my tits. Shawn loved it. He thanked me and asked me if he could see me again. I told him we'd see. I cleaned off my breasts and went back to our friends. Shawn excused himself and went home.

Jillian and Max knew me well enough to have figured out what I was up to when I followed Shawn inside. All that was left now was the retelling. If I could seduce Jill with a blow-by-blow description of what I'd just done, I could probably get Max, too!

Did I mention that I was a bad girl?—*Name and address withheld*

> "I took off my **shirt and bra** and offered him my **all-natural 44DDs**.... He couldn't keep his hands or mouth off them!"

Room Service Down Under

We arrived at the hotel late at night. It was pouring outside and I was tired, but the second I stepped into the lobby, I got my second wind. It was an hour's wait before our room would be ready, so we sat in the lounge drinking scotch. That's when we first saw her. She was our room-service girl. She looked to be in her early twenties. Her thick, dark hair was tied back in a short ponytail. She had nice firm tits, a tiny waist, and a full ass.

She caught my wife's eye immediately. Stella is nicely tanned, with the figure of a lifelong aerobics enthusiast. We have always had an open relationship. We go out clubbing and bring back girls to share with each other. The third time the room-service girl walked by, she gave us a huge grin and said her name was Celia. Then she told us our room was ready and she would show us the way. The hotel was understaffed that night, and just the three of us went in the lift. Celia seemed flushed and exhausted, but cheerful.

"Is this your first time in Melbourne?" she asked.

"Yes," I lied. I wanted to get past the small talk. "Hard night?"

"Yeah, it's pretty busy," she said.

Stella inched a little closer to her. "When do you get off?" she asked.

"Whenever I want," she said. "They're overworking us all. They never say anything if we just go to a room and hit the hay."

Stella gently put her palm on the small of Celia's back, then slid her fingers down her ass.

"Have you tried room 771 before?" Stella asked.

Celia looked surprised but pleased. She stepped back, pressing her ass into Stella's hand. "Once, I think. That room has a water bed, doesn't it?" she asked.

The lift came to our floor. Celia led the way. When she put the bags down at our door, she saw my cock bulging in my pants. She looked up at me as she traced around my knob with her fingernail.

"Have you both done this before?" she asked.

"Yes, but not with you," Stella answered, coming behind her and grabbing her lush tits.

The three of us fell through the door. Stella immediately pushed Celia against the wall and French-kissed her, ripping her jacket open. I pulled down her bra and starting sucking one nipple while pinching the other. Stella slid her hand down to Celia's crotch and slid three fingers inside her pussy. Celia sucked passionately on my wife's tongue and slowly pumped my shaft, tickling the bottom of my scrotum with her fingertip. Then Stella broke the kiss and smiled.

"Celia, doesn't my husband have a beautiful cock?" she asked.

Celia smiled and nodded. Slowly, gently, Stella pushed her down before me, then slid under Celia's upturned ass and began kissing, then sucking, her pussy. Celia was gentle at first, softly kissing and licking my dick all over. The she took all of me in her mouth, her tongue flicking the knob frantically. I came furiously in her mouth. She swallowed every drop before pulling me down for a French kiss as my wife made her come. We all collapsed on the floor. I reached out and took Stella's hand while Celia planted small kisses around her lips.

"You know," Celia said, "my boyfriend's actually picking me up in half an hour."

Stella got that look in her eye that I know so well. "I guess you'll just have to invite him up," she said.—*R.G., California*

Good Enough to Eat

When Ashley arrived, Russell was outside firing up the grill. I let her in and gave her the once-over. Her hair was up, her blouse showed cleavage, and her skirt was short with a slit up one side. I was wearing an equally short skirt and a top that showed even more cleavage.

Ashley moved closer and pressed her boobs against mine. "Does your husband know about our plans for him tonight?" she asked as I led her into the kitchen for a drink.

"Not yet, but when he sees the way we're dressed, he'll begin to wonder."

When Russell came in with the steaks, we had a marvelous dinner and kept the conversation light. "Honey, don't you like our outfits?" I asked.

"Hell, yeah. You two look good enough to eat!" he said.

"Hmm, good enough to eat. Now that's a thought," Ashley said. I ran my hand over his leg, dangerously near his crotch, before getting up to clear the table. "Ashley, he's getting a boner," I said with a wink.

She put her fingers on him as I quickly set the mood, turning off the lights and lighting some candles. When I returned to them, she had pulled off his pants and was slowly stroking his ever-hardening prick. We finished stripping him, led him to the couch, and plopped down on either side of him. I pulled Russell to me and drew his tongue into my mouth. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ashley lower her head until she had his dick in her mouth.

Then she raised her head and offered me his cock. I slid him into my mouth. I was on my knees, and when I felt a hand between my legs, I moaned and opened them a little. When those fingers pressed my silk panties between my pussy lips, I almost lost it.

When I looked up, my husband and best friend were locked in a feverish kiss. I hugged them, then Ashley and I took turns kissing him and rubbing his cock. He said, "I love this, but don't you think you two should kiss?"

We feigned looks of surprise. I said, "Really? You want Ashley and me to kiss? Are you sure?"

He smiled and said, "Oh, yeah, that's exactly what I want."

We kissed again, sliding our tongues in and out of each other's mouth. Russell's hands rested on our backs, gently encouraging us to continue. I was on fire. "Someone help me out of these damn clothes before I explode!" I said.

They hastily unbuttoned my top and tossed it aside. I didn't wait for them to help me with the skirt. One quick tug and I was down to my panties and bra. They quickly added my bra to the rest of the pile on the floor.

I kissed them both and asked, "Why is Ashley the only one dressed?" I unbuttoned her blouse. Russell took off her skirt while I unfastened her bra. I lowered my head and sucked one firm nipple between my hungry lips. She gasped as I sucked and licked my way from one to the other. Russell was beaming at me.

He got behind Ashley and rubbed his prick against her ass. I leaned over her and pressed my lips to his. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me close. Her hand slid down my body and between my legs. She massaged my silk thong inside my slit and against my clit. I jumped. I lowered my hand and did the same to her. Her panties were soaked. I pushed

them aside and slipped two fingers inside her. Her pussy tightened around my probing fingers. Wanting to return the favor, she slipped my panties aside and slid her fingers into me.

I moaned as she circled her thumb around my clit. Her fingers vigorously pumped my cunt. I pulled back, pushed her fingers away, and gasped, "Shit, I'm so hot. You two are about to make me come."

Ashley had her other hand behind her back, which meant she had a handful of Russell's prick. Her nipples were standing out like pencil erasers.

Ashley moved from the couch, taking Russell with her. She knelt facing me and maneuvered Russell until he was kneeling behind her. He didn't have to be a rocket scientist to know what she wanted. He moved in close, pulled her wet panties off, and tossed them on the couch next to me. She placed her hands on my knees for

"I sucked one **firm nipple** between my hungry lips. She gasped as I **sucked and licked** my way from one to the other."

support as I watched his cock disappear into her in one quick thrust.

Ashley's hands had moved up my legs until her fingers were touching the sides of my panties.

My head began to spin as she slid my panties down. I put my hand on the back of her head and guided her to my pussy.

She found my button and licked and sucked it until my ass came off the couch. "Oh, God, I'm so close. Make me come, Ashley! Suck my pussy and make me come!" I begged.

Ashley's tongue was driving me crazy. I knew she was on the verge, too. Without warning, she slid two fingers into me and I exploded. "Yes, I'm coming! Shit, yes!" I yelled. I went rigid as my juices flooded her mouth. She grabbed my hips and pulled me closer, savoring every drop. I could tell she was experiencing a massive orgasm of her own. She began to tremble, and Russell grunted while pulling her toward him. He began shaking, too, and filled her with his hot come as I braced her head.

Russell opened his eyes and saw Ashley still feasting on me. His prick slipped from her, and I'll be damned if he wasn't still hard as a rock. He sat next to me. We kissed, his tongue winding around mine while my fingers stroked his wet cock. He got on his knees. Without a second thought, I took him into my mouth. The taste of them mixed together coated my tongue. Ashley, slamming her fingers back into me, made me gush again.

I was spent, and I pushed them both away. Russell went for drinks and Ashley gave me a hug. "That went well," I said.

She smiled, ran her tongue across my lips, and said, "No doubt."—*C.D., Louisiana*

CALL THE PETS!

If you want to get to know Pet of the Month Olivia Kent—or any of our Pets—call the Pet Hotline at 800-946-PET1 (7381). Our vixens can't wait to tell you all about their lives and their fantasies. Callers must be 18 or older. Cost is $0.69/minute.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting *Forum* magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or subscribe for one year, for only $30, by calling 800-411-9245. For back issues, call 888-312-2225. Each back issue is $8.50 plus shipping and handling.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. August 2006 Volume 37, Number 12 Copyright © 2006 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of Penthouse Media Group Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, remuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$32 one year. Canada, $56 one year (includes GST), elsewhere—$56 one year. Single copies: $7.99 ($8.99 Sept., Dec., and Jan. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126807202. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000.
Advertising offices: New York, General Media Communications, Inc., 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 2803 Mira Vista Drive, El Cerrito CA 94530. Tel. 510-237-4423. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA
Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8564 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comision calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernacion, Mexico. Reserva de titulo No. 335/94 de fecha 15 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la direccion general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educacion publica. 1270692

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75 are located at the office of the producer, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York NY 10121, M. Rothenberg, custodian of records. Date of publication: July 4, 2006

Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!

PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!
WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
Doctor Approved Pill For Penis Enlargement up to 5 Inches!
You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!
FEATURED ON 20/20 TELEVISION. SIZE MATTERS. LENGTH AND GIRTH ARE IMPORTANT. LARGER IS MORE DESIRABLE.
THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS WITH OVER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS WORK FOR YOU?
In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that you will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!
Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR MY MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?
In a couple of weeks the change will be the width and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length and again you will be thicker and wider. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but you will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?
Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team, PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal enlargement formula that increases size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?
PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargemment.
PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum enlargement.
PRO+PLUS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.
OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

▶ A longer, thicker penis enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
▶ A longer and thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
▶ You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
▶ Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?
Because you are larger you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

WE NEVER AUTOMATICALLY SHIP MORE BOTTLES TO YOU & BILL YOUR CREDIT CARD UNLESS YOU RE-ORDER

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. -*LD, Nevada*
Thank you very much. I have always been considered small, about 4 inches. I have an enlargement now to 8 inches from taking the Advanced Formula. -*T.C. Illinois*

ORDER PRO+PLUS PILLS NOW!!
PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $80.00
3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills
PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $60.00
3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

CREDIT CARD ORDERS
CALL TOLL FREE 1-866-765-PILL(7455)
ORDER ON THE WEB
www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

PRO PLUS MEDICAL dept. 67P5R
Box 1835, North Hollywood, CA 91614
Credit Card orders only Toll Free 24 hours 7 days
1-866-765-PILL (7455) Fax 1-818-345-4643
Phone and credit card orders specify dept. (shown above) next to address, and product(s) and quantity.
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ Visa
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover
CREDIT CARD NO. EXPIRES: MONTH/YEAR
PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA $ ______
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $80.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills
PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA $ ______
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $60.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills
EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS
ORIGINAL FORMULA Add $40.00 for each bottle
______ BOTTLES $ ______
ADVANCED FORMULA Add $55.00 for each bottle
______ BOTTLES $ ______
Please Specify Quantities: SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each
______ Sexciter to Excite Women $ ______
______ Sexciter to Excite Men $ ______
______ Attract-A-Mate"W" to attract women $ ______
______ Attract-A-Mate"M" to attract men $ ______
Total Purchase: $ ______
CA Residents add sales tax: $ ______
Shipping & Insurance: $ 8.00
☐ Rush Service $2.00: $ ______
Total enclosed or charged: $ ______
Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
Foreign Orders add $10.00 S&H. Money order in U.S. Funds only.
SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years old)
NAME (print)
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP
COPYRIGHT ©1996 PLUS MEDICAL. PRO+PLUS PILLS is a trademark of PLUS MEDICAL.

More Doctor Approved Super Sex Formulas

Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Increase Men's Sexual Desire!
Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido. "My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -JW, Arizona. "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use it." -LF, Oklahoma
SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

Sexually Attract Women Instantly with ATTRACT-A-MATE!
PHEROMONES CAN MAKE YOU BECOME A WANTED & DESIRED MAN. Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You will ignite her wildest sexual desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Other men will envy your power. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how beautiful women will become passionate & desire to have sex with you. Rated the Number One Pheromone at any price. "I put it on & it attracts women like a magnet. It turns women on & they can't figure it out." -HS, Indiana
ATTRACT-A-MATE "W": to attract women. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
ATTRACT-A-MATE "M": to attract men. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

PRO PLUS MEDICAL, Box 1835, North Hollywood, CA 91614 • Toll Free 24 hrs 1-866-765-7455 • Fax 1-818-345-4643
Existing customer order inquiries only call 1-818-344-7404 • Alternate website to order www.avidpromedical.com
Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Lisa Loeb

Everyone's favorite adorable singer-songwriter, Lisa Loeb, is back. Fresh off her E! reality dating show *#1 Single*, a poppy new song, "Single Me Out," and an album, *The Very Best of Lisa Loeb*, she's set her sights on finding a man. And it could be you.

Meeting People Is Easy
"When I'm on tour, I meet new people every day. It's the nature of my work. I meet audience members who I feel like I might know from life. They're just like my friends."

Meka Leka ... "Hi."
"Being in the public eye helps me weed out certain people. If they call me 'Lisa Loeb,' I know they're probably not a peer. I did that when I met Paul Reubens [Pee-wee Herman], but he's now a friend."

Casting Call
"I thought I didn't want to be with any more musicians, but I get along so well with people who do what I do. Entertainment industry people are problem solvers and entrepreneurs who have strange schedules and the opportunity to travel, but also create a home life. I thought I wanted somebody more steady and solid, but they just need to be kind, intelligent, family-oriented, and have a good sense of humor."

No Hair? Don't Care.
"Be yourself. I don't want a guy with fake hair.... Actually that's not fair, because I put fake hair extensions in sometimes. What I mean is, let yourself go bald."

Great Date
"The guy brought me flowers. Then we baked a carrot cake and made designs with the frosting. In most magazines I couldn't mention what they were. In *Penthouse* I could, but I still won't. Let's just say we ran out of icing in the middle of spelling certain words."

Bright Idea
"I really wanted to see a laser-light rock show, but the laserarium was closed. So [my date] brought a little laser light, and we listened to Pink Floyd and watched our own show on the ceiling."

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver

theeroticreview.com